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FOUR DAYS

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I

WITH savage pity Marjorie regarded a sobbing girl whose face was distorted, and whose palsied hands were trying to straighten her veil and push back stray wisps of hair. Marjorie thought: 'What a fool she is to cry like that! Her nose is red; she's a sight. I can control myself. I can control myself.'

An elderly man with an austere face, standing beside Marjorie, started to light a cigarette. His hands trembled violently and the match flickered and went out.

Marjorie's heart was beating so fast that it made her feel sick.

A locomotive shrieked, adding its voice to the roar of traffic at Victoria Station. There came the pounding hiss of escaping steam. The crowd pressed close to the rails and peered down the foggy platform. A train had stopped, and the engine was panting close to the gate-rail. A few men in khaki were alighting from compartments. In a moment there was a stamping of many feet, and above the roar and confusion in the station rose the eager voices of multitudes of boys talking, shouting, calling to each other.

Marjorie saw Leonard before he saw her. He was walking with three men — joking, laughing absent-mindedly, VOL. 119 - NO. 5

while his eyes searched for a face in the crowd. She waited a moment, hidden, suffocated with anticipation, her heart turning over and over, until he said a nonchalant good-bye to his companions, who were pounced upon by eager relatives. Then she crept up behind and put both her hands about his wrist.

'Hello, Len.'

Joy leaped to his eyes.

'Marjie!'

Impossible to say another word. For seconds they became one of the speechless couples, standing dumbly in the great dingy station, unnoticed and unnoticed.

'Where's the carriage?' said Leonard, looking blindly about him.

'Outside, of course, Len.'

A crooked man in black livery, with a cockade in his hat, who had been standing reverently in the background, waddled forward, touching his hat.

'Well, Burns, how are you? Glad to see you.'

'Very well, sir, and thank you, sir. 'Appy, most 'appy to see you back, sir. Pardon, sir, this way.' His old face twitched and his eyes devoured the young lieutenant.

A footman was standing at the horses' heads, but the big bays, champing their bits, and scattering foam, crouched away from the tall young soldier

when he put out a careless, intimate hand and patted their snorting noses. He swaggered a little, for all of a sudden he longed to put his head on their arching necks and cry.

'You've got the old pair out; I thought they had gone to grass,' he said in his most matter-of-fact tone to the pink-faced footman, who was hardly more than a child.

'Well, sir, the others were taken by the Government. Madam gave them all away except Starlight and Ginger Girl. There is only me and Burns and another boy under military age in the stables now, sir.'

Inside the carriage Leonard and Marjorie were suddenly overawed by a strange, delicious shyness. They looked at each other gravely, like two children at a party, dumb, exquisitely thrilled. It was ten months ago that they had said a half-tearful, half-laughing good-bye to each other on the windy, sunny pier at Hoboken. They had been in love two months, and engaged two weeks. Leonard was sailing for England to keep a rowing engagement, but he was to return to America in a month. They were to have an early autumn wedding. Marjorie chose her wedding-dress and was busy with her trousseau. She had invited her bridesmaids. It was to be a brilliant, conventional affair — flowers, music, countless young people dancing under festoons and colored lights. In August the war broke out. Leonard had been in training and at the front from the first. Marjorie crossed the precarious ocean, to be in England for his first leave. It was now May: they were to be married at last.

'Marjie.'

'Len.'

'I have just four days, you know, darling. That's all I could get. We've been transferred to the Dardanelles; else I would n't have got off at all.'

'Four days,' murmured Marjorie. She looked up, and met his eyes, and stared, and could not look away. 'It's a long, long time, four days,' she said, without knowing what she was saying. All at once she put her hands over her eyes, and, pressing her head fiercely against Leonard's arm, she began to cry and to laugh, continuing to repeat, senselessly, 'It's a long, long time.'

And Leonard, trembling all over, kissed her on the back of her head, which was all he could reach.

They drew near to Richmond, the familiar avenues and the cool, trim lawn, and the great trees. Marjorie's tongue all at once loosened; she chattered whimsically, like an excited child.

'It's home, home, home, and they're all waiting for us — mater and your father and all the family. He's been in a perfect state all day, poor old dear, though he has n't an idea any one's noticed it. Little Herbert's the only one that's behaved a bit natural — and old Nannie. I've been rushing about your room, sitting in all the chairs, and saying, "To-night he'll be sitting in this chair; to-night he may be standing in this very spot before the fire; to-night he may be looking out of this window." O, Len, we're to be married at half-past eight, and we're going in motors so as not to waste any time. I have n't even read over the marriage service. I have n't the vaguest idea what to do or say. But what difference does that make! Do you see, Len? Do you see?' She stopped and squeezed Leonard's hand, for she saw that he was suddenly speechless. 'There they are,' lifting the blind, 'mother and little Herbert; and see the servants peeking from the wing.'

They swept grandly around the bend in the avenue. The windows of the great house blazed a welcome. All the sky was mother-of-pearl and tender. In the air was the tang of spring. In the white light Marjorie saw Leonard's lips

quiver and he frowned. She had a sudden twinge of jealousy, swallowed up by an immense tenderness.

'There's mother,' he said.

'Hello, Len, old boy.'

His father was on the steps. Leonard greeted him with the restraint and the jocose matter-of-factness that exist between men who love each other. He kissed his mother a little hungrily, just as he had when he was a small boy back from his first homesick term at Eton, and fluttered the heart of that frail, austere lady, who had borne this big, strapping boy — a feat of which she was sedately but passionately proud.

Little Herbert, all clumsiness and fat legs and arms, did a good deal of hugging and squealing, and Miss Shake, Leonard's old governess, wept discreetly and worshipfully in the background.

'Look at 'im! Ain't he grand? Glory be to God — bless 'im, my baby!' cried Irish Nannie, who had suckled this soldier of England; and loudly she wept, her pride and her joy unrebuked and unashamed.

At the risk of annoying Leonard, they must follow him about, waiting upon him at tea-time, touching him wistfully, wonderingly, for was it not himself, their own Leonard, who had come back to them for a few days? And instead of himself, it might have been just a name, — Leonard Leeds, — one among a list of hundreds of others; and written opposite each name one of the three words, *Wounded*, *Missing*, *Dead*.

Jealously his own family drew aside and let Marjorie go upstairs with him alone. She had the first right; she was his bride. Mr. Leeds plucked little Herbert back by his sailor collar and put his arm through his wife's. Together they watched the two slender figures ascending the broad staircase. Each parent was thinking, 'He's hers now, and they're young. We must n't be self-

ish, they have such a short time to be happy in, poor dears.'

'Looks fit, doesn't he?' said the father, cheerfully, patting his wife's arm. Inwardly he was thinking, 'How fortunate no woman can appreciate all that boy has been through!'

'Do you think so? I thought he looked terribly thin,' she answered, absently. To herself she was saying, 'No one — not even his father — will ever know what that boy has seen and suffered.'

Little Herbert, watching with big eyes, suddenly wriggled his hand from his father's grasp.

'Wait, Leonard, wait for me! I am coming!'

Upstairs old Nannie was officiating. She was struggling with Leonard's kit, which resembled, she thought, more the rummage box of a gypsy pedler than the luggage of a gentleman.

The young officer had taken off his great-coat and was standing with his back to the hearth. He loomed up very big in the demure room, a slender, boyish figure, still too slim for his shoulder-width and height, clad in a ragged uniform, a pistol bulging from one hip at his belt. He looked about him at the bright hangings, with a wandering gaze that reverted to a spot of sunlight on Marjorie's hair and rested there.

'I'm all spinning round,' he said with a puzzled smile, 'like a dream.'

He continued to stare with dazed, smiling eyes on the sunbeam. His hair was cropped close like a convict's, which accentuated the leanness of his face and the taut, rigid lines about his mouth. Under his discolored uniform, the body was spare almost to the point of emaciation. Through a rent in his coat, a ragged shirt revealed the bare skin. He looked at it ruefully, still smiling. 'I'm rather a mess, I expect,' he said. 'Tried to fix up in the cars, but I was too far gone in dirt to succeed much.'

Marjorie, with the instinct of a kitten that comforts its master, went up to him and rubbed her head against the torn arm.

'Don't,' he said, hoarsely; 'I'm too dirty.' He put out a hand, and softly touched her dress. 'Is it pink?' he asked, 'or does it only look so in this light? It feels awfully downy and nice.'

She noticed that two of his nails were crushed and discolored, and the half of one was torn away. She bent down and kissed it, to hide the tears which were choking her. She felt his eyes on her, and she knew that look which made her whole being ache with tenderness — that numb, dazed look. She had seen it before in the eyes of very young soldiers home on their first leave — mute young eyes that contained the unutterable secrets of the battlefield, but revealed none. She had seen them since she came to England, sitting with their elders, gray-haired fathers who talked war, war, war, while the young tongues — once so easily braggart — remained speechless.

What had they seen, these silent youngsters — sensitive, joyous children, whom the present day had nurtured so cleanly and so tenderly? Their bringing-up had been the complex result of so much enlightened effort. War, pestilence, famine, slaughter, were only names in a history book to them. They thought hardship was sport. A blithe summer month had plunged them into the most terrible war of the scarred old earth. The battlefields where they had mustered, stunned, but tingling with vigor and eagerness, were becoming the vast cemeteries of their generation. The field where lay the young dead was their place in the sun. The still hospital where lay the maimed was their part in a civilization whose sincerity they had trusted as little children trust in the perfection of their parents.

Beside the army of maimed and fall-

en boys was another shadowy army of girls in their teens and sweet early twenties — the unclaimed contemporaries of a buried generation.

There was a fumbling at the door-handle, and a small, muffled voice came from the corridor: —

'I say, Len; I say, Marjorie, can I come in?' And in he walked, spotless and engaging, in a white sailor suit with baggy long trousers, his hair still wet from being tortured into corkscrew curls. 'I'm all dressed for the party,' he announced; 'I'm not going to bed at all to-night.'

Marjorie tried to draw him into her lap, but he eluded her with a resentful wiggle, and walking up to Leonard, whacked him on the thigh and looked up with a sly, beseeching glance which said, 'Whack me back. You play with me. You notice me. I love you.'

His eyes were on a level with Leonard's pistol; he put his little pink face close to it lovingly, but drew back again, puckering up his small nose.

'Oh, Leonard, you smell just like a poor man!' he exclaimed.

Leonard grinned. 'You never got as near as this to any poor man who is half as dirty as I am, old dear.'

'You've got just half an hour to dress for dinner, and we're due in the church at eight,' said Marjorie.

She paused in the doorway, a slim figure in a crumpled white dress.

Leonard stared at her blankly, and then put out a bony arm and drew her to his side.

'It's awfully tough on you, honey, to have it this way; no new clothes or anything fixed up, and,' he added, smiling and closing his eyes, 'coming away across the ocean full of dirty little submariners to a bridegroom smelling like a poor man! Jove! I want a bath!'

'Just as I was about to take the liberty of remarking myself,' old Nannie said. She was standing in the doorway,

her arms akimbo and her sleeves rolled up. 'Captain Leeds, it's all ready.'

Leonard's arms were still about Marjorie. 'Captain Leeds, otherwise known as Lieutenant Leeds,' he said, 'once known as Leonard, presents his compliments to Mrs. Bridget O'Garrity, née Flannagan, and wishes her to request Mr. Jakes, in the culinary regions, to draw his bath and lay out his things and generally make himself a nuisance. He will not permit Mrs. O'Garrity to dress him.'

'Oh, now, Captain Leeds — well then, Leonard dearie, you bad boy,' wailed the old woman reproachfully. 'Mr. Jakes has gone to the war, as has likewise all the men in the house, and a good riddance it is, too. There was a time when you were n't too grand to let your poor old Nannie wait on you. Why, Miss Marjorie, I remember the time when he could n't —'

'No reminiscences!' broke in Leonard, eyeing Nannie suspiciously. 'You have had so much experience with men you ought to know how they hate it. Why, Marjorie, do you realize that Nannie has had five husbands?'

'Oh, Master Leonard, indade, it is only three!' cried Nannie, horrified.

'Seven,' Leonard insisted; 'it's a compliment. It only shows how fascinating you are with the polygamous sex. It was seven, only two never showed up after the wedding. I was to be the eighth, Marjie, only you came in between us.'

'Master Leonard, I could smack you for talking like that! Don't listen to 'im, Miss Marjorie.'

'Cheer up, old Nannie,' continued Leonard; 'there's still Kitchener. He's a bachelor and a woman-hater, but then, he's never met you, and he's even a greater hero than I am.'

Nannie, aghast but delighted, advanced toward Leonard, shaking her gray curls. 'H'm, h'm. Woman-hat-

ers, you say. I never met one, indade.' Then, very coaxingly, 'Did n't you bring your old Nannie a souvenir from the war?'

'Rather,' said Leonard, indicating with his chin the rent on his shoulder. 'How about this?'

'How about that?' said Nannie, her old eyes in their deep furrows gleaming with malice.

From behind her broad back she drew forth a round metal object that flashed in the firelight.

'It's a German helmet!' cried Marjorie.

'I want it!' shouted Herbert, stretching up his arms for the flashing plaything.

'It's mine,' coaxed Marjorie, trying to wrest it from Nannie.

Leonard put out a swift hand, and held it aloft by the spike.

'Let me try it on,' wheedled Marjorie, coaxing down his arm.

'You look like a baby Valkyrie,' said Leonard, placing the helmet on her head; but he frowned.

Marjorie regarded herself in the mirror.

'This belonged to an officer of the Prussian guard,' she said.

'It did. How did you know?'

Marjorie continued to stare at herself in the mirror as if she saw something there behind her own reflection. 'The very first man who was ever in love with me wore a helmet like this,' she said, suddenly, lifting enigmatic and mischievous eyes to Leonard.

'How many have there been since?' Leonard smiled, lazily.

'I can remember only the first and the last,' said Marjorie.

Leonard laughed, but he could not see Marjorie's face. She was standing looking down at the gold eagle-crest, holding the helmet in both hands, carefully, timidly, as if it were a loaded weapon that might go off.

'Where did you get it, Len?' she asked, gravely.

'There's a crop of them coming up in France this summer,' said Leonard.

'But seriously, Len?'

'Seriously, Marjorie.' He took the helmet by the spike and put it on the mantel. 'Lord knows, I'm not presenting that as a token of valor to any one. It belonged to a poor chap who died on the field the night I was wounded. My orderly packed it in my kit.'

Marjorie drew a deep breath. 'Oh, Len,' she whispered, staring at the helmet. 'How does it feel to kill a man?'

Leonard, smiling, shifted his position and answered, 'No different from killing your first rabbit, if you don't sit down on the bank and watch it kick, and write poetry. Besides, you always have the pleasure of thinking it's a German rabbit.'

'Oh, Len!'

'You're just one in a great big machine called England. It is n't your job to think,' Leonard said. 'For God's sake, lamb, don't cherish any fool Yankee pacifist notions. We are going to beat the Germans till every man Fritz of them is either dead or can't crawl off the field.' His black fingers closed over Marjorie's. 'Remember, after to-night you're an Englishwoman. You can't be a little American mongrel any more; not until I'm dead, anyway. Now I've got you, I'll never let you go!' He showed his teeth in a fierce, defiant smile, in which there was pathos. He knew what a life in the Dardanelles was worth. He put his cropped head close to Marjorie's. 'Do you hate me for that, Marjie?'

Marjorie, pressing against him, felt the strength of his gaunt shoulder through his coat. A sense of delicious fear stole over her, and the savage which lies close to the surface in every woman leaped within her.

'I love you for it!' she cried.

'Don't rub your head against my coat,' murmured Leonard; 'there's bugs in it.'

They both laughed excitedly.

II

Two hours later the wedding took place in the church where Leonard had been baptized and confirmed. Little Herbert thought he had never been to such a strange party. He did n't care if he never went to one again. No one was dressed up but himself. The church was dark, and it seemed to Herbert so vast and strange at this late hour. Candles gleamed on the altar, at the end of a long, shadowy aisle. Their footsteps made no sound on the velvet carpet as they walked under the dim arches to the front seat. His aunts and his uncles and his brother's big friends from the training camp seemed suddenly to appear out of the shadows and silently fill the front rows. In the queer light he kept recognizing familiar faces that smiled and nodded at him in the dimness. Nannie was dressed in her 'day-off' clothes. She was crying. Herbert looked about him wonderingly: yes, Miss Shake was crying, too — and that lady in the black veil over there: oh, how she was crying! No; he did n't like this party.

Through a little space between his father's arm and a stone pillar he could see Leonard's back. Leonard was standing on the white stone steps, very straight. Then he kneeled down, and Herbert heard his sword click on the stone floor. The minister, dressed in a white and purple robe, with one arm outstretched, was talking to him in a sing-song voice. Herbert could n't see Marjorie, the pillar was in the way; but he felt that she was there. Leonard's voice sounded frightened and muffled, not a bit like himself, but he heard Marjorie's voice just as plain as anything —

'Till death us do part.'

Presently the choir began to sing, and his mother found the place in the hymn-book. Herbert could n't read, but he knew the hymn. Each verse ended, —

'Rejoice, rejoice,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing.'

Herbert looked on the hymn-book and pretended he was reading. The book trembled. Leonard and Marjorie were passing close to the pew. They looked, oh, so pleased! Leonard smiled at his mother, and she smiled back. She lifted Herbert up on the seat and he watched them pass down the dark aisle together and out through the shadowy doorway at the very end. The little boy felt a vague sensation of distress. He looked up at his mother and the distress grew. She was still singing, but her mouth kept getting queerer and queerer as she came to the line, —

'— give thanks, and sing.'

He had never seen his mother cry before. He did n't suppose she could cry. She was grown up. You don't expect grown-up people, like your mother, to cry — except, of course, Nannie and Miss Shake.

'Rejoice, rejoice,
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing.'

He sang it for her. The voices of the choir seemed suddenly to have traveled a long way off and the tones of the organ were hushed. He heard his own voice echoing in the silent church. The words seemed to come out all wrong. He felt a terrible sense of oppression in the region of his stomach, and he wondered if he were going to be ill. It was a relief to hear himself crying at the top of his lungs, and to have Nannie scolding him lovingly, and leading him out of the church. He drove home, sniffing but comforted, in his father's lap.

'He felt it,' old Nannie said to Burns, as she lifted him out of the carriage. 'The child understood, bless him!'

III

Ever, when it comes May, and the soft, chill breezes blow from the ocean across the sun-soaked sands, and the clouds run dazzling races with the sea gulls, Marjorie will feel herself running too, catching up breathless a few paces behind Leonard, as on that second afternoon on a wind-swept beach of the Kentish coast. Like mad things, their heads thrown back, hair flying, mouths open, the spray smiting their open eyes, with all the ecstasy of their new-found energy, they clambered over the slippery seaweed and leaped from rock to rock, swept along with the winds, daring the waves, shouting down the surf.

Marjorie, when those spring days come round again, will remember a little cove, sheltered from the wind, warmed by the fitful spring sunlight, where, panting, they threw themselves down on the sand, bodies glowing, faces to the sun.

'Hello, sun!' cried Marjorie.

'Hello, clouds!' cried Leonard.

'Hello, old sea gulls!' cried Marjorie, beginning to sneeze.

'God, but I feel fit; I feel glorious! Don't you, Marjie?'

'Don't I, though! I feel glorious. O God!' cried Marjorie, who did not know whether that was swearing or praying, and did not care.

Leonard ran his hands through the chill, warm sand, and watched a huge black spider promenading with bustling importance up his arm.

'The female spider eats the male as soon as he fertilizes the eggs, but he has to just the same,' said Leonard, dreamily.

'Let's kill her,' said Marjorie.

'No.'

'Yes.'

'Why?'

'She's a cannibal,' said Marjorie.

'No, it's her instinct,' said Leonard.

He opened an alleyway for the spider in the sand, and, with his head down close, watched it hustling away. 'It's the same with us; we know we have every chance of being killed in this war, and we have to go, and we're glad to. It's not courage or sacrifice; it's instinct.'

'You think so, Leonard?'

'It's not nice to lie alongside of a man you've killed and watch him die,' said Leonard, inconsistently, eyes looking down into the sand, head pillowed on his arm.

'Did you have to, Len?'

'I did n't exactly mean to kill him. He was wounded,' murmured Leonard, raising little white pools in the sand with his nostrils. 'We had a rotten day and had taken a small position which did n't amount to anything when we got it. *Was n't* I in a nasty sulk! Some of my green men had funk'd just at the crucial moment, and I had all but shot one. The ground was covered with wounded. Could n't tell theirs from ours. Awful mess. I was coming back across the field over dead bodies, and cursing every one I stumbled across. I suppose I felt pretty sick. I saw a helmet gleaming in some burnt shrubbery. It was a nice shiny one, with an eagle crest. It occurred to me you'd written me to send you one, "because all the girls had them" — remember?'

Leonard rolled over close beside her and his head went down into the sand again.

'I went to pick it up, but it seems I got something else with it. A great blonde fellow in gray, all powdered with dust and bleeding, — Jove! how he was bleeding! — came up with it. It surprised me and he managed to knife

me, and over I went, on top of him. I had my pistol cocked, and I let him have it right in the chest. I must have fainted, because when I came to I was on my back and the moon was shining in my eyes. The man in gray was there alongside of me, supporting himself on one arm and looking at me.

' "I am dying," he said in German.

'That did n't seem very interesting to me. So is everybody else, I thought; and I did n't answer. Presently he said it again, in English: "I'm dying."

' "Really?" said I.

' "Yes," he answered.

'There was something impersonal in his tone, and he looked eery there in the moonlight, I can tell you, leaning on one arm and bleeding. Awfully good-looking chap. Built like a giant. He reminded me of a statue called the Dying Gaul, or something.'

'Oh, yes; I know that statue!'

'Well, he looked like that — with all the fight going out of him. Suddenly he smiled at me.

' "Did you think you were playing your football when you came down on top of me that way, eh?"

'I say, I was a bit surprised. Football does n't seem a very congenial subject for a dying man; but do you know, we sat there and talked for an hour at least about all kinds of sports and athletics. You should have seen the way he kept tossing the hair out of his eyes and saying, "Fine, fine!" And then he'd boast, and tell me all about the things he'd done. I never saw a fellow built as he was. It seems that he was a champion in most everything. But after a while he seemed to get on to the fact that he was losing an awful lot of blood, and then he said again, "Schade." That was all. After two or three foolish tries I got up on my feet. The last I saw of him he was supporting himself on his arm, and looking for all the world like that statue.

'They'd cleared off all the wounded, and only the dead were left. It was terribly still, and I could hear him choking, a long way off, as I came back across the lines. The next day I happened to stumble across him. It was bright sunshine, and he was like marble, and the ground all about was sticky. He was staring up in the sun with his head thrown back and his eyes open, and the strangest look! Well, anyway, it made me think of a chap I saw once make a rippingly clever catch at ball, with the sun shining straight in his eyes, while the crowds went wild, and he did n't know what had happened for a minute. — His helmet was still there beside him, keeping guard, sort of like a dog, and I took it back with me. I don't know why.'

Leonard paused; then he said, suddenly, averting his eyes like a child caught in a wrong act, 'That talk we had was so queer — I mean it was as if — don't you know? — as if we were — well, sort of the same at heart. I mean, of course, if he had n't been German. War is queer,' he continued, lamely, raising his cropped head and looking off at the horizon, 'awfully queer.'

Presently he spoke again.

'So many men have been killed — Englishmen I mean; almost all the men I went to school with.' He started to count as if by rote: 'Don and Robert, and Fred Sands, and Steve, and Philip and Sandy.' His voice was muffled in the sand. 'Benjamin Robb and Cyril and Eustis, Rupert and Ted and Fat — good old Fat!'

Lying close to Marjorie on the sand, his mighty young body still hot from the joyous contact of the noonday sun, his eyes, full of an uncomplaining and uncomprehending agony, sought hers; and Marjorie looked dumbly back with a feeling of desolation growing within her as vast and dreary as the gray expanse lapping beside them, for it seem-

ed to her that Leonard was groping, pleading — oh, so silently — for an explanation, an inspiration deeper than anything he had known before — a something immense that would make it all right, this gigantic twentieth-century work of killing; square it with the ideals and ideas that this most enlightened century had given him.

Marjorie strangled a fierce tide of feeling that welled up within her, and her eyes, bent on Leonard, were fierce because she loved him most and she had nothing, nothing to give him. For he had to go back, oh, he had to go back to-morrow, and he hated it so — they all hated it — the best of them! How clearly she saw through the superb, pitiful bluff, that it was all sport, 'wonderful'! Wonderful? She knew, but she would never dare let Leonard see that she knew.

And still Leonard counted, his head in his arms: 'Arnold and Allen, and Rothwood, and Jim Douglas, and Jack and — Oh, Christ! I can't count them all!'

IV

They came up to London in a second-class compartment. Any one could have told they were on their honeymoon, for they wore perfectly new clothes, and on their knees between them they balanced a perfectly new tea-basket. They were making tea and sandwiches, and although it was all rather messy, it gave them the illusion of housekeeping. It was the afternoon of the fourth day. An old lady and gentleman, their only traveling companions, went tactfully to sleep. Leonard glanced warily at them, and turned his back on the flying landscape.

'Marjorie,' he said, carefully peeling a hard-boiled egg; 'Marjie.'

'Yes, Len.'

'Were you ever in love before this?'

Marjorie laughed. She was in the

mood for laughter. She must be happy and light-hearted. Time enough later on to be serious.

'Sure,' she replied gravely, mocking eyes on Leonard. 'Were n't you?'

Leonard shook his head. 'Just with actresses and things, when I was a kid. Never, really.'

'I suppose,' said Marjorie, pensively, 'I ought to care if you've been bad or not, but I don't.'

'But Marjie, darling,' — Leonard brought her back and went straight to his point, — 'were you ever really in love with that German chap you spoke of when I gave you the helmet?'

'He was my first love,' said Marjorie, with wicked demureness. 'I was fifteen and he was eighteen.'

'You were just a flapper,' said Leonard; 'you could n't be in love.'

'A woman is never too young to adore some man,' said Marjorie, sagely. 'I was a miserable homesick wretch, spending the winter in a German boarding-school.'

'A German school! What for?' said Leonard, frowning.

'In order to learn German — and culture.'

Leonard gave a grunt.

'Yes, Len, dear, it was dreadful. You never could have stood it, you're so particular,' Marjorie said, settling her head against Leonard's arm. 'The girls only bathed once a year!'

'Dirty beasts!' muttered Leonard. 'But what's that got to do with the point?'

'I'm preparing you for that by degrees. Len, dear, it was dreadful. No one spoke a word of English, and I could n't speak a word of German, and it was such a long winter, and all the flowers and grass were dead in the garden, and at night a huge walnut tree used to rattle against my window and scare me; and they don't open their windows at night, and I nearly died of

suffocation! They think in Germany that the night air is poisonous.'

'They don't use it instead of gas. How about the man? Hurry up!'

He looked at his watch, but Marjorie chose to ignore him.

'We've got eleven hours,' she said, with tragic contentment; 'I'm coming to the man. The girls used to sit about indoors and embroider — oh, everlastingly! Hideous things. I was, oh, so restless! You know how you are at that age.'

'I was playing football,' said Leonard; 'so ought the man to have been, instead of casting sheep's eyes at you.'

'He had nice eyes,' said Marjorie, pensively, 'and lived next door, and,' she added, as Leonard puffed stolidly at his pipe, 'he was terribly good-looking.'

'He was?' said Leonard, raising his eyebrows.

'So tall for his age, and his head always looked as if he were racing against the wind. He was always rumpling his hair as if in a sort of frenzy of energy, and he was awkward and graceful at the same time, like a big puppy who is going to be awfully strong. He was like a big, very young dog. So energetic, it was almost as if he were hungry.'

'He's hungry along with the rest of 'em now, I hope,' murmured Leonard.

'His name was Carl von Ehnheim. He lived in a very grand house next door,' continued Marjorie, 'and he used to come over and make formal calls on the pension Müller. He never looked at me, and whenever I spoke he looked down or out of the window, and that's how I knew he liked me.'

'Most abominable case of puppy love,' said Leonard.

'Oh, it was *so* puppy!' cried Marjorie; 'but of course it made the winter pass less drearily.'

'How so — "of course"?''

'Because he would always happen to come down his steps when I came down

mine. Or when I was in the garden walking on the frozen walk with huge German overshoes on, he would draw aside the curtain of his house and stand there pretending not to see me until I bowed, and then he would smile and pretend he had just noticed me. And then, when Christmas came, all the girls went home, and Frau Müller and I were asked over to his house to spend the day. Did you ever spend a Christmas in Germany, Len, dear?’

‘No, but I hope to some day.’

‘It’s so nice, it’s like Christmas in a book. He used to come into the garden after that, and we’d play together. And we read German lesson-books in the summer-house. And then, sometimes, for no reason at all, we would run around the summer-house until we were all out of breath, and had messed up all the paths. One day he had to go away. It was time for him to go into the army to be made an officer, and I did n’t see him for so long, and I forgot all about him, nearly. I would have if I had n’t been so lonely.’

‘Humph!’ said Leonard; and Marjorie squeezed his fingers.

‘Are n’t you just a little bit jealous?’ she pleaded.

‘Jealous of a Hun?’ answered Leonard, knocking the ashes from his pipe. ‘No.’ But he squeezed her hand somewhat viciously in return. ‘Not a bit. Stop wriggling! Not a bit. When did you see him again?’

‘Not for a long time. One day I came home and on the hall table was a gold sword and a gold helmet with an eagle crest. Maybe I heard his voice in the parlor, maybe I did n’t. Anyway, I put the helmet on my head and took the sword out of the scabbard. Oh, was n’t it shiny! I was admiring myself in the mirror when he came out. — Stop whistling, Leonard, or I won’t go on.

‘He was dressed all in blue and gold, and he wore a gray cape lined with red,

and oh, he looked like a picture in a fairy book, I can tell you, and he just stood there and stared at me. And he said, in a very low voice, “I did n’t dare to kiss you under the mistletoe.” And I wanted to say something, but could n’t think of anything because he would n’t take his eyes away; and then Frau Müller came out and said “Good-bye” to him with great formality. And afterward she said it was very *unziemlich* to talk to a young officer alone in the hall, and, oh, I don’t know — a whole lot of things I did n’t listen to.’

‘And of course that only fanned your ardor and you continued to meet?’ prompted Leonard.

He lighted a pipe and stuck it in the corner of his mouth, and never took his smiling eyes off Marjorie’s thin little face, all animated in the dusk.

‘Of course we met, but only on the avenue, when we girls were walking in a long line, dressed alike, two by two, guarded by dragons of teachers. But I’d lie awake every night and think of all kinds of things — his look, and the way his sword clanked against his boots. And twice I saw him at the opera, looking at me from one of the boxes filled with officers. You can’t think how big I felt having him notice me—and you can’t think how beautiful I thought he was. Little thrills ran up and down my spine every time I looked at him. Is that the way you felt when you looked at your silly actresses?’

‘Maybe,’ said Leonard, grinning with the corner of his mouth unoccupied by the pipe, and staring out into the shadowy darkness. ‘Was that all?’

They were drawing near to London.

‘Mostly,’ answered Marjorie, fingering the buttons on Leonard’s sleeve. ‘Last time I saw him it was in the garden on the same bench in the sun. He came over the fence, and he told me that his regiment had been ordered to Berlin the next day.’

'You knew more German then?' asked Leonard.

'Yes, I suppose so; but I did n't need to understand. It was all in the sun, and the air was all warm from the cut clovers, and his eyes were, oh, so blue! And — I don't know. He took off his helmet and put it on my head, and he took his sword out of the scabbard and he put it in my hand, and he said, oh, all kinds of things in German that I could n't understand very well.'

'He was probably asking you how much your dowry was.'

'Maybe, but his eyes did n't ask me that. And that was all. I never saw him again, and I don't ever expect to.'

'Should rather think not.'

'Would you mind?'

'Certainly,' said Leonard.

'They're horrible tyrants, English husbands,' said Marjie, kissing his arm.

'Not so bad as German ones,' he replied, putting his head down to hers.

The casements rattled. Into the little dark square of the compartment window peered a confusion of lights, the myriad eyes of a great city.

'Why, it's London!' cried Marjorie. 'I'd lost all track of time. Had n't you, Leonard?'

'No,' he answered laconically, slamming down the lid of the tea-basket.

But Marjorie squeezed up against him and gave a little laugh. 'Supposing it could be the same man, Leonard,' she said.

'What man?' asked Leonard, snapping the lock.

'Why, the man of the Helmet — the Dying Gaul — and my man I've been telling you about.'

Leonard looked at her, and for some reason his eyes flinched. 'What difference would that make? He was German,' was all he said.

It was a sultry evening. Flowers were being sold in profusion on street-corners. Hurdy-gurdies played war

tunes in the gutter. The streets were filled with soldiers in khaki, and florid civilians in their summer clothes. Suddenly she remembered a passage in the Bible that always seemed beautiful to her, but now it seemed to have been specially written for her: —

'Where thou goest, I will go, And where thou lodgest, I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people, And thy God, my God.'

She walked as close to Leonard as she dared: 'Thy people shall be my people, And thy God, my God.'

The passers-by smiled at her and turned and stared after. 'Awfully hard on a girl,' they thought, touched by the rapt look on the young face.

'Oh, Len,' she whispered, pulling at his arm, 'I love all these people; I love England.'

He smiled indulgently.

'They're all right,' he assented; 'I don't mind strangers, but I hate the thought of all the relatives we've got to face when we get back. There'll be Aunt Hortense and Uncle Charles. Mater'll have all the uncles and the cousins and the aunts in to bid me a tender farewell. Think of spending my last evening with you answering questions about how deep the mud is in the trenches, and what we get to eat, and what the names of all the officers in my mess are.'

'And then they'll spend the rest of our precious time connecting them up to people of the same name in England,' said Marjorie.

'Exactly,' agreed Leonard. 'Are n't grown-up relations beastly?'

'Horrible,' said Marjorie, 'but they've been awfully decent about letting me have you all of these four days.'

To put off the evil moment of arrival they stopped at every shop-window and stared in, their faces pressed close to the glass. Finally, deliciously weary, and full of the languor of the summer

night, they retraced their steps and took the two-penny tube.

They arrived home late. The family were at dinner.

'We've missed two courses,' said Leonard gleefully; 'the aunts must be raging.'

'Shall I dress up?' said Marjorie.

'Good God!' answered Leonard, 'I go to-morrow at five. Don't wear anything that will make them think we're going to sit round and converse with Aunt Hortense all the evening. I'm going up to say good-bye to the boy.'

Marjorie found him there, stretched out on Herbert's little cot, completely covering the little mound under the pink coverlet.

'Don't you come near, Marjorie; I've got Leonard all to myself,' cried Herbert, who, like all the others, was jealous of Marjorie, but did not scruple to show it.

'Ha-ha! Who's jealous now?' said Leonard, putting his head down on Herbert's. Marjorie lay down on the quilt at the foot of the bed. Her restless eyes watched a light from the driveway scurry across the bed and zig-zag over the faces of the two brothers. Like a sudden flame struck from a match it lit a metal object on the shelf over the bed. Ah, it looked grim and incongruous in that peaceful English nursery! Once it had been one among a golden sea of helmets, sweeping across a great plain like a river. The sun smote upon gleaming bayonets, passing with the eternal regularity of waves. Last autumn the world had shaken under the tread of the feet marching toward Paris.

The light clung to the glittering object, and then scudded away. Marjorie's eyes kept closing. Suddenly, and oh, so vividly, there came the memory of another garden; the cold, brooding stillness of the winter air, and the sun sifting through the diamond windows of the summer-house, and shining on

the dancing letters of the lesson-book and on his yellow hair. Then she heard Leonard's laughter and was back again in the present. How could he laugh like that! It was because he was so young. They were all so young!

'Good night, old man,' said Leonard, pulling himself up from Herbert's bed; 'don't forget me.'

Three times Herbert called him back, and when Leonard returned and stood beside him, the little boy wriggled apologetically.

'Play with me,' he said, plaintively.

'Play with you! I'll stand you on your head instead,' said Leonard, and put his arm around Marjorie.

But Herbert continued to call to the emptiness.

Leonard and Marjorie paused on the landing, and he reached up and spread his hand over the face of the clock.

'Stop moving!' he said.

'You're just about three years old to-night,' said Marjorie.

'I know — I know,' he said. Suddenly, with an impulse and gesture of childlike and terrible longing, he put both his arms about Marjorie. His face wore an expression that she could never forget. Looking up at him with wide, tearless eyes, she felt in that one uncontrolled moment that she knew him better than she ever would again. She felt wonderfully old, immeasurably older than Leonard, older than the whole world. With a love almost impersonal in its unconscious motherliness, she yearned with the mighty power of her woman's body and soul to protect this immature and inarticulate being who was faring forth to the peninsula of the 'Dead English' to make his silent sacrifice. The great house seemed to be listening, hushed, to the sober ticking of the clock on the landing. Suddenly, with a preliminary shudder, its melodious voice rang out nine times. The two stole downstairs to the dining-room.

'Nine o'clock. We've missed three courses,' whispered Leonard to Marjorie.

All through dinner he sulked. He could not forgive his Aunt Hortense for her very considerable bulk, which was situated between him and Marjorie. He squeezed his mother's hand under the table, till her rings cut into her flesh, and she had to smile; but toward all the flattering advances of his aunt, and her effort to ascertain his opinion on every aspect of the war, he remained dumb with the maddening imperturbability of a sulky boy, who refuses to be 'pumped.'

After dinner he was claimed by his father and remained in the smoking-room, detained by a certain wistfulness in his father's manner.

'We've missed you these four days, old boy,' his father said. 'But I hardly expect you missed us. Can't we have a talk now?'

'Yes, sir; of course,' Leonard answered. He felt suddenly contrite. He noticed for the first time in his life that his father looked old and little, almost wizened, and there was something deferential in his manner toward his big son that smote Leonard. It was as if he were saying, apologetically, 'You're the bone and sinew of this country now. I admire you inordinately, my son. See, I defer to you; but do not treat me too much like a back number.' It was apparent even in the way he handed Leonard the cigars.

Desperately conscious of the hands on the clock's face, which kept moving forward, Leonard sat and conversed on the recent drive in France, the Dardanelles campaign, home politics, held simply by the pathos of his father's new manner. At every pause in the conversation he listened for Marjorie's voice in the drawing-room.

And Marjorie, in the drawing-room, was wondering desperately if he knew

how the time was flying as he sat there quietly smoking and holding forth endlessly about transports and supplies and appropriations, and all the things which meant nothing to her. More wily than Leonard, she had escaped from Aunt Hortense, who, in true English fashion, had not appeared to be aware of her presence until well on toward the middle of the evening, after the men had left; then she turned to Marjorie suddenly, raising her lorgnette.

'Leonard's letters must have been very interesting to your friends in America.'

'Oh, yes,' stammered Marjorie; 'but he never said very much about the war.' She blushed.

'Ah,' said the older woman; 'I observed he was very silent on that subject. It's a code or custom among his set in the army, you may be sure of that. So many young officers' letters have been published,' she continued, turning to Mrs. Leeds. 'Lady Alice Fryzel was telling me the other day that she was putting all her son's letters into book form.'

Marjorie had an inward vision of Leonard's letters published in book form! She knew them by heart, written from the trenches in pencil on lined paper—'servant paper,' Leonard called it. They came in open envelopes unstamped, except with the grim password 'war zone.' Long, tired letters; short, tired letters, corrected by the censor's red ink, and full of only 'our own business,' as Leonard said. Sometimes at the end there would be a postscript hastily inserted: 'I was in my first real battle to-day. Can't say I enjoyed it.' Or, 'Ronald Lambert, who was my chum at Eton, never turned up to-night. I feel pretty sick about it.' She remembered the postscript of his first letter from the front; not a word about the thunder of the distant cannonading or the long line of returning ambulances

that greeted the incoming soldier. It gave the first realistic smack of the filthy business of war. 'I've had my head shaved,' Leonard wrote. 'P.P.S. Caught One.' Marjorie wondered how that would look to Aunt Hortense, published in book form.

'Are n't the men a long while?' said Mrs. Leeds, for the fifth time; and Marjorie could endure it no longer. She could not bear to sit there and look at Mrs. Leeds's face. The fierce resignation of the mother's eyes seemed dumbly to accuse Marjorie, whose whole youth and passionate being protested: 'I won't let her have Leonard this evening — I won't — I can't — it's his last! Why don't old people, like Aunt Hortense, fight wars, if they're so crazy about it?'

She crept unnoticed to the dark alcove, and slipped through the curtains of the French window. But the older woman's shrewd glance followed her; and all the while she was listening with apparent composure and concern to Hortense, she was saying to herself, with bitter impatience, —

'Fool! Why did she have to come this evening!' And then, 'O Leonard, is it possible that little young thing can love you as I do!' And, 'O Leonard — O Leonard!'

Marjorie, in the garden, skirted the shrubs and stole between the flowerbeds to the library window. Vividly she could see Leonard, stretched out in a chair, his cigarette in one hand, gestulating, talking.

'He's happy; he's forgotten all about me,' she thought; and swept by an absurd emotion of self-pity, she kissed her own arms in the darkness to comfort herself, till her eyes, which never left his face, saw him turn warily and desperately to the clock.

'Leonard,' she whispered, pressing close to the glass.

Suddenly he saw her revealed in the

pale halo of light cast by the window into the darkness. He looked at her for moments without moving. Then she saw him get up and say good-night to his father, putting his hand awkwardly and self-consciously on his sleeve. Minutes passed, and she knew he had gone to say good-night to his mother, and then she saw the light of his cigarette coming toward her across the lawn. She waited without moving for him to touch her. So many times she would feel him coming toward her in the moonlight, the outline of his dear form lost in the dusk, and when he put out his hand it would be only empty shadows.

'Marjorie, where are you?'

'Here, Len.'

Some one came to the front door and called out, —

'Are you there, Leonard and Marjorie? Lock the door when you come in, Leonard.'

From the darkness they saw his mother's form silhouetted against the light inside. She started as if to come toward them, and then suddenly shut the door and left them alone together in the white night.

V

A thick yellow fog lay over London; at five o'clock in the Victoria Station the dawn had not penetrated, and the great globes of electricity in the murky ceiling shed an uncertain light. Through the usual sombre and preoccupied din of the early morning traffic, came the steady, rhythmic tread of marching feet. Lost in the smoke and fog, a band was playing 'Rule Britannia.'

Marjorie and Leonard were standing in the very centre of the vast dingy shed. Heavy-eyed, they looked about them with an unseeing, bewildered gaze, that kept reverting to each other. Marjorie had both her hands about one of Leonard's, and was holding it con-

vulsively in the pocket of his great-coat. Many times she had pictured this last scene to herself, anticipating every detail. Even in these nightmares, she had always seen herself, with a sick heart, bearing up bravely for Leonard's sake, making it easier for him.

A hunchback, dodging under the elbows of the crowd, stared at her, and smiled queerly and whispered to himself. Marjie shivered, then forgot him as a spasmodic gasp ran through the crowd; a sound suddenly seemed to envelope her like a wave, breaking, gathering itself, then breaking again — just two words: — 'Good-bye — Good-bye — Good-bye.'

She looked into Leonard's face, and saw that the moment had arrived; he was going. She was gripped with a sense of suffocation and panic. It was the same feeling that she had experienced as a child when she had gone in wading and had slipped into the water over her head. She clung to Leonard now just as she had clung to her rescuer then.

'Don't go! Don't go! I can't bear it! O Leonard!'

His hand, disengaging itself from her fingers, increased her panic. He put his arm about her.

'Marjie,' he said, in a steady voice, which yet sounded unreal, not like his own, 'I'm going. Good-bye. I love you with my whole soul; I always will. I shan't be able to hear from you, but I'll write you as often as I can. Don't worry if there are long intervals between letters. And, Marjie, don't believe too easily that I'm dead. If you hear I'm missing, there is still a good chance; even if I'm on the lists, keep on hoping. I'm coming back. Good-bye.' He kissed her, then paused, and put his dark head close to hers. 'Marjie, if we should have one, — if it's a boy, — I want it brought up in England; and in case we should — promise me to take

the best care of yourself — promise! That's right. Now stop trembling.'

Marjorie nodded, with white lips, but continued to tremble. Leonard's face became equally white. He set his quivering mouth and turned away, but Marjorie clutched wildly at his sleeve.

'I'm coming with you as far as the boat, Leonard, just as far as the boat. See, those women are going. Oh, let me, Leonard!'

He hesitated, and in that empty moment a voice behind them said, 'The average life of an officer in the Dardanelles is eleven days.'

Leonard frowned; then glared at the hunchback, who was still peering at them.

'O Leonard, please, *please!*'

'You could n't come back with them,' he said painfully, averting his eyes from hers.

'Eleven days!' repeated an incredulous voice.

'I *will* come — I *will* come!' gasped Marjorie, trying to squeeze past Leonard through the gates.

He pushed her back peremptorily. His boyish face was pitiful in its determination.

'You go back,' he said. He beckoned to a young officer who was standing in the crowd. 'Stuart,' he said, 'will you see my wife to her carriage? She does n't feel well. I'm going.'

The soldier advanced. Marjorie glared at him with the eyes of an animal who sees her young taken away from her, and he drew back, his face full of pity. She threw one last despairing look at Leonard as he turned down the platform, and in that last glimpse of his strangely numb face she saw how he was suffering. She had a revulsion of feeling; a sense of desolate shame swept over her which, for a moment, surmounted her terror.

She had failed him! Behaved like a coward. Made it terrible for him at the

very last. Oh, if he would only look at her again! The whole force of her despair went into that wish — and Leonard turned. A few yards farther down the platform he swung suddenly about, and finding her face among the crowd, he tilted his chin and flashed his white smile at her while his eyes lighted and his lips framed the word 'Smile.'

The band, which had been gathering impetus for the last moment, pealed forth 'Rule Britannia.' Marjorie smiled, smiled as she never had before, and kissed her hand. He waved his cap. It was among a forest of caps. The whistle shrieked. The guards slammed the doors. Through the fog the train was moving.

'Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never shall be slaves!'

The crowds cheered. There came an acrid rush of smoke, which swallowed up the moving train with its cargo of khaki-clad boys. Above the cheering the hunchback, still dodging under the elbows of the crowd, was calling loudly,

'I came that they might have Life — Life — Life!'

The people stared down at the little sardonic face.

'Crazy?' they muttered.

The cripple shouted with laughter.

'Life — Life — Life!' he said.

When the smoke had cleared again, the tracks were empty, stretching away into blackness.

THE LILIES

BY G. E. WOODBERRY

EVER the garden has a spiritual word:

In the slow lapses of unnoticed time

It drops from heaven, or upward learns to climb,

Breathing an earthly sweetness, as a bird

Is in the porches of the morning heard;

So, in the garden, flower to flower will chime,

And with the music thought and feeling rhyme,

And the hushed soul is with new glory stirred.

Beauty is silent, — through the summer day

Sleeps in her gold, — O wondrous sunlit gold,

Frosting the lilies' virginal array!

Green, full-leaved walls the fragrant sculpture hold,

Warm, orient blooms! — how motionless are they —

Speechless — the eternal loveliness untold!

JUVENTUS CHRISTI

BY ANNE C. E. ALLINSON

'The spring has gone out of the year,' said Pericles, in speaking of young men who had died in battle for Athens. Always it is the death of the young which brings the greatest gloom. As the war goes on, we think with stark horror of the sacrifice of youth, the frustration of promise and of hope. The war-god, indeed, is not the only Moloch which devours the spring of the year, the flower of the nations. Disease, whether born of our ignorance or imposed upon us by Nature, the arch-vivisectionist, never stays its hand as the generations come and go. Young men and women in their bloom, boys and girls in their first burgeoning, and tender little children die on every day through the relentless centuries. But, except when our own are taken, we are apt to obliterate the consciousness of a tragedy enacted in silence. Now our minds are shocked into attention by the roar of guns. The war has made eternal topics current. We feel impelled to try to answer the questions which are raised by this perennial catastrophe, the death of youth.

'Yours is a wholesome sorrow, of God's own laying-on.' This was written to one whose mother had just died, full of years and beauty and honor. Only the ignorant or the stupid feel any bitterness when old age exchanges life for death. The old who have lived rightly go willingly, and those who have loved them rightly feel only a grief which brings understanding to the mind and health to the soul. But when the young die, a drop of poison embitters the cup of sorrow. We ask, 'Why?'

Through rebellion the soul sickens. Not God but the Devil lays his hand upon us. In trying to throw off this evil weight, let us understand clearly where-in our bitterness consists.

Impulsive rebellion, when youth dies, is tripartite. We deem it cruel that the young should lose life; that their fathers and mothers, or their young brides and lovers, should be frustrated of hopes; and, finally, that by their death we all lose the poems, the music, or the pictures which they might have created, the inventions which they might have devised, the discoveries by which they might have illuminated our darkness. But if we slowly think the matter out, only the first element in our anger abides to torture us. For if it should prove not to be a bitter thing that the young must surrender years of living, then those who love them rightly will in time forget their own frustration and find the waters of sorrow sweetened. And if we cease to think of individuals and survey the course of history, we perceive that our poetry and music and science will not die with these lips and ears and hands. Their poems, their violins, their machines — ah, others will take their place. 'Though we are all killed, there will be songs again,' the Irish poet, departing for the front, has bidden us remember.

Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,

humanity arises and builds it again.
And so we are brought back to the in-

justice done to the young themselves as the origin of our anguished and rebellious, 'Why?'

The frequency of this question is a proof of the deep-seated optimism of the race. In poetry and philosophy, from time to time, we play with the idea of life as the City of Dreadful Night and death as the Great Deliverer; but when our young die we feel that they have been betrayed. A man who had been convinced both of the evil of this world and of the goodness of a world beyond the grave, when his children died within one year, exclaimed, 'They have been cheated out of happiness, to which they had a right.' This cry is probably echoed by almost every father and mother who loses children. Pessimism rolls from us. We know that if our children are deprived of life they are deprived of something good.

There is, indeed, a beautiful and familiar story which seems to congratulate youth on an escape from life. It is told by Herodotus, that prince of story-tellers, whose golden magic resolves psychological abstractions into vivid personalities. Cræsus and Solon are discussing happiness, and the millionaire is hoping that the sage will at least allot him the second place among happy mortals. But no, that belongs to two quite ordinary Argives, Cleobis and Biton, who died young.

'There was a great festival in honor of the goddess Hera at Argos, to which their mother must needs be taken in a car. Now, the oxen did not come home from the field in time; so the youths, fearful of being too late, put the yoke on their own necks, and themselves drew the car in which their mother rode. Five-and-forty furlongs did they draw her, and stopped before the temple. This deed of theirs was witnessed by the whole assembly of worshipers, and then their life closed in the best possible way. Herein, too, God showed

forth most evidently, how much better a thing for man death is than life. For the Argive men stood thick around the car and extolled the vast strength of the youths; and the Argive women extolled the mother who was blessed with such a pair of sons; and the mother herself, overjoyed at the deed and at the praises it had won, standing straight before the image, besought the goddess to bestow on Cleobis and Biton, the sons who had so mightily honored her, the highest blessing to which mortals can attain. Her prayer ended, they offered sacrifice, and partook of the holy banquet, after which the two youths fell asleep in the temple. They never woke more, but so passed from the earth.'¹

The story is so exquisite that we yield to its persuasion. We say that even in the bright optimism of the Greeks experience wove a strand of 'divinest melancholy'; that they, too, after all, questioned the joy of life and perceived the kindness of death. 'Whom the gods love die young' became a proverb among a people profoundly convinced of this world's glory and profoundly uncertain of another world's charm. Statues of Cleobis and Biton were set up by the Argives at Delphi. There, preserved in a museum, we may see them yet, perhaps on a spring day when poppies and mallows are to be found among the ruins of Apollo's holy city, and new green leaves cover the trees in the valley below Parnassus. In them the spring is eternalized.

Fancies such as this spring from our æsthetic sense. They are a part of our response to beauty in any form. We see the palpable loveliness of youth unmarred by age, of promise undisturbed by satiety. Death is an artist, like the maker of a Grecian urn, immortalizing his subject at the moment of perfection.

¹ Translation by Rawlinson.

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
 And happy melodist, unwearied,
 For ever piping songs for ever new;
 More happy love! more happy, happy love!
 For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
 For ever panting and for ever young.

But in the critical hours of sorrow — hours now so constant with us — any such æsthetic evaluation of life and death seems to vanish. A subconscious belief in life's goodness rises and immerses us. We want our young to have their three-score years. With all the labor and sorrow? Yes, even so.

If we turn back to the Greeks, we notice that the lovely story of the Argive boys was only an illustration of a happiness which surpasses the happiness derived from wealth and despotic power. Cleobis and Biton were, indeed, happier than Croesus, but they held only the second place in a general rating of happy mortals. A certain Tellus of Athens was deemed by Solon to be the most happy. 'First, because his country was flourishing in his days, and he himself had sons both beautiful and good, and he lived to see children born to each of them, and these children all grew up.' Life piled on life was best of all. To live long and to beget goodly life in a flourishing state, this was in reality the highest blessing.

But the Athenian sage's verdict is incomplete without his second reason for giving the palm to Tellus. Life cannot be judged except by adding death to it. A man's achievement includes with the manner of his living the manner of his dying. Now, the end of Tellus was 'surpassingly glorious. In a battle between the Athenians and their neighbors near Eleusis, he came to the assistance of his countrymen, routed the foe and died upon the field most gallantly.'

After the Platonic manner, let us for a time follow the argument whithersoever it leads. If the end is so important, constituting in itself one half of human

happiness, then, it would seem, there must be comfort among those in Europe whose sons are dying gallantly for their countries upon the field. Such a death must be drawing the poison from sorrow, eradicating rebellion from bereaved hearts. It is a stupendous fact that until very late in history this logic would have remained unquestioned. Herodotus in his story of Tellus appealed to a universal popular belief. Æschylus, a spiritual prophet, when as an old man he wrote his own epitaph, omitted all mention of his poetry — his life-work — and commemorated the fact that forty years before he had risked his life at Marathon. Horace, a man of the world, used his incomparable language to perpetuate through centuries the sweetness and the ethical rightness of dying for one's country: —

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.

In journeying from paganism to Christianity the western world merely carried this sentiment with it as a *vade mecum*. With the Roman have agreed saints and sinners, idealists and materialists, serfs and citizens. And even today only a certain few would dispute him. With him still agree millions of men and women, of sons and parents, who are united in a willing sacrifice. 'When your children die in battle, at least you do not have to ask why' — this is taken from a recent letter of a German mother who had lost her eldest and was sending forth her last son. Unsympathetic as the major part of our world is with the Prussian theory of the state, here is ground for a common, human understanding. Mothers in England and France and Russia, in Belgium and Serbia, are comforted by the same acquiescence. American mothers have been so comforted in the past, and would be again, were they brought to the test. All over Europe millions are undisturbed by the 'ethics'

of war, as distinguished from other forms of patriotic service, and gladly make the sacrifice of life for their countries, on demand. For those who are left behind grief is unpoisoned by rebellion. Age-old comfort brings peace to their hearts.

Now, the duty to go to war at the country's call does not rest only upon a Spartan or a Roman or a Prussian basis. Its potential quixotic individualism might have found expression (had the subject been debatable in those days) in the theory of the state held by Socrates, a citizen of a pure democracy. He made this theory clear when he was facing another kind of sacrifice. Imprisoned and condemned to an unjust death, he was urged by his friends to escape. It is quite possible that the Athenian democracy would have connived at such a miscarriage of its hasty verdict. But to the idealist his life seemed of no importance in comparison with preserving those laws which are the breath of life to the state. Under the protection of laws he had been decently born, and educated, and initiated into every pleasure and privilege of his life. In an open trial he had had his chance to convince the laws that he ought to live. Since he had failed, it was his duty to die. What if, in his case, the verdict was wrong? Better than his life was obedience to the courts, the instruments of justice. 'This, dear Crito,' he said to his pleading friend, there in the stone prison in the early dawn, 'this is the voice which I seem to hear murmuring in my ears, like the sound of the flute in the ears of the mystic; that voice, I say, is humming in my ears and prevents me from hearing any other. . . . Leave me, then, Crito, to fulfill the will of God and to follow whither he leads.'

Without doubt, if Socrates had been brought into contact with pacifists for conscience' sake (a breed unknown in

the pagan world), he would have used these same arguments of reasoned and voluntary obedience to laws which are merely asking a return for their fostering care. 'Either persuade your country that she is wrong or obey her call to battle,' he would say to a resistant of conscription. When the Quaker answered, 'But I must, rather, obey God who forbids war'; and the modern Philosopher answered, 'I must obey Reason which forbids war,' what would have been the riposte of the Athenian who worshiped God as reverently and lived by Reason as consistently as any man in the world's history?

Ah! between his imaginable answer and ours there lie the centuries in which, through storm and blight, there yet has fructified a theory of the state in relation to humanity calculated to obliterate war altogether. Whether they admit it or not, rationalists as well as defenders of a faith are subject to an idea of world-brotherhood which was promulgated, for the first time with consistency and passion, by the earliest Christians. We must acknowledge that they were men with no national life of their own. Jews and Greeks of that period had reason to give their deepest love to the New Jerusalem coming down from God, or to a city-state of the spirit, a commonwealth in heaven. Only when Romans — the masters of the world — became Christians, did patriotism take on the guise of a Christian virtue, a Christian emotion. But the vision of the conquered has outlived the power of the conquerors. Even among powerful modern nations have been found certain men and women who have looked beyond their countries to humanity, and whose first allegiance has been given to laws beyond those of the state.

Among these the most conspicuous and consistent have been the Quakers. Philosophers who have suffered for

Reason what Quakers have suffered for God are too sporadic to concern us here. Or, rather, they may, for the purposes of the argument, be included with the band of Christians whose convictions and practice are written in history. In our own country Quakers sacrificed to God the political power which they possessed before the Revolution. In England to-day, as in the past, they will, at any moment, suffer obloquy and imprisonment rather than take part in war. They love their country and would thankfully convince her, but, since they fail, they must be true to God, rather than to her. Under no conditions whatsoever will they admit the ethical fitness of men killing each other. A patriotism or a justice which seems to demand this is illusory. They do not hold their own lives dear, but they believe that a man's life ought never to be taken by a fellow man. This is a sin against the Holy Spirit. Rather than kill another man in battle, a Quaker will allow himself to be killed as a traitor. Like Socrates, he says that it is better to suffer injustice than to do injustice, and like Socrates he has proved to us that he means what he says.

This nobility of Quakerism is the completest antithesis to the noble patriotism of the millions who willingly march away from home to fight for mother-country or fatherland. Yet the two antipodal ideas involve equally a clear assurance of duty. In this they both lack a specifically modern quality of thought. The patriotic soldier has forebears from the dawn of history. The Quaker is as lucid and sure as a fifth-century Greek. A certain group of moderns, however, are not sure what their convictions are. Characteristic of our own day is an agonizing confusion of thought. Action, therefore, entails a peculiar torture of soul. Deep in the hearts of many burns a love of country, while bright in their souls glows a heav-

enly star. Reason expounds to some of them, Love pleads with others, that violence is wrong. And yet both Reason and Love seek to rid the world of evil. Is war a flail of God or a scourge of the devil? Does it beget righteousness or spawn fresh sin?

Men of this kind do not stay away from war. Conviction must be crystal-clear and granite-strong to overcome the primitive call to join,

when the order moves the line
And the lean, locked ranks go roaring down to die.

Yes, these men go to the front themselves or send their sons — but with an ever-deepening consciousness that the need is only apparent, the ethical rightness an illusion, the responsibility their own. They cannot believe with Lord Dunsany that 'war is no accident that man's care could have averted, but is as natural though not as regular as the tides.' Rather, even in the act of offering up their sons, they say to one another, 'It is you and I who must stop these wars, these massacres of boys.'

These words will be recognized as Mr. Britling's when, late at night, after his boy's death, he was trying to write to the German father whose son also had been killed, a son who had lived in the Britling household, sat at the table, and clinked glasses with Hugh. Mr. Wells has immortalized for us the small group who to-day do ask, 'Why?' when their sons die in battle. Over against the other millions men like Mr. Britling are few in number. But their articulateness makes them significant. Their torn consciences affect ourselves, so that we both reverence the men who fight and curse the civilization which allows them to fight.

To this point has the argument brought us. Our riddle is still unsolved. Even when the young die 'upon the field most gallantly,' our first thought is not with Simonides, that glorious is

their doom and beautiful their lot. 'Can one write anything,' asks a sensitive young American, himself a poet, 'which could bring comfort to the friends of Rupert Brooke?' In no other age would the soldier's death of Brooke, at twenty-eight, have seemed even more tragic than the consumptive's death of Keats, at twenty-six. From these two shining youths let the argument again lead us on.

The genius of the one has already been established by Time, the Inspector-General of men's work; while the genius of the other has only to-day been brought home to us by his death. But each, in his swift passage here, had Beauty for his bride, and each now lies in a

corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England.

In Rome, near the ancient wall and pyramid, under the tall Italian cypresses, the grave of Keats is one of our holy places, giving the lie to the shallow inscription on his tombstone, 'Here lies one whose name was writ in water.' And Rupert Brooke lies buried, as befits a youth who in his person had the 'bloom and charm' of the Greeks, in a grave in Scyros, in the Ægean, 'amid the white and pinkish marble of the isle, the wild thyme and the poppies, near the green and blue waters.' Our thoughts of the two graves together bring us back from the war — a temporary episode for all its cataclysmic enormity — to the perennial, diurnal death of the young. War, as a cause, used to furnish an answer to the question, 'Why?' To-day it only intensifies the bitterness of a certain group of men and women. But in numbers this group is matched by those of us who assume the same grim responsibility for disease. Because we are either ignorant or dilatory, because our defenses are false or because we do not make enough haste with them, Charon drives the

youths before him and 'bears the tender little ones in a line at his saddle-bow.'

But this way madness lies. It is sane and right for us to work, as a generation, in great organized movements, toward both peace and health. But for an individual to blame himself for the destruction that lays waste the world savors of megalomania, of a delusion of omnipotence. Vast forces are at work, beyond our will, beyond our ken. They take from us 'the inheritors of unfulfilled renown' whom Shelley joined with Keats, and in whose ranks he, too, soon came to be numbered. War, disease, cruel accident, the mistakes or the hideous injustice of men — multiform tentacles of evil, they reach out and grasp the young of all ages. Eagerly we project our imagination toward a day when these powers and we shall be reconciled, when 'there shall be no more curse.' The strength of our desire for it, as an impulse to action, will hasten the coming of this dayspring. Chief among its glories, we feel, will be the freedom of all to sow and to garner the joys of living, to pass from youth to age and on to a tranquil and a timely death. Then there will be no violent slaying of the immature. But here and now falls the night of our sorrow.

Here and now, therefore, need we be rebellious? Is the death of the young poisonous to our faith in Life? We are not seeking for courage. The bitterest may display unconquerable souls within the pit that covers them. Nor are we seeking for mere acceptance, whether that of the 'believer' who abides by the Lord's will, or that of the philosopher who identifies his will with the Universal. In our desolation we are in search of a warm, sweet intimacy with truth, a companionship with its realities, a comrade's understanding.

We start out on our quest again, freed from some of our confusions. And

here at our threshold, amazing in its simplicity, is revealed our own conviction of the valuelessness of calendar months and years. We cease talking around an assigned theme, and suddenly realize that we do not value the quantity of life as we supposed we did. All of us, learned and simple, rich and poor, militants and pacifists, agnostics and pietists, face to face with the question, would choose to have our children die good rather than live wicked. We may wish them to have the labor and sorrow of life, but never its sin.

To state the case is to prove it. 'Without controversy,' said Paul to the young Timothy, 'great is the mystery of godliness.' The incontrovertible mystery of our own preference for godliness over length of years is of searching import in our discussion. The prison statistics of America show that among the thousands who are incarcerated yearly the enormous majority are under thirty years of age. If we took time to look at the charts whose black fingers stretch accusingly up toward our boys of eighteen and twenty, our horror would transcend our despair over the 'shambles of Europe.' We are sleepless for thinking of unknown parents who await in dread news of a death at the front. We pay little attention to the fathers and mothers who are dreading to see a new manifestation of sin or weakness. And yet Mr. Britling (for all his perplexity about war) is happier when Hugh dies than is the father of a rake who wallows in the trough of life. 'It was the right spirit,' he said to his boy, who had enlisted a year and three good months before his country would have asked him to leave his father. The death of sons and daughters is not the worst calamity that can befall their parents. Perhaps in the crowd at Golgotha the mother of Judas envied Mary as she stood below her crucified son.

In a blinding flash, as if we ourselves stood at this place of a skull, the revelation comes. Through a glass darkly we have been peering at the meaning of the *quality* of human life. Now, as the man on the cross bows his head and gives up the ghost, we know that in his quality we are shown God. 'Our sons who have shown us God' — so the father's vigil of questioning sorrow ends. Quantity, months and years, is of men, temporal, measurable, coming to an end. Quality is eternal, unchangeable, without end and without death. Jesus himself was still young; not a boy, indeed, but far short of his meridian. As far as his work went, he had been busy for only three years. He seemed not even to have made a beginning when he was taken and slain. His mother had to give him up, not to war or to disease, but to the hatred of a few men in authority. His vigor, his charm, his pleasure in the friendly intimacies and common things of life, his loving-kindness which made him so beautiful to live with and was beginning to draw men to him, all the blossom and flower of his early manhood seemed, to her, lost. And yet from the day of his death are dated backward and forward the calendar years of history. This is because he and no other, in wholeness, revealed the divinity in humanity, the timelessness of the spirit's life. The son whom Mary watched upon his cross incarnated the Christ of the soul, who was before Abraham, and who shall be even if the Christianity of men is consumed like the grass of the field.

Jesus endeavored to show to men that the quality of the soul is like a well of water springing up into everlasting life. 'He that believeth on me *hath* eternal life' — so a disciple who understood him quotes one of his sayings. In all language there is no such godlike present tense, heedless of the illusion we call time, oblivious of the incident

of the flesh, the episode of the grave. Now, as Jesus moved about among men and women he found this manifestation of the spirit most often among the tenderly young. Once, when his grown followers were discussing points of the moral law, he asked them to make way for some children who were being brought to him. They were so little that he could take them up in his arms, and he pointed to them and said, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.' What greater glory could life have brought to those little boys and girls? All the wonderful or joyful things they might do hereafter would be non-essentials, quantitative elements in a temporal span. Already they were chalices of the Spirit. The young master who believed this of them had himself, when he was a boy of twelve, been about his Father's business, and was soon to die while youth was still his. Yet 'in him was life; and the life was the light of men.'

From him there falls a radiance, in human story, upon all the young who, whether they have known Christ by name or not, have had within them a well of water springing up into everlasting life. In the child it may be a spring of purity and love, in the youth a spring of courage and self-conquest — diversities of gifts, but the same God. What if such youth shall die? 'It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing.' With these deathless words in our ears, we awake from our vision.

The crowds at Golgotha are gone. Mary and her son are seen no longer. We walk back into our own brief day of sorrow.

And coming back purified, we understand, at last, amid our immediate and terrible experience of war, what our own young are saying to us. The few who have the gift of tongues say it in word as well as act; the inarticulate millions say it in brave deeds, from the unquestioning patriot to the Quaker who on errands of mercy exposes his body to the shot and shell of foe and friend alike. The war may be unjustifiable, unforgivable, but within its reality we must listen to-day for the current form of eternal topics. Indeed, in the matter of words, under no other conditions can youth so clearly show us its own heart lifted 'above its mortal lair.' Outside of war the brave young do not voluntarily surrender their lives, except in unforeseen heroic hours, allowing for no previous written meditation. Through this special way, therefore, of offering up their flesh, they tell us most distinctly what they believe about the spirit. Look at them! How gallantly, how brightly, they outride our stormy grief!

Juventus mundi, destroyed by death, forgotten in the grave, how bitter a thing is its transitoriness!

Juventus Christi — O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

A LITTLE LOOK AT THE PEOPLE

BY IDA M. TARBELL

I

BEING endowed with a light-hearted propensity to do whatever is suggested by a friend, I have at various times in my life found myself with undertakings on hand for which I had no preparation; and when I came to examine my reasons for consenting, I could find none that were valid.

It was this propensity which led me a few months ago to accept an invitation, several times extended to me, to go on what they call a 'Chautauqua circuit.' Having 'signed up,' I began to consider what it meant, with my usual experience of finding that I did not know what I was going into, and that I had very little reason to think that I could do acceptably the work for which I was to be paid.

The more I thought of it, the more doubtful it seemed. Why should I, who had spent most of my life putting words down on big sheets of yellow paper, suppose that I could stand on my feet for an hour or more for forty-nine consecutive days in forty-nine successive places and talk so that people would listen to me? Why should I, who had always slept quietly month in and month out in the same bed, suppose that I could, in comfort, sleep for forty-nine successive days in forty-nine different beds?

It was the forty-nine beds that caused me the most unrest, and perhaps it is quite logical that, now that the circuit has been made and I come to tell its story, these beds should loom aston-

ishingly large in my mind. It is a fact (which I verified) that three months after I finished the circuit I could draw a diagram of every one of the forty-nine successive rooms in which I slept, giving the exact location of doors, windows, and bed.

I leave it to the person who knows the secrets of the human memory to tell me why this should be. It was quite by chance that I discovered that I had collected any such package of information, and I found it amusing to get it down in black and white. The first time that I attempted to verify my recollections, I found that there was one town without a room, and, of course, without a bed. I could not visualize myself there at all, and yet my schedule told me that I had spoken there. When I came to look over my notes I found that as a matter of fact I had not slept in the place, but for a particular reason had gone back to the town where I had been the night before.

On such a junket as I undertook one who flatters himself that he is rather superior to mere surroundings is sure to come to a realization sooner or later of what an enormous part they play in his physical well-being, and, in consequence, his freedom of mind. I have always jeered rather at people who rush hurriedly through Europe and come back to tell you with great particularity of the hotels in which they have been; but I shall never do it again. In spite of yourself, you soon fall into the habit of asking first of all about the town to

which you are headed, 'Has it a good hotel?' When you step down on the station platform, the first thought is, not for those who come to greet you, but for the hotel bus—and what it promises. You are uneasy to find out whether there are baths, and, if so, whether you can get one; you are uneasy until you get to the table and find out what the ideas of cooking and service are. At night, when it is time to turn in, you are uneasy about various things—the noises, the draughts, and other possible and unmentionable worries. Never again shall I take indifferently and lightly the matter of the room in which I am to sleep.

On the whole, this experience which made so deep an impression upon me gave me a very hearty respect for inn-keeping in the part of the world in which I traveled—Western Pennsylvania, Ohio at large, and Southern Michigan. I do not by any means pretend to say that all the forty-nine towns through which we passed had good or even tolerable hotels. In even the best of them there was a disregard of certain simple conveniences which was very irritating to one whose minutes were numbered, and who could get on in comfort only by the strictest of attention to the order of her belongings. Nowhere except in a few of the modern hotels were there enough hooks! I have occupied beautiful big rooms, with good beds, electric lights, up-to-date baths, without a closet or even a rack of hooks. If you complained, you were pointed to a coat-pole. The idea seemed to be that it was all that a normal woman ought to ask for. If I were inclined to go on a campaign of hotel reforming I should begin with hooks—and proceed to bath-mats. There is a chain of splendidly equipped hotels in the region where we traveled which refuse to furnish an extra bath-mat. They tell you that there is a rug on the

bath-room floor. What more could a bather ask?

The great majority of our forty-nine hotel quarters were distinctly tolerable; some of them were most interesting, and a few of them thoroughly delightful. There were parts of Pennsylvania and of Central Ohio in which the inns had a flavor not unlike that of old European provincial towns, and the inn-keepers were personalities who not only were interested in you, but who entertained you with bits of information and comment of rare and delightful flavor. To at least a dozen of these forty-nine hostelrys I could gladly return. If among the number there was the worst hotel that I have ever been in, it stands out rather as a horrible example of the influence that liquor interests may be able to exert in a town of ten thousand people.

This town is in many respects a lovely old place, with people of real cultivation; but it is dominated by a brewery and its owners. The hotel property belongs to them. The things which liquor naturally encourages, to which it must cater in order to keep up and extend its sales, are written large all over this hotel and over much of the town. Prostitution, recklessness, vulgarity walked up and down the halls. To a handful of people of normal, healthy, decent tastes, such as I flatter myself our little group was made up of, the night and day we spent in this house were a revelation, such as I never have had before, of what the liquor interests naturally must fatten on.

As a matter of fact, one of the things this trip did for me was to make me understand the value of prohibition as I never understood it before. We came to know almost as soon as we reached a new place whether the town was 'dry' or not. A town that had been 'dry' over a period of a dozen years had a trimness about the streets and build-

ings, a look of freshness and energy about young people and old, which stood out in almost incredible contrast to what we found in the 'wet' town of the same size. We went to one town in Ohio, which had been dry for thirty-one years, so the hotel-keeper told me. He claimed to be a much-traveled person, and said that in all the many towns which he had known intimately, he had never found one in which there was such a fine lot of young people as here. In health, in vigor, in initiative, he believed that the young men and women, particularly of the working classes, were tremendously ahead of the same group in the towns where liquor was freely displayed.

II

In starting the Chautauqua work I was not conscious that there was a large percentage of condescension in my attitude toward the undertaking. I was going out after long solicitation. I was conscious that I had none of the qualifications of the speaker and no experience. Unconsciously I had come to feel that if they wanted me — a greenhorn — it could not be much of a task.

My first audience revealed my own mind to me with painful definiteness, and humbled me beyond expression. It was all so unlike anything that I had had in my mind. I was to speak in the evening, and arrived at my destination late and after a rather hard day. It was a steel town — one which I had known long years before. The picturesqueness of the thing struck me with amazement. Planted on an open space in the straggling, dimly lighted town, where the heavy panting of the blast-furnaces could be clearly heard, was as gay a little camping outfit as one could wish to see. Khaki tents bound in red, with a great khaki fence about,

pennants floating up and down the streets, and within, order, cleanliness, and the smartest kind of little platform and side dressing-rooms.

From the room to which I was taken in a private house on the square, the little hotel having no place for me, I could see the tent ablaze with electric lights, for, if you please, we carried our own electric equipment. From all directions men, women, and children were flocking — white shirt-waists in profusion, few coats and still fewer hats. And there were so many of them! I began to feel a queer sensation of alarm. What had I got into? My orders had been to appear at eight o'clock; that I was to 'go on' at eight-fifteen; and at eight o'clock I made my way past the trim little ticket-stand and round an audience of nearly two thousand people, who at that moment were listening to what I realized was some very good singing by fresh and well-trained young voices.

It was the audience that brought me to my knees. I don't know what I had expected — certainly nothing so serious as that which I found. Here in the high-banked tiers, particularly at the sides and in the rear, were scores upon scores of serious faces of hard-working men. I had come to talk about certain hopeful and optimistic things that I had seen working out in the industrial life of the country; but face to face with these men, — within sound of the heavy panting of great furnaces, within sight of the unpainted, undrained rows of company houses which I had noticed as I came in on the train, — the memory of many a long and bitter labor struggle that I had known of in that valley came to life, and all my pretty tales seemed now terribly flimsy. They were so serious, they listened so intently to get something, and the tragedy was that I had not more to give them. This was my first audience.

With one exception, I never had another that made so deep an impression upon me; but it probably was a healthy thing that I was so humbled at the start.

As a matter of fact, any such poignant impression as this of my first night was hardly compatible with the conditions under which I found myself living. I had the machine, the life, to get used to, and the novelty of it was highly entertaining. I found myself quite absorbed in seeing how our organization was managed. It all went so well, like a well-oiled machine, that I at once realized that it must be run by some very good brains.

The circuit to which I had committed myself was under the Coit-Alber Chautauqua Company, and was what is known in the business as a seven-day circuit. By this is meant that it remains for seven consecutive days in the particular town in which it is placed. We had forty-nine towns on our list. Each one of these forty-nine received seven-days' entertainment — two sessions a day. The programmes were made up of music, recitation, lectures, and impersonators, and, to my amazement, ended on the last day with real grand opera, given by a well-known company, the San Carlo. Of course the programme for each of the seven days was the same in each of the forty-nine places. My day was the sixth.

When I realized that I was to be for the whole six weeks in the company of the same people, I had naturally no little curiosity to know who my traveling companions would be. Scoffing Eastern friends, whose only idea of the Chautauqua is that it is made up of Mr. Bryan and a company of vaudeville artists, told me that I should always be traveling with bell-ringers and Tyrolean jodelers. One facetious friend, who claimed to have had some experience, said that if it were not bell-ringers, it

would be trained dogs. This did not appal me in the least, as I am devoted to both; but although, as a matter of fact, I had neither, I could hardly have fallen in with pleasanter company.

A quintette of young people whose business it was to sing for three quarters of an hour before my afternoon lecture and for a like period before the evening entertainment, proved to be the gayest, kindest, healthiest of companions. They were hard workers, seriously interested in pleasing their audiences. They knew not only how to work, but how to live on the kind of a junket that I had undertaken. In other words, here was a group of five young people who were doing what to me was very unusual, in a thoroughly professional way. The seventh member of our party, the evening entertainer, Mr. Sydney Landon, had had long experience on the circuit. He was doing his work exactly as a good writer or a good lawyer would do his. In fact, I saw at once that what I had joined was a new profession. It was not, as I had hastily imagined, a haphazard semi-business, semi-philanthropic, happy-go-lucky new kind of barn-storming. It was serious work.

The physical side of the thing was managed in a most shipshape way. The equipment which had looked so picturesque to me as I caught my first glimpse of it at night proved to be hardly less interesting by daylight. Everything about it was new. Everything was well kept up. It was managed with strictest care as to cleanliness, hours, manners. The force having the organization in charge was made up of a superintendent, a man of more or less education, with experience in handling audiences and familiar with executive work; a young woman, nearly always a college girl who had had some practice in social work, whose business it was to organize the young

people into junior bands; and three or four young college men, known as the 'crew.' They pitched the tent, cared for the grounds, kept things in order, took the tickets, and so forth. There were on our circuit nine members of the crew. They passed seven days in each particular place, and then were allowed two days for breaking camp and planting themselves in the next town.

As one became acquainted with the superintendent and crew it became one of the pleasant social features of our life to meet them again every ninth day. These personal relations made tolerable what may be called the tyranny of the schedule. It is your task-master and driver, this schedule. I should advise the managers of any Chautauqua circuit never to show it to a 'talent' (that is what you are technically called when you join a circuit), if that 'talent' is new to the business. I certainly never should have put my name to the contract if I had seen that schedule beforehand. To see that for forty-nine consecutive days you are never to get up at the same time; that one morning it may be four, and the next eight, or nine, at your discretion; that another morning it is five, and the next six, and the next seven, and the next possibly three; that you are traveling daily, sometimes two hours, oftener four, and occasionally eight or ten! In one case we were twenty-four hours on the road. Right away you become defiant of the tyranny, and you propose to beat it if you can. As a rule, trying to beat a Chautauqua schedule results only in disaster. The utmost skill has been used in working it out, and no amateur can do better, unless, indeed, money is no consideration, and you can hire motor-cars as you will. Even then the motor often seems to be in league with the schedule, and you find yourself arriving later than you would have done if you had stuck to orders.

III

My usual audience on the circuit was what is technically known as the 'shirt-waist audience,' that is, it was overwhelmingly feminine. The women of the towns practically filled the tents in the afternoon. They came in clean shirt-waists, no hats, sometimes with their knitting in their hands, though more frequently carrying a baby, or leading a child. It was an audience which never took its business of listening over-seriously. It had no settled strong convictions about confusion and noise. If a baby cried, there was considerably more sympathy for the mother than there was for the speaker. It was quite obvious that the mothers encouraged the boys and girls to stay. For one reason, they could have their eyes on them; then there seemed to be a vague notion that they might get some good.

The music in the prologue always held the children, and I was surprised to notice that they seemed to have a certain curiosity about the lecturer, which would keep them in their seats for five or ten minutes. Occasionally there would be a youngster who would sit throughout the lecture with his eyes riveted on you—serious, attentive, apparently thoughtful. It was always puzzling to me to know whether he really was hearing what I said, or whether he might not be taking this opportunity for wonderful day-dreams. He was probably off with Captain Kidd or Buffalo Bill, sailing the seas, searching for treasure, hunting big game. I hope it was that.

More often than not, the little groups of children who remained would fall to whispering and giggling, and sometimes to frisking, which would end in an occasional rough-and-tumble fight. When things reached this point, they were generally shooed out, but here

again without any apparent consideration for the speaker. It interested me to see how gradually I came to be on the side of the audience in this informal procedure. They were there, partly at least, for entertainment. This was not a school. This was a place to go with the children; and if you could not keep them quiet by force of what you had to offer, it was up to you to endure what you got.

This caused you to do queer things with your material. I think the place where it hit me hardest was in my figures. I informed the audience once that we were a nation of one hundred thousand people, and a gentleman on the front seat promptly took me to task. I did not tell him that the reason I had made the slip was that directly in front of me was a little mother trying to keep quiet an obstreperous child of two and a half or three years by raising and lowering as rapidly as she could a big blue cotton umbrella. Somehow that umbrella upset my statistics. My misstatement could be explained more easily, however, than another one I discovered that I had made two or three times when the babies cried or the boys fell to batting one another over the head. I was talking of the earnings of a certain prosperous company which has an admirable system of profit-sharing. These earnings came to something like \$4,000,000 a year; and whenever there was confusion at that point in my lecture I always put them at \$40,000,000. It was some time before I discovered what I was doing.

You had to get used to the babies — to get, so to speak, their point of view; and you had to get used to the dogs. They wandered across almost every lecture, looking for the one boy, I suppose; and occasionally they seemed to have a real interest in you. I shall always keep as an amusing recollection a little black dog that came down the

centre aisle one afternoon, wagging his tail and looking me straight in the face as if my remarks were being addressed to him and he wanted to show his friendly appreciation of what I was saying. He came directly down in front of me, stopped, eyed me for a time, and then trailed off.

At the start I began to be curious about the women, and why they came so regularly; and gradually I got from one and another the chief reasons why they are so faithful in these towns to the Chautauqua movement. One day on the train out from a town where I had spoken, a woman came and sat beside me. She told me that she had heard me the day before, and asked me many questions about the people with whom I was traveling, and those who had preceded me. It was the third year, she said, for the Chautauqua in that particular community. 'It is a great thing for us, particularly for us younger women with growing children. There are none of us in this town very rich. Most of us have to do all our work. We have little amusement, and almost never get away from home. The Chautauqua brings us an entire change. We plan for weeks before it. There is hardly a woman I know in town who has not her work so arranged, her pantry so full of food, that she can get to the meetings at half-past two in the afternoon, and easily stay until five. She gets her work done up for Chautauqua week.'

I found that this was a habit in a great many of the places where we went. The household régime was readjusted so as to make a place for the afternoon and evening sessions. Almost everywhere the men complained because they could not get away from their business as the women could. It was to me an interesting demonstration of something I have always claimed — namely, that the women's home business had much more

flexibility and opportunity for change in it than the man's, providing, of course, that it is intelligently managed.

While the relief from the monotony of village existence was probably with most of the women the strongest reason for the Chautauqua support, they almost all seemed sincere in their claim that it acted as a good tonic to the community. 'It brings us new things to think about, to talk about'; and it was true. Bird of passage though I was, I regularly heard the echoes of my predecessors. In fact, I came to know a good deal about what certain of the speakers were saying, simply by listening to the Chautauqua followers.

In many places the Chautauqua was taken by the women, not merely as an entertainment and a tonic, but as an antidote to certain influences in the community which they felt were harmful. On the whole, they felt that it was lessening the power of the saloon. Not that there was any direct criticism; but the whole tone was antagonistic. In several of the towns the women work hard to make the show a success, and were promising their coöperation for the coming year that they might have an antidote to the traveling carnival, an institution of which I personally know nothing, but which in place after place I was told had done serious harm. They claimed that it had encouraged boys in evil ways and unsettled their girls; and in some cases there were tragic tales of young girls enticed away from town, or of boys bitten by the desire to go with the show.

Gradually it comes over one who studies the daily audience that this whole Chautauqua week and each one of its 'talents' are simply food for these people's opinions. One gets an impression of being 'sized up,' quite commonly and quite naturally. They are people who have something to do, responsibilities that they regard as grave, work

that they know is necessary. I was a little suspicious sometimes that they might be saying to themselves, 'How in the world can it happen that a woman should be rambling about in this sort of way? Has she nothing to do, that she does not stay at home?'

They have something to do; they believe in it, not only for themselves, but for everybody; they are making communities, forming and building up families. They think about what you say, but you may or may not influence the opinions which they hold. You are simply one of several sources to which they look for the stuff on which they will form their judgments. Sometimes you know that you have won them, or that they believe with you — occasionally that they believe quite enthusiastically with you; and sometimes you know that they are silently protesting with might and main against what you say. I have seen men get up and leave my audience whose very backs declared as they went out, 'She don't know what she is talking about.' It sinks into you deeper and deeper that these are the people who make the country, not the excited chattering kind who peddle opinions.

Proofs that they think about things, that they are well informed about what is going on in the country, multiply. One of the most convincing proofs that I received came from things I overheard at night. We ended our circuit with a siege of terrific heat — the kind of heat that made sleep impossible. The best room you could get was generally on the second-floor front. You pulled your bed to the window, and lay with your head practically out; but if you could not sleep you would certainly be entertained, for on the sidewalks there would gather, around 9.30 or 10, a little group of citizens who had come down to town after supper 'to see a man.' The common expression in the hotels

for these groups would be that 'they were out there chewing the rag.' Their main theme, as I listened to them, was the war. Those who suppose that this country is not thinking about the war and thinking hard are wrong. These shop-keepers, laborers, traveling men, lawyers, and occasional preachers and hotel-keepers would sit out talking war, preparedness, neutrality, Wilson, Hughes, for half the night; and some of the shrewdest observations I have heard since this awful trouble began I heard from groups sitting on the curb or on the sidewalk under my window along about 11 or 12 o'clock of certain hot nights last July.

They were making up their minds; and to a larger extent, I believe, than has ever been true before in this country — in the localities where I traveled at least — those minds were open. I had interesting confirmation of this from a candidate for the nomination to Congress with whom I talked one night in an Ohio hotel. We had gone out to sit on the sidewalk, and as far as we could see all up and down the village street there were little groups on the curbs, on doorsteps, talking, talking, talking.

'Look at them,' he said. 'Four years ago I could have told how practically every one of the men in this town would vote in November. I can't do it to-day. Nobody can. They are freed from partisanship, as I could never have believed. They are out there now thrashing over Wilson and Hughes, and not twenty-five per cent of them know which it will be when election day comes.'

One thing which I consider of tremendous value I carried away from my unusual experience, and that was a deepened respect and confidence in the average people of the country. I had a new view of them — their sufficiency to the situation, their stability, their

reliability. They stick by the thing in hand; and this is the vital quality of a great people. They work. Life is a stiff thing for most of them, but few of them shirk it. It comes to them as a slow-moving drama. The looker-on is inclined to think it is a commonplace drama, but when he knows a little more of it he sees how it is marked by sombre and real tragedies: not melodrama, not hysterical revolts, but events which have all the quality of nature's tragedies, and everywhere a ripple of comedy plays through the drama. Sometimes, to be sure, it bursts out in something like horse-play, but as a rule it is a continuous current of humorous appreciation of the life around.

More and more I came to feel that you could count on these people for any effort or sacrifice that they believed necessary. One of the most revealing things about a country is the way it takes the threat of war. Just after we started came the call for troops for Mexico. It seemed as if war were inevitable. There was no undue excitement where we traveled, but boys in khaki seemed to spring out of the ground. The call came on a Saturday, if I remember, and the next morning our cars were sprinkled with soldiers.

I shall never forget one scene, which was being duplicated in many places in that region. We were in an old mountain town in Pennsylvania. Our hotel was on the public square, a small plot encircled by a row of dignified, old-fashioned buildings. In the centre stood a band-stand and beside it a foolish little stone soldier mounted on an over-high pedestal — a Civil War monument. We were told that on the square at half-past nine in the evening a town meeting would be called to say good-bye to the boys who were 'off to Mexico on the ten-thirty.' 'How many of them?' I asked. 'One hundred and thirty-five,' was the answer; and this

was a town of not over twenty-eight hundred people.

That night we made ourselves comfortable in the windows of the hotel overlooking the square. As the hour approached the whole town gathered. It came quietly, as if for some natural weekly meeting; but they packed every foot of space. A little before ten o'clock we heard the drum and fife; and down the street came a procession that set my heart thumping. Close beside the City Fathers and speakers came a dozen old soldiers, some of them in faded blue, two or three on crutches, and behind them the boys, one hundred and thirty-five of them—sober, consciously erect, their eyes straight ahead, their step so full of youth.

The procession formed before the little soldier, who somehow suddenly became anything but foolish; he took on dignity and power as had the boys in rank—boys whom, if I had seen them the day before, I might have called unthinking, shiftless, unreliable. The mayor, the ministers, a former Congressman, all talked. We simply watched the serious, steady young faces. There was a prayer, the crowd in solemn tones sang 'My Country 't is of Thee.' There was a curt order; the procession reformed; the old soldiers

led the way, and the town followed the boys to the 'ten-thirty.'

Nothing could have equaled the impression made by the quietness and the naturalness of the proceedings. And yet it took but little imagination to understand how the going of this hundred and thirty-five dislocated a town of twenty-eight hundred. I heard of one shop closed—the proprietor left behind a wife and two children. 'We look after them,' the people told us. There was one young doctor who gave up a profession just finely established. To everybody it was a matter of course that he should do it. Besides the continuous vaudeville, the agitations and hysteria to which the East has treated us in the last two and a half years, this dignity, this immediate action, this willingness to see it through, gave one a solemn sense of the power and trustworthiness of this people. It was a realization that one would be willing to pay almost any price to come to. Certainly it more than paid me for my forty-nine days in forty-nine different beds.

He who undertakes a Chautauqua circuit may be able to contribute little to the education of his audiences, but let him be assured that if he is open-minded, they will do much toward his own education.

AN ENGINEER AT SALONIKA¹

BY WILLIAM McFEE

I

SALONIKA makes her own beer, but it is not of uniform quality. Sometimes the litre will be very palatable. Often the best thing to do is to leave it. Dutch beer is drunk, and is very good. I am afraid saccharine takes the place of malt in the local product. At the worst, one can get passable coffee and good brandy. Seated among the uniforms at the little tables, you may regard Salonika in a characteristic mood.

The sun shines strongly now through immense piled-up masses of white clouds, and there is sufficient wind to sail a boat across the Gulf. The Greek standard waves gently from the top of the White Tower. The White Tower, let it be said, is a perfectly round cylinder of whitewashed stone, surmounted by a smaller turret and a flag-staff. There is one small door over which is an inscription in Turkish, very beautiful to look at, utterly incomprehensible unless you know Turkish. One or two small windows and a small ledge half-way up are the only breaks in the vast smooth surface. The Turks used it for some purpose, I suppose, or they would not have built it. The legend has it that it was called at one time The Bloody Tower, but that may have been only a manner of speaking. I have been shipmates with a Turk only once or twice in my life, and so far as I know them they are competent, orderly, well-bred people. I very much regret that

fate has made us enemies in this War.

As I was saying, the blue-and-white Greek Standard floats from the battlements of the White Tower. All around you float officers of the Greek army in blue-and-silver full uniforms. They look slightly theatrical, because all the other armies are in service clothes. The ends of their silver-plated scabbards are muddy. So are their spurs. Many of them are handsome in a fashion-plate way: dead-white skin, dead-black moustaches, long legs, thin noses, dark eyes, empty foreheads. One in particular attracts one's attention. He is wearing blue and white cocks' feathers in his hat, white kid gloves on his hands, and immense Hessian boots with silver spurs on his feet. His sword is across his knees and he is explaining something with great energy to his companions.

A French air-man, who has skinned his nose (possibly in a sudden descent) and who wears the Military Cross, sits behind a glass of vermouth. Several Russian lieutenants, in their beautiful green tunics and soft-leather boots, are conversing with a French major. An Italian captain is reading a book. An English captain is talking to a lady. Some Serbian officers appear to be talking to themselves. Not one of them seems to have anything to do. Perhaps they think the same of me. Let us take the car back. The tall and handsome Greek officers cram into one poor little Ford runabout and rattle off up the road. Let us take the car. A Salonika tram-car is interesting, believe me.

¹ An earlier paper by Mr. McFEE appeared in the April *Atlantic*. — THE EDITORS.

They nearly always haul a second-class trailer behind them. We go second class. It is a very small car, and it is very full. The fare is a penny. A Greek penny is a nickel coin with a hole in the centre, so that it looks like an aluminum washer. The occupants of the car are of all ages. Boys and girls and priests are in the majority. The children are going to school, as may be seen by the books in their hands. The priests are going — wherever priests go in the morning. If they were going to the barber's it would do them no harm. I admit that their flowing black gowns and extraordinary top hats are picturesque; but why should the picturesque persist in being insanitary?

I like the children better. They are clean and wholesome. Most of them, I observe, have ticket-books, from which the conductor removes a coupon. This arrangement, I suspect, is favored by the parents, because the children might save the fare and go to the pictures instead. The car passes the doors of several cinema theatres, and the youngsters babble excitedly as they discuss the vivid posters that are stuck up outside.

One lad of twelve is deep in a penny dreadful. I look over his shoulder and wish I could decipher the story. He wears a low-necked suit with sailor collar and French tie, blue corduroy shorts, patent-leather button-boots, and silk socks. His brown legs are bare. The whole look of him is Byronic, save that instead of a slouch hat he wears a peaked naval cap on one side of a dark head. Byronic, too, are the illustrations to his dreadful. A girl is tied to a railway line and two desperadoes struggle with daggers. I peep farther over his shoulder. He is so absorbed in the story that he notices nothing. I muse upon his future. What will he be, when he grows up? Is his father a Venizelist? Of what race is

he? How does this Grecian sprig, who reads penny-dreadfuls in an electric tram-car, regard us Britishers who have come over the sea, like the Romans and Normans and Franks of old, to leave our bones on the Balkan ranges? Out in the Gulf ride his country's warships with a foreign flag on their gaffs. Does he care? I doubt it. He turns over the page without looking up.

But of a sudden there is a blare of martial music. The car has stopped. We are in the midst of a procession. Let us get out. We reach the sidewalk with a run and find that the procession is wheeling round the corner, just beyond, into the *Place*, and up Venizelos Street. It is the new Greek Nationalist Army — new uniforms, new rifles, new mountain-batteries, new officers — all very new. They march in fifties, and cries of 'Venizelos!' 'Viva!' and other less articulate noises mingle with much clapping of hands and clinking of scabbards. Our glorious friend with the cocks' feathers and white kid gloves is in all his glory now, directing the procession. He salutes continually. After the soldiers come motor-cars with generals and admirals. Some of the generals are, in the words of the penny novelette, a blaze of decorations. No mortal man could live long enough or have valor enough to earn all the medals these gentlemen wear in tiers on their padded bosoms. However, everybody claps, so I clap, too. They are all going to the front to-morrow, they say, so let us bury criticism. So they pass. I stand near a large-sized sergeant-major of the R.F.A. and I observe a peculiar expression of astonishment on his bronzed face as he salutes. If I read it aright he is thinking, 'Well, I'm blowed! What a circus!'

After the uniforms come the civilian members of the new Greek government. There is a good deal of the theatrical star about their appearance,

due, I suppose, to the silk hats and opera-cloaks and lavender gloves they affect. They wear their hair rather longer than our politicians, too. My sergeant-major salutes, but I catch his eye. He throws up his chin and grins, as though to say, 'I'm doin' this by orders, so don't blame me.'

Presently the motor-cars change to pair-horse carriages. Some are clapped, some are hissed by the crowd on sidewalk and balcony. The pair-horse carriages change to one-horse and the sergeant-major ceases to salute. Several political gentlemen in one-horse vehicles lift their silk hats. As no one claps they put them on again, and sit back with expressions of rigid ill temper on their faces.

One does not believe in this sort of thing for a moment. It is all too unreal. The superficial reason for this doubt in a spectator's mind is that the public never knows what is actually going on. One of the great advantages of war, they tell us, is that it clears the air. We learn who are our real enemies and who are our real friends. War is that something, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness. War abolishes sham and pretense.

But there is another reason. You cannot impose liberty upon a people any more than you can make them good by legislation. Rousseau, whose prescience in this matter is almost uncanny, asserts this. 'Every people,' he says, 'to which its situation gives no choice save that between commerce and war, is weak in itself: it depends on its neighbors, and on circumstances; its existence can never be more than short and uncertain.' And he quotes with approval this maxim: 'Liberty may be gained, but it can never be recovered.'

Well, they are gone, and General Sarrail, who has been standing on Venizelos Steps with Colonel Christo-

doulos, shakes hands with that gentleman and hurries back to his office. I remark as he passes that he carries no sword and wears no decorations whatever.

It is now eleven o'clock and I decide on a walk up Venizelos Street before going aboard.

Venizelos Street is the Bond Street of Salonika. All the great stores of the city are here. I don't suppose an American or a Londoner would call them great stores. They are no counterparts of Wanamaker's or Harrods', of Greenhut Cooper's or Whiteley's. But they are great in comparison with the aboriginal hole in the wall which the oriental calls a shop. Here in Venizelos Street, you can buy everything you want and many hundreds of things you don't. There is a good bookshop, if you read French. Dutch and American goods predominate at present. There is a bank with formidable sentries marching to and fro, possibly to intimidate withdrawals. There is a tailor who will undertake every conceivable uniform.

We pass all these and come to smaller establishments — the inevitable postcard and cigarette shops, shops with figs hung in festoons and vegetable marrows blocking the tiny entrance. At length we cross Jean Tsimiski Street, which is the Fleet Street of Salonika. Here are forged the thunderbolts of the press. Here, high up in a yellow barrack, is conceived and executed the daily issue of the *Balkan News*, the only paper of its kind. If you are a poet, go upstairs and see the editor. So long as you do not mention Mount Olympus or the Red Light District, the editor will be glad to publish your works in daily installments.

I am no poet, so Jean Tsimiski Street is passed and we enter the covered bazaar. Here we are in the Orient. Here are no fixed prices, but a battle royal

over every deal. Here the merchant stands outside and uses all the eloquence of which he is capable to lure you into his tiny fastness. If he happens to be inside and he sees your eye flicker ever so slightly toward his wares, he is out in a flash and implores you to inspect his stock. Sooner or later you will fall. You see some gimcrack or other which takes your fancy. You are dragged within. You ask the price. Having appraised your position in life, he names a figure, about two hundred per cent above what he expects. You laugh in his face and walk out. He pursues you, abating a hundred per cent. You walk on, and he offers it on your own terms. You return and agree to take it. Then, instead of concluding the deal, this exasperating person will probably show you something else and offer to throw it in for another ten francs!

And it is all rubbish. Turkish slippers and fezes made in Austria, daggers made in Germany, Japanese silks and fans, black amber ornaments advertised as from Erzerum, but probably from Germany, ancient coins and vases, ikons and charms — all the junk of the foolish traveler, is here. I observe smart British nurses buying souvenirs for friends in Balham and Birmingham, smart subalterns purchasing cigarette-cases and walking-stick handles, daggers and silly old Turkish pistols. But, after all, they are young, and quite probably they do not know the East. I recall my first trip to the Orient in a tramp steamer, when I too bought

Walkin' sticks o' carved bamboo, an' blow-fish
stuffed an' dried;
Fillin' my bunk wi' rubbishry the Chief put
over-side.

After all, this is the time of their lives, these foolish young people with their curios and their wrist-watches and the

stars on their shoulders and in their eyes.

So, walking through the bazaar, one sees another phase of the only thing worth looking at — humanity. One sees the little Turkish boy being fitted with a suit in an outfitter's, or the little Turkish maiden buying a comb. One meets the Jewish tout, who speaks all languages — 'Oh, yes. Engleesh, all right, Johnny'; the fatuous humbug! One sees French soldiers buying buttons and needles and thread, the canny creatures! One sees solemn bearded Israelites, in flowing gabardines, stalking to and fro, conversing, strangely enough, in Spanish. One sees these things or one does not, according to one's temperament and training. Personally, I would like to see more of them. I feel there is something in this Babel for me, if I could but stay and catch the subtle cosmopolitan spirit of it. But that may not be. It is time to return. I go on at two!

II

To depict a monotony is a difficult and precarious art, and needs for its justification a grand ulterior aim. Such an aim would be out of place in these simple papers. I merely wish to make the reader see, as well as I can, how the glory of war throws a certain sombre shadow over the lives of some obscure seafarers — a shadow in which little save the unrewarded virtues of patience and vigilance can grow.

But even in such conditions there are gleams in the dark. Even to phlegmatic Britishers the astonishing phantasmagoria of Balkan life presents occasional phases of comedy and interest. As for example.

Before going aboard I decide to have another drink. At first I think of going into Floca's. Floca's is the Ritz-Carlton of Salonika; but it is not Salonika.

It is merely a small replica of Walker's at Alexandria, the Eastern Exchange at Port Said, the Verdi at Genoa, or Florian's at Venice. The British officer has popularized Floca's, and so has made Floca, if such a person exist, rich. The uniforms of five nations mingle at the marble-topped tables. It is the only place where you can get tea in a city which never drinks tea. Here the nurses and the subalterns can eat chocolate éclairs and Sally Lunn's under the very noses of brigadiers. Floca's reeks of wealth and Occidental refinement. I stand in the Place de la Liberté and contemplate the glittering throng within the great doors. And I turn away. I decide against Floca's. I know a less reputable place, where it will be quiet, and where the beer is a penny a litre cheaper. *Allons donc.*

It is round the corner, on the sea front, between the market for fish and an unfortunate alley where mendicants eat fish with their fingers and quarrel over stray *lepta*. It is what is known as a *café-chantant*, a large lofty barn of a room, with a plush balcony for customers, a small stage, and a piano. There are but one or two customers, for this sort of establishment does its profitable business at night, when I am in bed. Nevertheless, I imagine that it can never be more amusing than when I see it, its harsh decrepitude revealed in the clear dancing sunlight reflected from the sea, and the gloom of its corners alive with bizarre forms.

I order my beer from a Greek gentleman who reluctantly leaves a political conversation to attend to me. Although I am almost the only customer, there are quite a dozen people engaged round the piano and in front of a camera. For this is rehearsal-time for the artists who grace the stage in the evening. A weary pianist in Greek khaki strums the air of a song, and a rouged and jeweled lady leans over him, sing-

ing and beating time with her hands and feet. Another young lady sits near me, her feet on the table in front of her, showing much stocking, humming a song, and pretending to study the sheet of music she holds before her. Her hat is on one side. So, for that matter, is her nose. Suddenly she rises and begins to walk aimlessly among the tables, still humming her song. I don't think it is a very good song, to judge by the hum. Suddenly she emits a squall, which is answered by another squall behind the curtains of the little stage, and a bony female, in green silk and spangles, thrusts her frizzed head and stringy neck through the opening. They talk, and when each has elicited from the other a wild gust of laughter, the spangled one vanishes, only to appear immediately at the side.

My attention is now attracted to a dark corner where strangely garbed forms are writhing in an apparently interminable embrace. The photographer, an itinerant of the streets, fusses methodically with his prehistoric camera. Several Jewesses, their eyes flashing on either side of large powdered noses, sit round, drinking vermouth and gin, and watching the dim performance with tolerant smiles. At length, by moving several tables nearer, I can make out a couple of acrobats engaged in tying themselves into a sort of human clove-hitch. They seem to me to be attempting the impossible. Perhaps they are. Perhaps they are idealists, like the brothers in the Goncourts' novel, *Les Frères Zemganno*. I am, in this matter, *par excellence* a detached spectator. One is short and thick, the other slim and athletic. I see the face of the latter peering up from between the legs of his colleague — a thin distorted face, with strained, unseeing, yet strangely watchful-looking eyes, the cheeks smeared with rivulets of perspiration, the brow damp and pallid.

Suddenly they collapse and fall apart. Another failure. They hold their wrists, regarding each other with expressions of pain and malevolence. The photographer continues to potter about, ignoring their futile antics until he is given the word.

They elect to take a breathing spell, and the spangled lady assumes her position on the carpet, keeping up all the while a torrent of conversation with the student of song, who is now seated on a table near by. Another figure emerges from the wings of the stage, a dreadful travesty of a hero, a hero with bandy legs, yellow whiskers, and a false nose of heroic dimensions. He is dressed in yellow and red. He and the spangled lady strike a love-attitude, he registering dignity, she hopeless passion. The photographer bestirs himself, dives under his black cloth, and waves a mesmerizing hand back and forth, to lend emphasis to his own muffled commands. With an abrupt gesture he snatches the cap from the lens, beats time in the air slowly, — one, two, three, — claps it on again, and the group smile foolishly at each other.

It is amusing, yet I see a good deal of pathos in these poor strolling players. They are doing their best. No doubt, in the evening, when the tables are thronged, and the music strives with the babel of voices and the clink of glass, they have their reward.

I confess, however, to a sporting interest in the acrobats who are unable to attain the position in which they desire to be photographed. I order a fresh beer. Several shoe-blacks, paper-boys, peanut-venders, and itinerant chocolate-merchants have come in, and regard me with chastened expectancy. I am *persona non grata* to these infernal pests of the Levant. By instinct, when I turn to look at them, they recognize my antipathy. Each in his turn examines my expression with shrewd skill,

and fades away into the dazzling clangor of the street. At length our protagonists, emerging from a thicket of stacked chairs where they have been secluded during the last scene, take their stand once more upon the dingy carpet and look round with a *morituri te salutamus* expression. They grasp hands. The tall one pulls sharply. The short one makes a miraculous ascent into the air. For an instant his curved body and bent limbs are poised in unstable equilibrium, and one might imagine him but that moment descended from above. For me he is foreshortened. I see him as one sees the angel who is hurling the thunderbolt in Tintoretto's never-to-be-forgotten masterpiece. The piano is hushed. Now he is poised on the other's hands, on one hand. *Enfin!* In tense silence the photographer removes his lens-cap; there is a quiver of the out-flung hand and the tall athlete flutters his eyelids as he looks up with awful anxiety — *pouf!* It is finished, and we all breathe again as the short athlete comes down with a jump. I feel very glad indeed that they have succeeded. I like to see human beings succeed.

Over at the piano, however, I can detect nothing that resembles success. The peripatetic student of song and the musical reservist are not having a very happy time. She has not even a vaudeville voice. From the manner in which the accompanist slaps the music and snarls over his shoulder at her, I gather that she has not yet mastered the notes. Every minute or so she turns her back on him and feigns a passionate withdrawal. He, poor wight, with a Balkan winter in the trenches in front of him, pays not the slightest attention to her tantrums. Then, after a perfectly furious altercation, they find a basis of agreement. She is to go on the stage and sing the song without words. *Bon!* She skips up, shows a great deal of

stocking as she adjusts her garters and pulls down her cheap little jacket. But it appears that she cannot sing the song, even without words. She begins, —

'La-la, la-la la-la-h-lah!
La-la . . .'

and stops, looking at me, of all people, with profound suspicion, as though I had stolen the rest of her *lahs*.

A Jewess interjects a sentence, and both the accompanist and the young lady, to my astonishment, shriek with laughter. I laugh, too. It is infectious if bewildering. I realize how hopeless it would be for me to try to comprehend their intricate psychology. I am a mere spectator from an alien planet, watching for a brief instant the antics of inexplicable shadows on a screen. I drink my beer and drift out into the noise and dazzle. I must go aboard.

I skip across the road, dodging a trolley-car, an ambulance wagon, a donkey with silver-plated harness and a raw red chasm on his rump, a mad boy on a pink bicycle, and a cart drawn by two enormous oxen, their heads bowed beneath a massive yoke. I gain the seawall and follow it until I reach the kiosks that flank the dirty marble steps of the Venizelos landing. A boy in a boat immediately waves his arms and beckons to me as if I were the one person in Salonika who could rescue him from life-long indigence. A *lustros*, the cynical name given to the home-grown shoe-shine boy, flings himself at my feet and endeavors gently to lift one of them to his box.

I resist this infamous proposal. I ignore the demented youth in the boat. I walk out on the marble jetty and look calmly about for our own dinghy. It occasionally happens that I am in time to join the captain as he returns. I do not think that he likes the idea very much, but he makes no audible protest when an engineer sits beside him. How-

ever, there is no sign of either skipper or dinghy, so I turn again to the youth in the boat. He rows hastily to the steps, and motions me to get in and recline on his scarlet cushions. But I am not to be cozened. I demand a tariff. According to the guide-book he may charge me one drachma (about twenty cents) for a trip, without luggage, to the outer harbor. I am prepared to give two, since it is war-time and bread is dear. We begin to haggle. It is a phase of human folly very distasteful to an Englishman, this stupid enthronement of cunning and knavish bluff in the forefront of all levantine transactions. The Anglo-Saxon is torn with the conflict of disparate desires. He wishes to show his unutterable scorn for the whole performance by flinging a triple fare in the huckster's face, and he has also a profound moral conviction that he ought 'on principle' to pay the exact legal demand. I have done both. There is a certain amount of pleasure in each. I weigh their merits as I stand on Venizelos steps and haggle with the boatman. Thus: —

Boatman. — Boat! Boat! You want boat? All right.

Fare. — How much to beef-ship?

Boatman. — T'ree shillin', yes. You want boat!

Fare. — Yes, I want a boat, but only for hire to go to the beef-ship. How much?

Boatman. — T'ree shillin'.

Fare. — Too much.

(*He turns away and fills his pipe with great care, and, sitting on the marble parapet, contemplates the harbor. This is very disconcerting to the Boatman. He ties up and steps ashore, to follow the matter up. He approaches the Fare, who smokes stolidly.*)

Boatman. — You want boat?

Fare. — Ah! How much to the beef-ship?

Boatman. — How mooch? T'ree shillin'.

Fare. — No. Two francs.

Boatman. — Come on. T'ree francs, eh? Yaas.

Fare (stolidly). — I will give you two francs.

Boatman. — Yaas. All raight. 'Alf-a-crown eh?

Fare. — Half-a-crown is three francs. I will give you *two*.

Boatman. — Two shillin'?

Fare (patiently). — No. You see, it's this way: if you take me to the beef-ship, I will give you two francs. Do you get that right? Two! One and one. Two.

Boatman. — All raight. Come on. (*He goes down the steps.*)

Fare. — You understand then: two francs. No more.

Boatman (blankly). — No more?

Fare (blandly). — No more. What did you think?

Boatman. — T'ree shillin'.

Fare (getting into the boat and taking the tiller lines). — I should n't be surprised if some Englishman killed you for saying 'three shillings,' my friend.

If he were not so dirty he would be a nice-looking lad of the 1917 class. He is dressed in the usual composite rags of the Greek proletariat, part khaki, part European, part Turkish. He does not look as if he belonged to a conquering race. Neither, I suppose, do I; but the cases are not similar. My young boatman does not regard Janina as I regard the capture of Quebec, for example. Goodness only knows what he does regard, or how. He may be one of the conquered race. I ask him, with large gestures to illustrate my meaning, if he is going to enlist, soldier — fight — gun — bang! — beat Bulgar — eh? He is puzzled, and perseveres with his oars. I reflect that he may be an anti-Venizelist. Presently,

as we clear the inside shipping, he asks, as every Greek boatman asks, —

'When your ship go away, eh?'

And I tell him a deliberate, cold-blooded lie! We do not inform Greek boatmen when our ships are going away.

About this time my attention is held by the appearance of the sky. It is a sky I have learned to regard with a certain amount of interest. As my young boatman steps his mast and hoists his sail, I observe, high above the rolling banks and islets of cumulous vapor in the bowl of the Gulf, a film of transparent dapple-gray clouds assembling. The whole of the upper air is mottled with their confusing texture. A delightful sky in peace-times, a sky veiling the sun and making high noon agreeable. A sky to watch through the open window in spring-time. A sky to paint, with a foreground of yellow crocuses and green grass and brown girls. A sky to look up at, from where one lies on the heather, and dream a boy's strange and delicate dreams.

One of the advantages of war is the deeper and more intense interpretation one learns to give to the common phenomena. This gay romantic sky used to be nothing more than gay and romantic. Now I watch it with an experienced apprehension. And as I pass a man-of-war, I observe that the anti-aircraft crew are at drill. There is something curiously affectionate in the aspect of an anti-aircraft crew at work. The gunner is seated and his assistants are all grouped about him, heads together, as though whispering to each other the most delightful secrets. Perhaps they are.

We come leisurely alongside. Standing on the grating at the foot of the accommodation ladder, I pay my young friend his two francs with a bonus of twopence. For a single moment he stands, from life-long habit, in an atti-

tude eloquent of despair. I go up the ladder, smiling blandly at his outflung hands and upraised indignant eyes. Then he recovers himself, makes a gesture consigning the whole race of Englishmen to perdition, pockets the money, and rows away. Once more I am on board, and it is nearly two o'clock.

III

It should never be forgotten, in a review of the seafaring life, that these casual and irrelevant encounters with the offscourings of hybrid races, though priceless to the philosopher and the artist, are of no human value to the sailor at all. The jaded landsman imagines that we seamen 'see the world' and view 'mankind from China to Peru.' He romantically conceives us extracting the fine essences from the crude masses of humanity with whom we are thrown in contact in the seething ports of the Orient. He figures us ecstatically savoring the 'unchanging East' and beholding 'strange lands from under the arched white sails of ships.' It must be confessed that popular fiction confirms these illusions. We who work in ships are supposed to be prototypes of Mr. Kipling's 'Tramp Royal'—a flattering but untrue assumption.

But while an intelligent person can see readily that, to the unimaginative seafarer, this continual procession of detached images will have no positive significance, very few observers realize how such an environment tends also to indurate the soul. Yet so it is. In our rough, homely way, we are fatigued with distinctions, and reduce the Unknown to common denominators. We call Hindoos 'coolies,' Chinamen 'Chinks,' Americans 'Yanks,' Spaniards 'Dagoes,' Italians 'Spaghetthis,' and we let it go at that. We are majestically incurious about them all. There

is no British type so narrow, so dogmatic, so ignorant, so impervious to criticism, so parochial in its outlook, as the seafaring man or officer. You would imagine, from our ideas, that we had remained all our days in our home towns. Indeed most of us have. Our real life beats in the little houses in Penarth, Swansea, Seaforth, White Inch, or South Shields. We have very little passion for the bizarre. We become callous to the impact of the stray alien, and feed our narrow hearts with wistful visions of an idealized suburban existence.

Going on at two is quite a different thing from the ghastly affair of the small hours. Each period of the day has its own subtle quality, which no arbitrary rearrangement of our own hours of work and rest can destroy. And two o'clock in the afternoon is a time of disillusion, a time when a man has neither great faith nor profound convictions. The morning is gone, the evening too far away. Even tea-time seems at an immense and tragic distance. It is the slack-water period of the day. And it is the period when a man may perhaps experience, in the space of a flash, a peculiar sensation of being an impostor! It is, I suppose, in such moments that generals, commanders, chief engineers, and the like jump overboard. It is a sensation extraordinarily vivid and brief. No external evidence is of any avail to neutralize its dire and dreadful omniscience. No personal written record, no esteem of lifelong friends, no permanent and visible accomplishment can shield the sensitive human soul, thus suddenly stripped bare by some devilish cantrip of its own mechanism. One feels a hollow sham.

And the ship, at this hour, is strangely deserted. Those who have work are gone to it, those who are off duty are resting after a hot lunch. The day's ra-

tion of meat is gone; the soldiers are on an upper deck, out of sight. Thomas, stretched to an incredible length on the deck steam-guard, snoozes in gross comfort. Ibrahim-el-Din, an Arab coal-passer, is smoking a meditative cigarette by the after-rail. The faded Irishman is perambulating in his stiff way round the machine, and I take charge for another six hours. A Greek sailor, no doubt a Venizelist, is painting a bulkhead in an amateur fashion. As I look through one of the after window-scuttlers I observe our agnostic Second Officer drift past. He is probably going to resume his erotic novel, a species of fiction for which he has a strange passion.

For an hour or so I look out of my machine-room window upon an untidy after-deck, and reflect upon the vicissitudes of War. Visible through the crystalline atmosphere, Salonika, floored with a jade-green sea and domed with dappled azure, resembles the painted curtain of some titanic theatre. It is in fact one of those monstrous 'theatres of war' which are now giving a continuous performance to the whole world. But for us on transports that painted curtain is never lifted. We see nothing of the performance. We are mere stage-carpenters, or caterers, or perhaps only stray freight-wagons which bring some homely necessary material to the grand display.

Such are my thoughts, more or less, when I catch sight suddenly of my friend Tubby, the fat marine, standing on the gun-platform and excitedly waving his arms toward the Vardar Marshes. I run out on deck. Tubby comes hurrying along, shouting in the hoarse voice that goes with immense girth and a short neck, —

'See 'im, sir? A Tawb! A Tawb!'

And so it is a Taube. After a momentary search of the upper reaches of the air, I spot him, a far-distant dot.

And as we gather in a tense little knot on the after-deck, straining our eyes, clawing tentatively for a peep through the binoculars, the enemy monoplane sails serenely toward us, and the guns begin to go. From the men-of-war near by, from invisible batteries concealed ashore, the sharp cracks echo, and we watch the oncoming dot ten thousand feet above the sea. Tubby says ten thousand feet, and although I don't believe he knows anything about it, he has been in the Navy and possesses the prestige of the Senior Service. He certainly knows more about it than we do.

And observe how greedily we make the most of this little bit of war which has come to us. Now he is right over us, sailing across a broad shield of speckless blue, and we see the small white plumes of shrapnel suddenly appear, above, below, and around him. He sails on. He must be doing seventy miles an hour. Somebody doubts this. We ignore him, and push the speed up to eighty miles. Say eighty miles an hour. Golly! That was a close one. A white plume appears right in front of him. He sails on. Evidently he has no bombs. Tubby says, 'Tawbs don't carry no bombs.' What a mine of information he is! Again a hit, a palpable hit. But he sails on. There is something sublime about this. Of course he is a German and therefore damnable. But — but — well, he is damnably adventurous. I wonder what he is doing. Has he a sweetheart, a German *Mädchen*? I am supposed to believe she would not have the wit to love him for this dare-devil eagle-swoop over Salonika. I don't think, however, that patriotism compels me to hate that air-man up there. Crack-crack! go the guns. He sails on. He is, so far, supreme. A dim sporting instinct, which used to have free rein at school, shoots through my mind and I discover in myself no

passionate desire to see him hit. He himself seems to have no anxieties whatever.

He rides upon the platform of the wind,
And laughs to hear the fireballs roar behind.

Now he is over Ben Lomond and is turning toward Monastir, whence we suppose he has come. Other batteries behind the town welcome him and the navy resigns itself, for once, to frustration. Crack after crack, plume after plume. Now he is behind a cloud, and our attention is taken up for a moment by the sight of our own machines manœuvring for position in the offing. And the next time we see him he is coming down. Tubby says so. Personally, I imagined him to be going up; but I never contradict a navy man. Somebody else says he is hit. Our lieutenant, on the upper deck with the commander, looking through his prismatic glasses, says it looks like it. I glance at our group, all eyes raised to the sky, mouths open, emblems of receptive vacuity.

Reluctantly we abandon our precious 'Tawb' to the inland ranges and return to the mundane life once more. Tubby walks to and fro, a short man of enormous size, discoursing of 'Tawbs.' I call him my mythological monster, for he has served in the 'Ercles,' the 'Ecuba,' the 'You roper,' the 'Endymion' and the 'Amfi-trite.' When we go to sea, Tubby stands or sits by his gun and keeps a lookout for submarines. He is one of Hardy's Wessex yokels. When the war came, he was malting at Malmesbury, and doing a small delivery-wagon business for a local hardware store. He looks it. He could pose for John Bull, a beef-eating, ale-drinking, Saxon John Bull. Now he is also an expert on 'Tawbs.' What tales he will tell by the malt-house fires in the winters to come! Tales, perhaps, of 'Tawbs!'

And so, in idle talk and modest vigilance, the day wears on, until the sun is setting in turbulent reds and purples beyond the Vardar, and the peak of Olympus, showing for a brief moment above the billows of vapor, is flushed an exquisite pale-rose color. Lights begin to twinkle on the shore. Those on day work begin to appear after their wash, loafing about until dinner, smoking cigarettes, arguing after the foolish dogmatic way of sailors, getting heated over nothing, condemning a nation in a thoughtless phrase. Some are writing home, for a mail goes soon. Some come into the machine-room for a drink of water, or for a chat.

The Fourth Engineer, who had viewed the aeroplane dressed in blue serge trousers and an unbuttoned pajama-jacket, now appears in his uniform, still a little drowsy after his day's sleep, but smiling in his pleasant boyish way. Our conversation is not intellectual. We really have not much to say. It would not bear writing down. Nor would a comic paper take our jokes. Nevertheless, we talk and laugh and pass the time. For myself, I talk to everybody: I talk to the nigger firemen and the Chinese cook, to the dog and the cat, to the canary in my room and the parrot who blasphemes so bitterly on the fore-deck.

So I keep in practice. For some day we shall have Peace, and we shall go home, over the well-remembered road to Malta and Gib, and over the mountainous western-ocean swell that is forever charging across the bay. Some day this will happen, and we shall speak the Tuskar once again, tie up in the old dock, and step ashore. And we shall take our way, some of us, through the quiet countryside, where friends await us, friends who will bid us tarry a while and tell them our tales of foreign parts, as mariners have done and always will do, while ships come home from sea.

NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE AND INTERNATIONALISM

BY BERTRAND RUSSELL

IN the relations between states, as in the relations of groups within a single state, what is to be desired is independence for each as regards internal affairs, and law rather than private force as regards external affairs. But as to groups within a state, it is internal independence that must be emphasized, since that is what is lacking; subjection to law has been secured, on the whole, since the end of the Middle Ages. In the relations between states, on the contrary, it is law and a central government that are lacking, since independence exists for external as for internal affairs. The stage we have reached in the affairs of Europe corresponds to the stage reached in our internal affairs during the Wars of the Roses, when turbulent barons frustrated the attempt to make them keep the King's peace. Thus, although the goal is the same in the two cases, the steps to be taken in order to achieve it are quite different.

There can be no good international system until the boundaries of states coincide as nearly as possible with the boundaries of nations. But it is not easy to say what we mean by a nation. Are the Irish a nation? Home Rulers say yes; Unionists say no. Are the Ulstermen a nation? Unionists say yes; Home Rulers say no. In all such cases, it is a party question whether we are to call a group a nation or not. A German will tell you that the Russian Poles are a nation; but as for the Prussian Poles,

they, of course, are part of Prussia. Professors can always be hired to prove by arguments of race or language or history, that a group about which there is a dispute is, or is not, a nation, as may be desired by those whom the professors serve. If we are to avoid all these controversies, we must endeavor first of all to find some definition of a nation.

A nation is not to be defined by affinities of language or a common historical origin, though these things often help to produce a nation. Switzerland is a nation, in spite of diversities of race, religion, and language. England and Scotland now form one nation, though they did not do so at the time of our Civil War. This is shown by Cromwell's saying, in the height of the conflict, that he would rather be subject to the dominion of the royalists than to that of the Scotch. Great Britain was one state before it was one nation; on the other hand, Germany was one nation before it was one state. What constitutes a nation is a sentiment and an instinct — a sentiment of similarity and an instinct of belonging to the same group or herd. The instinct is an extension of the instinct which constitutes a flock of sheep, or any other group of gregarious animals. The sentiment which goes with this is like a milder and more extended form of family feeling. When we return to England after being on the Continent, we feel something friendly in the familiar ways,

and it is easy to believe that Englishmen on the whole are virtuous while many foreigners are full of designing wickedness.

Such feelings make it easy to organize a nation into a state. It is not difficult, as a rule, to acquiesce in the orders of a national government. We feel that it is our government, and that its decrees are more or less the same as those which we should have given if we ourselves had been the governors. There is an instinctive, and usually unconscious, sense of a common purpose animating the members of a nation. This becomes especially vivid when there is war or a danger of war. Any one who, at such a time, stands out against the orders of his government feels an inner conflict quite different from any that he would feel in standing out against the orders of a foreign government, in whose power he might happen to find himself. If he stands out, he does so with a more or less conscious hope that his government may in time come to think as he does; whereas, in standing out against a foreign government, no such hope is necessary. This group instinct, however it may have arisen, is what constitutes a nation, and what makes it important that the boundaries of nations should also be the boundaries of states.

National sentiment is a fact and should be taken account of by institutions. When it is ignored, it is intensified and becomes a source of strife. It can be rendered harmless only by being given free play so long as it is not predatory. But it is not, in itself, a good or admirable feeling. There is nothing rational and nothing desirable in a limitation of sympathy which confines it to a fragment of the human race. Diversities of manners and customs and tradition are on the whole a good thing, since they enable different nations to produce different types of ex-

cellence. But in national feeling there is always latent or explicit an element of hostility to foreigners. National feeling, as we know it, could not exist in a nation which was wholly free from external pressure of a hostile kind.

And group feeling produces a limited and often harmful kind of morality. Men come to identify the good with what serves the interests of their own group, and the bad with what works against those interests, even if it should happen to be in the interests of mankind as a whole. This group morality is very much in evidence during war, and is taken for granted in men's ordinary thought. Although almost all Englishmen consider the defeat of Germany desirable for the good of the world, yet nevertheless most of them honor a German for fighting for his country, because it has not occurred to them that his actions ought to be guided by a morality higher than that of the group. A man does right, as a rule, to have his thoughts more occupied with the interests of his own nation than with those of others, because his actions are more likely to affect his own nation. But in time of war, and in all matters which are of equal concern to other nations and to his own, a man ought to take account of the universal welfare, and not allow his survey to be limited by the interest, or supposed interest, of his own group or nation.

So long as national feeling exists, it is very important that each nation should be self-governing as regards its internal affairs. Government can only be carried on by force and tyranny if its subjects view it with hostile eyes, and they will so view it if they feel that it belongs to an alien nation. This principle meets with difficulties in cases where men of different nations live side by side in the same area, as happens in some parts of the Balkans. There are also difficulties in regard to places

which, for some geographical reason, are of great international importance, such as the Suez Canal and the Panama Canal. In such cases the purely local desires of the inhabitants may have to give way before larger interests. But in general, at any rate as applied to civilized communities, the principle that the boundaries of nations ought to coincide with the boundaries of states has very few exceptions.

This principle, however, does not decide how the relations between states are to be regulated, or how a conflict of interests between rival states is to be decided. At present, every great state claims absolute sovereignty, not only in regard to its internal affairs but also in regard to its external actions. This claim to absolute sovereignty leads it into conflict with similar claims on the part of other great states. Such conflicts at present can be decided only by war or by diplomacy, and diplomacy is in essence nothing but the threat of war. There is no more justification for the claim to absolute sovereignty on the part of a state than there would be for a similar claim on the part of an individual. The claim to absolute sovereignty is, in effect, a claim that all external affairs are to be regulated purely by force, and that when two nations or groups of nations are interested in a question, the decision shall depend solely upon which of them is, or is believed to be, the stronger. This is nothing but primitive anarchy, 'the war of all against all,' which Hobbes asserted to be the original state of mankind.

There cannot be secure peace in the world, or any decision of international questions according to international law, until states are willing to part with their absolute sovereignty as regards their external relations, and to leave the decision in such matters to some international instrument of gov-

ernment.¹ An international government will have to be legislative as well as judicial. It is not enough that there should be a Hague Tribunal, deciding matters according to some already existing system of international law; it is necessary also that there should be a body capable of enacting international law, and this body will have to have the power of transferring territory from one state to another, when it is persuaded that adequate grounds exist for such a transference. Friends of peace will make a mistake if they unduly glorify the *status quo*. Some nations grow, while others dwindle; the population of an area may change its character by emigration and immigration. There is no good reason why states should resent changes in their boundaries under such conditions, and if no international authority has power to make changes of this kind, the temptations to war will sometimes become irresistible.

The international authority ought to possess an army and navy, and these ought to be the only army and navy in existence. The only legitimate use of force is to diminish the total amount of force exercised in the world. So long as men are free to indulge their predatory instincts, some men or groups of men will take advantage of this freedom for oppression and robbery. Just as the police are necessary to prevent the use of force by private citizens, so an international police will be necessary to prevent the lawless use of force by separate states. But I think it is reasonable to hope that if ever an international government, possessed of the only army and navy in the world, came into existence, the need of force to exact obedience to its decisions would be very temporary. In a short time the benefits resulting from the substitution of law

¹ For a detailed scheme of international government, see *International Government*, by L. Woolf. (Allen & Unwin.)

for anarchy would become so obvious that the international government would acquire an unquestioned authority, and no state would dream of rebelling against its decisions. As soon as this stage had been reached, the international army and navy would become unnecessary.

We have still a very long road to travel before we arrive at the establishment of an international authority, but it is not very difficult to foresee the steps by which this result will be gradually reached. There is likely to be a continual increase in the practice of submitting disputes to arbitration, and in the realization that the supposed conflicts of interest between different states are mainly illusory. Even where there is a real conflict of interest, it must in time become obvious that neither of the states concerned would suffer as much by giving way as by fighting. With the progress of inventions, war, when it does occur, is bound to become increasingly destructive. The civilized races of the world are faced with the alternative of coöperation or mutual destruction. The present war is making this alternative daily more evident. And it is difficult to believe that, when the enmities which it has generated have had time to cool, civilized men will deliberately choose to destroy civilization rather than acquiesce in the abolition of war.

The matters in which the interests of nations are supposed to clash are mainly three: tariffs, which are a delusion; the exploitation of inferior races, which is a crime; pride of power and dominion, which is a schoolboy folly. The economic argument against tariffs is familiar, and I shall not repeat it. The only reason why it fails to carry conviction is the enmity between nations. Nobody proposes to set up a tariff between England and Scotland, or between Lancashire and Yorkshire. Yet

the arguments by which tariffs between nations are supported might be used just as well to defend tariffs between counties. Universal free trade would indubitably be of economic benefit to mankind, and would be adopted tomorrow if it were not for the hatred and suspicion which nations feel one toward another. From the point of view of preserving the peace of the world, free trade between the different civilized states is not so important as the open door in their dependencies. The desire for exclusive markets is one of the most potent causes of war.

Exploiting what are called 'inferior races' has become one of the main objects of European statecraft. It is not only, or primarily, trade that is desired, but opportunities for investment: finance is more concerned in the matter than industry. Rival diplomatists are very often the servants, conscious or unconscious, of rival groups of financiers. The financiers, although themselves of no particular nation, understand the art of appealing to national prejudice, and of inducing the taxpayers to incur expenditure of which they reap the benefit. The evils which they produce at home, and the devastation that they spread among the races whom they exploit, are part of the price which the world has to pay for its acquiescence in the capitalist régime.

But neither tariffs nor financiers would be able to cause serious trouble, if it were not for the sentiment of national pride. National pride might be on the whole beneficent if it took the direction of emulation in the things that are important to civilization. If we prided ourselves upon our poets, our men of science, the justice and humanity of our social system, we might find in national pride a stimulus to useful endeavors. But such matters play a very small part. National pride, as it

exists now, is almost exclusively concerned with power and dominion, with the extent of territory that a nation owns, and with its capacity for enforcing its will against the opposition of other nations. In this it is reinforced by group morality. To nine citizens out of ten it seems self-evident, whenever the will of their own nation clashes with that of another, that their own nation must be in the right. Even if it be not in the right on the particular issue, yet it stands in general for so much nobler ideals than those represented by the other party to the dispute, that any increase in its power is bound to be for the good of mankind. Since all nations equally believe this of themselves, all are equally ready to insist upon the victory of their own side in any dispute in which they believe that they have a good hope of victory. While this temper persists, the hope of international coöperation must remain dim.

If men could divest themselves of the sentiment of rivalry and hostility between different nations, they would perceive that the matters in which the interests of different nations coincide immeasurably outweigh those in which they clash; they would perceive, to begin with, that trade is not to be compared to warfare; that the man who sells you goods is not doing you an injury. No one considers that the butcher and the baker are his enemies because they drain him of money. Yet, as soon as goods come from a foreign country, we are asked to believe that we suffer a terrible injury in purchasing them. No one remembers that it is by means of goods exported that we purchase them. But in the country to which we export, it is the goods we send which are thought dangerous, and the goods we buy are forgotten.

The whole conception of trade which has been forced upon us by manufac-

turers who dreaded foreign competition, by trusts, which desired to secure monopolies, and by economists poisoned by the virus of nationalism, is totally and absolutely false. Trade results simply from division of labor. A man cannot himself make all the goods of which he has need, and therefore he must exchange his produce with that of other people. What applies to the individual, applies in exactly the same way to the nation.

There is no reason to desire that a nation should itself produce all the goods of which it has need; it is better that it should specialize in those goods which it can produce to most advantage, and should exchange its surplus with the surplus of other goods produced by other countries. There is no use in sending goods out of the country except in order to get other goods in return. A butcher who is always willing to part with his meat but not willing to take bread from the baker, or boots from the bootmaker, or clothes from the tailor, would soon find himself in a sorry plight. Yet he would be no more foolish than the protectionist who desires that we should send goods abroad without receiving payment in the shape of goods imported from abroad.

The wages system has made people believe that what a man needs is work. This, of course, is absurd. What he needs is the goods produced by work, and the less work involved in making a given amount of goods, the better. But, owing to our economic system, every economy in methods of production enables employers to dismiss some of their employees, and to cause destitution, where a better system would produce only an increase of wages or a diminution in the hours of work, without any corresponding diminution of wages.

Our economic system is topsy-turvy. It makes the interest of the individual

conflict with the interest of the community in a thousand ways in which no such conflict ought to exist. Under a better system, the benefits of free trade and the evils of tariffs would be obvious to all. Apart from trade, the interests of nations coincide in all that makes what we call civilization. Inventions and discoveries bring benefit to all. The progress of science is a matter of equal concern to the whole civilized world. Whether a man of science is an Englishman, a Frenchman, or a German, is a matter of no real importance. His discoveries are open to all, and nothing but intelligence is required in order to profit by them. The whole world of art and literature and learning is international: what is done in one country is not done for that country but for mankind. If we ask ourselves what are the things that raise mankind above the brutes, what are the things that make us think the human race more valuable than any species of animals, we shall find that none of them are things in which any one nation can have exclusive property, but all are things in which the whole world can share. Those who have any care for these things, those who wish to see mankind fruitful in the work which men alone can do, will take little account of national boundaries, and have little care to what state a man happens to own allegiance.

The importance of international co-operation outside the sphere of politics has been brought home to me by my own experience. I was until lately engaged in teaching a new science, which few men in the world were able to teach. My own work in this science was based chiefly upon the work of a German and an Italian. My pupils came from all over the civilized world: France, Germany, Austria, Russia, Greece, Japan, China, India—and America. None of us were conscious of any sense of na-

tional divisions. We felt ourselves an outpost of civilization, building a new road into the virgin forest of the unknown. All coöperated in the common task—and in the interest of such a work the political enmities of nations seemed trivial, temporary, and futile. But it is not only in the somewhat rarefied atmosphere of abstruse science that international coöperation is vital to the progress of civilization. All our economic problems, all the questions of securing the rights of labor, all the hopes of freedom at home and humanity abroad rest upon the creation of international good-will.

So long as hatred, suspicion, and fear dominate the feelings of men toward each other, so long we cannot hope to escape from the tyranny of violence and brute force. Men must learn to be conscious of the common interests of mankind in which all are at one, rather than of those supposed interests in which the nations are divided. It is not necessary, or even desirable, to obliterate the differences of manners and custom and tradition between different nations. These differences enable each nation to make its own distinctive contribution to the sum total of the world's civilization.

What is to be desired is not cosmopolitanism, not the absence of all national characteristics that one associates with couriers, *wagon-lit* attendants, and others, who have had everything distinctive obliterated by multiple and trivial contacts with men of every civilized country. Such cosmopolitanism is the result of loss, not gain. The international spirit which we should wish to see produced will be something added to love of country, not something taken away. Just as patriotism does not prevent a man from feeling family affection, so the international spirit ought not to prevent a man from feeling affection for his own country. But it will

somewhat alter the character of that affection. The things which he will desire for his own country will no longer be things which can be acquired only at the expense of others, but rather those things in which the excellence of any one country is to the advantage of all the world. He will wish his own country to be great in the arts of peace, to be eminent in thought and science, to be magnanimous and just and generous. He will wish it to help mankind on the way toward that better world of liberty and international concord which must be realized if any happiness is to be left to man. He will not desire for his country the passing triumphs of a narrow possessiveness, but rather the

enduring triumph of having helped to embody in human affairs something of that spirit of brotherhood which Christ taught and which the Christian churches have forgotten. He will see that this spirit embodies not only the highest morality, but also the truest wisdom, and the only road by which the nations, torn and bleeding with the wounds which scientific madness has inflicted, can emerge into a life where growth is possible and joy is not banished at the frenzied call of unreal and fictitious duties. Deeds inspired by hate are not duties, whatever pain and self-sacrifice they may involve. Life and hope for the world are to be found only in the deeds of love.

A WILDERNESS LABORATORY

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

I

ROBINSON CRUSOE had a wreck well stored with supplies, and we inherited only four walls and a roof. Still, we had a boy Friday — Sam, an ebony Demeraran, exactly half of whose teeth had been lost in the only automobile ride he had ever taken. Sam was sent by some personal Providence — perhaps the god of intelligence bureaus — as the first of our faithful following in Guiana. Sam had formerly been a warden in the Georgetown jail, and rumor had it that he left because he saw ‘jumbies’ in the court where one hundred and nine men had been hung. And surely that was where jumbies would be found if anywhere. Even Crusoe’s man must have

admitted that. How wardenship could be of aid to us in our scientific work was a puzzle.

Only once before did a servant’s previous experience surpass this in utter uselessness. That was when a Russian chauffeur whom I had taken on trial found a cowboy saddle in my attic and seriously and proudly showed me in great detail, with the saddle strapped to the banisters, how with his long Cossack training he could stand on his neck when going at full speed! But Sam, like many another servant of the past, was to prove a treasure.

We had come from New York with a very distinct idea of what we wanted to do, but no idea at all of just how or where we should begin. On kindly but

conflicting advice and suggestion, we had searched hither and thither over the coastlands of British Guiana. Everywhere we found drawbacks. We wanted to be near primeval jungle, we wished to be free of mosquitoes and other disturbers of long-continued observation. We desired the seemingly impossible combination of isolation and facility of communication with the outside world.

In a driving, tropical rain-storm I ascended the Essequibo to Bartica, and from the hills, as the sun broke through gray clouds, my friend the rubber planter pointed over two jungle-clad ranges to a great house, a house with many pillars, a house with roof of pale pink like a giant *mora* in full bloom. Then, like the good fairy prince in any well-regulated tale, he waved his wand toward it, and said, 'That is Kalacoon; take it and use it if you want it.' Only his wand was a stout walking-stick, and for the nonce the fairy prince had taken the form of a tall, bronzed, very good-looking Englishman, who had carved a rubber plantation out of the very edge of the jungle, and with wife and small daughter lived in the midst of his clean-barked trees.

And now we had had a gift of a great house in the heart of the Guiana wilderness, a house built many years before by one who was Protector of the Indians. This we were to turn into a home and a laboratory to study the wild things about us — birds, animals, and insects; not to collect them primarily, but to photograph, sketch, and watch them day after day, learning of those characters and habits which cannot be transported to a museum. And exactly this had not been done before; hence it took on new fascination.

I had never given serious thought to the details of housekeeping, and I suddenly realized how much for granted one takes things in civilization. In

New York I had possessed beds and baths and tables, dishes and cooks and towels, in a spirit of subconsciousness which made one think of them only if they were not there. Now I had suddenly to think about all these and other things particularly hard. If it had been the usual camping duffle of hammock, net, tarpaulin, and frying-pan, that would have been simple. But when the sugar-bowl is empty, one becomes at once acutely conscious of it; if it is not, while the hand unbidden manipulates the tongs, the brain distils or listens to thoughts of opera, science, or war. Optical eclipse, impelled by familiarity, is often total. However, we found the Georgetown stores well stocked, and whenever we purchased a useless thing we found that it could be used for something else. And sooner or later, everything we possessed was used for something else, thereby moving one of us to suggest a society for reducing household articles by half.

But while it was well enough to make a lark of such things when one had to, we begrudged every minute taken from the new field outspread before us in every direction. For Kalacoon was on a hilltop and looked out on the northern third of the horizon over the expanse of three mighty rivers — the Essequibo, the Mazaruni, and the Cuyuni. And around us was high second growth, losing itself to the southward in a gigantic, abrupt wall of the real jungle — the jungle that I knew by experience was more wonderful than any of the forests of the Far East, of Burma or Ceylon or Malaysia.

We sat down on some packing-boxes after our first day of indoor labor, and watched the sun settle slowly beyond the silvered Mazaruni. And a song, not of the tropics, but bubbling and clear and jubilant as that of our northern singers, rang out from the single tall palm standing in our front compound.

Clinging to the topmost frond was an oriole, jet as night, with the gold of sunshine on crown and shoulders and back. He was singing. While he sang, a second oriole swooped upward between two vanes of a frond to a small ball of fibres knotted close to the midrib. The event had come and it developed swiftly.

We seized a great ladder and by superhuman efforts raised it little by little, until it rested high against the smooth trunk. One of us then mounted the swaying rungs, reckless with excitement, and thrust his hand into the nest. It was withdrawn and went to his mouth, and down he came. To our impatient, impolite inquiries, he answered only with inarticulate mumbings and grunts. He reached the ground and into his pursed hands carefully regurgitated an egg — white, with clustered markings of lavender and sepia about the larger end. We looked at each other and grinned. Words seemed superfluous. Later I believe we quieted down and danced some kind of a war-dance. Our feelings had then reached the stage where they could at least be expressed in action. Perhaps it was not altogether the scientific joy of gazing at and possessing the first known egg of the *moriche* oriole. I know that by sheer perversity I kept thinking of the narrow-gauge cañon of a city street, as I gloried in this cosmic openness of tropical river and jungle and sunset. Only in an aeroplane have I experienced an equal spatial elation.

Our bird-nester told us that there was a second egg, and said something about not daring to put two in his mouth lest he slip and swallow both. But later, in a moment of weakness, he admitted the real reason, — that he had not the heart, after the glorious song and this splendid omen of our work, to do more than divide the spoils fifty-fifty with the orioles. Self-control was rewarded,

as the other egg hatched and we learned a secret of the juvenile plumage of these birds, while the songs of the *cadouries*, as the Indians call them, were heard month after month at our windows.

Within a week our great front room, full thirty by sixty feet, with sixteen large windows, was a laboratory in appearance and odor. Hundreds of jars and vials, vivaria and insectaries, microscopes, guns, and cameras, with all their details and mysterious inner workings, left no table vacant. With book-shelves up, there remained only the walls, which little by little became mosaics of maps, diagrams, sketches, drying skins, Indian weapons, birds' nests and shot-holes. Whiffs of formaline, chloroform, and xylol, together with the odors of occasional mislaid or neglected specimens, left no doubt as to the character of the room. We found that the trade wind came from the front, and also that we had much to discuss after the lamps were put out; so we turned the couches into their rightful functions of cots, and the three of us slept scattered here and there in the great room.

The vampire bats never allowed us to become bored. There were no mosquitoes or flies, so we used no nets; but for months we burned a lantern. Low around our heads swept the soft wings of the little creatures, while the bat enthusiast now and then fired his auxiliary pistol. Later we found that a score of them roosted behind a broken clapboard, and, by spreading a seine below and around this, we were able to capture and examine the entire colony at will. Tarantulas were common, but not in the least offensive, and we learned to know where to look for a big black fellow and a small gray one who kept the room free from cockroaches. One or two scorpions were caught indoors, but the three centipedes which appeared occasionally were those which had been

brought in and were always escaping from a defective vivarium. There were no other dangers or inconveniences — we can apply such terms to these comparatively harmless creatures.

This was the background of our labors, our laboratory as our English visitors called it: cool in the daytime, cold at night, where one could work as well as in the north, and where a morning's tramp usually furnished material sufficient for a week of research. We came to know it as the house of a thousand noises. The partitions, like those of all tropical houses, extended only part way to the ceiling, so, as some one has said, one enjoyed about the privacy of a goldfish. It would have been a terrible place for a victim of insomnia; but when we were kept awake by noises it was because we were interested in them. After a day's hard work in the jungle, it must indeed be a bad conscience or a serious physical ailment which keeps one awake a minute after one rolls up in his blanket. Through all the months of varying tropical seasons we slept as soundly as we should at home. I can do with five or six hours' sleep the year round, and I begrudged even this in the tropical wonderland, where my utmost efforts seemed to result in such slight inroads into our tremendous zoölogical ignorance. At night I spent many wonderful hours, leaning first out of one, then out of another window, or occasionally going down the outside latticed stairway and strolling about the compound.

No two nights were alike, although almost all were peaceful, with hardly a breath of air stirring — just the cool, velvet touch of the tropics, always free from any trace of the heat of the day. Whether dark rich olive under crescent or starlight, or glowing silvery-gray in the flood of the full moon, the forest, so quiet, so motionless all about me, was always mysterious, always alluring. To

the north, at the foot of the hill, lay the dark surface of the great river, its waters one amber, homogeneous flood, yet drawn from a thousand tributaries: hidden creeks seeping through mossy jungles far beyond the Spanish border, brown cascades filtering through gravel which gleamed with yellow gold and sparkled with the light from uncut diamonds. And to the south rose the wall of the jungle itself, symbol of all that is wild and untamed in nature.

Yet I am never conscious of the bloody fang, the poison tooth, of the wilderness. The peace of this jungle at night was the same peace as that of the trees in our city parks. I knew that well within my horizon, jaguars and pumas were stalking their prey, while here and there on the forest floor bushmasters lay coiled like mats of death. But quite as vividly could I picture the stray cats pouncing on sleeping sparrows in the shrubbery of Washington Square, or the screech owls working havoc in the glades of Central Park where the glare of the electric lights is less violent. And I have not forgotten the two-score gulls and swans with torn throats — a single night's work of wild mink in the Bronx. Nature is the same everywhere; only here the sparrows are not alien immigrants, and the light is not measured in kilowatts, and the *hacka* tigers are not so sated that they kill for pleasure.

A sound broke in upon my reverie, so low at first that it seemed but the droning hum of a beetle's wings echoing against the hollow shield of their ebony cases. It was deep, soothing, almost hypnotic; one did not want it to cease. Then it gained in volume and depth, and from the heart of the bass there arose a terrible, subdued shrilling — a muffled, raucous grating which touched some secret chord of long-past fear. The whole effect was most terrifying, but still one did not desire it to

cease. In itself it seemed wholly suited to its present jungle setting; the emotion it aroused was alien to all modern life. My mind sped swiftly back over the intervening years of sound, over the jeering chorus of Malay gibbons, the roars of anger of orang-utans, four-handing themselves through the swaying Bornean jungle, and on past the impudent chatter of the gray *langurs* of Kashmir deodars. Memory came to rest in a tent-boat, seven years ago and not many more miles distant, when I heard my first red howlers. Then I shared my thrill. Now all with me were asleep, and alone I reached far out into the night and with mouth and ears absorbed every vibration of the wonderful chorus.

II

In spite of all this variety and immeasurable diversity, I came to perceive a definite sequence of many daily and nightly events, as I observed them from Kalacoon windows. Not only did the sun rise invariably in the east and the trade winds blow regularly every afternoon, but a multitude of organic beings timed their activities to these elemental phenomena. At half after five, when it was just light enough to see distinctly, I went out into the calm of dawn. The quiet of the great spaces at this hour was absolute. No matter how tempestuous the evening before, or the night, the hours of early morning were peaceful. Not a leaf stirred. The tide flowed silently up or down or for a time held itself motionless. At the flood the mirror surface would occasionally be shattered for a moment far from shore, where a porpoise or a great *lucan ani* rolled, or a crocodile or a *water mama* nosed for breath. The calm was invariable, but the air might be crystal clear to the horizon, or so drenched in mist that the nearest foliage was invisible.

No matter how early I went out into the dawn, the wrens were always singing — though they were recent arrivals at Kalacoon. Then, within a few minutes, the *chachalacas* began their loud duets, answering one another in couples from first one, then another direction, until the air was ringing with *hanaqua! hanaqua! hanaqua!* Dragonflies appeared in mid-air, martins left their nests among the beams, parrakeets crossed over from their roosts, and swifts met them coming from their sleeping quarters in hollow trees. The quaint little grassquits began their absurd dance against gravity, and blatant kiskadees ushered in the sun and day.

Then came an interval when every one was too busy feeding to sing, and the wren's notes were hushed by an astounding succession of tiny spiders, and the chirps of young martins were smothered in winged ants. Swiftly the sun rose and the heat dissipated the mists and lured out a host of flying things. Even at mid-day one might sit at a window and take notes continuously of lesser happenings, while now and then something of such note occurred that one could only watch and wonder. This might be a migration of sulphur butterflies, thousands flying steadily toward the southeast hour after hour, day after day. Or a host of humming-birds of nearly a score of species would descend upon the cashew blossoms in the rear compound. Most exciting was a flight of winged termites. In the rainy season the clouds would bank up about mid-day, and showers fall with true tropical violence. After an exceptionally long downpour the marriage flight would take place and logs, dead branches, and even the steps and beams of Kalacoon would give up their multitudes. From great rotted stumps the insects poured forth like curling smoke. The breeze carried them slowly off to-

ward the west, and at the first hint the birds gathered to the feast. Only the Rangoon vultures surpassed them in numbers and voracity. The air was fretted with a kaleidoscopic network of swifts—from great, collared fellows to the tiny dwellers in palms—with swallows, martins, and, if late enough, nighthawks. Fork-tailed flycatchers swept by scores round the vortex of insects, while a fluttering host of kiskadees, tanagers, anis, thrushes, and wrens gleaned as best they could from grass-top or branch. In ten minutes the whole flight had vanished. Any queen termite which ran that gantlet safely deserved to found her colony without further molestation.

Although I might have stalked and watched the white *campañeros* for a week past, yet whenever there came to ear the anvil-like *kong! kang!* or the ringing, sonorous *kaaaaaaaaang!* of a bell-bird three miles away, I always stopped work and became one great ear to this jungle angelus.

One could watch the changing seasons of the great tropical jungle from the same wonder windows of Kalacoon. A dull rose suffused the tree-tops, deepening day by day, and finally the green appeared, picked out everywhere by a myriad blossoms—magenta, mauve, maroon, carmine, rose, salmon-pink. Yet the glass showed only top-gallant foliage of wilted, parti-colored leaves. Illusion upon illusion: these were not wilted, but newborn leaves which thus in their spring glory rivaled our autumnal tints. One never forgot the day when the first mora burst into full bloom—a great mound of lavender pigment, swung nearly two hundred feet in mid-air, dominating all the surrounding jungle growth. This was the lush, prodigal way in which the tropics announced spring.

Whether I had spent the day in hard tramping or stalking in the jungle, or

at my laboratory table trying to disentangle the whys and wherefores from the physical skein of my specimens, toward sunset I always went down to the cement floor of an orchid-house long fallen in decay. This was under the open sky, and from this spot on the highest hilltop in all this region, I watched the end of the day.

No sunset should ever be described, and the Kalacoon sunsets were too wonderful for aught but wordless reverence. They were explosions of wild glory, palettefuls of unheard-of pigments splashed across the sky, and most bewildering because they were chiefly in the west or north. This evening on which I write was sealed with a sunset of negligible yellow, but the east was a splendor of forest fires and minarets, great golden castles and pale-green dragons and snow-capped mountains all conceived and moulded from glorious tumbled cloud-masses, and ultimately melting back into them again. The moriche orioles met the beauty of the heavens with their silver notes, and as the sky cooled, there arose the sweet, trilled cadence of the little tinamou heralding the voices of night. The silvery collared nighthawks began their eternal questioning *who-are-you! who-are-you!* and the coolness banished all thought of the blistering sunshine now pouring down upon the waters of the Pacific.

Not until later, when the night-life was fairly under way, and all the beginnings of the sun hidden and asleep, did the deep bass rumble of the big toads commence, and the tinkling chorus of the little frogs. Last of all came the essence of the nocturnal—the sound furthest removed from day. All other voices seemed to become for an instant hushed, and the poor-me-one spoke—a wail which rose, trembled, and broke into a falling cadence of hopeless sighs.

And now, with the crescent moon

writing its heliograph cipher upon the water, a new sound arose, low and indistinct, lost for a moment, then rising and lost again. Then it rang out rich and harmonious, the full-throated paddling chanty of a gold-boat of blacks coming down river with their tiny pokes of glittering dust. It tore at the heart-strings of memory, and in its wildness, its sad minor strain, was strangely moving. The steersman set the words and in high, quavering tones led the chorus, which broke in, took up the phrase, different each time, and repeated it twice over, with a sweet pathos, a finality of cadence which no trained white chorus could reproduce.

There was much of savage African rhythm in these boat-songs, and instead of the drum of the Zulus came the regular *thump-thump, thump-thump*, of paddles on the thwarts. They were paddling slowly, weary and tired after a long day of portaging, passing with the tide down to Bartica. Then on to a short, exciting period of affluence in Georgetown, after which they would return for another six months in the gold bush. They were realizing their little El Dorados in these very waters more successfully than Sir Walter Raleigh was able to do.

III

I have said that the wonder windows would take one to the Far East; and hardly had the gold-boat passed out of hearing when the never-to-be-forgotten *beat-beat-beat-beat* of a tom-tom rose without hint or introduction, and straightway the cecropias became deodars and the palms dwarfed to *pîpuls* and *sal*, and the smells of the Calcutta bazaars and the dust of Agra caravans lived again in that sound.

A voice in soft Hindustani tones was heard below — the low, inarticulate phrases framing themselves into a gen-

tle *honk-honka, honk, honk-honka*. Then, still out of sight, came a voice on the stairway: 'Salaam, sahib, will sahib come see dance and see wedding?'

The sahib would; and I followed the wavering lantern of the bride's father down the steep, rocky path which, at the water's edge, turned toward the half-dozen huts of the East Indians.

For a week the coolie women had done no work in the fields, but had spent much of their time squatted in chanting circles. I learned that a marriage was to take place, and, to my surprise, the bride proved to be Budhany, the little child who brought us milk each day from the only cow south of the Mazaruni. Another day, as I passed to the tent-boat, I saw the groom, naked save for his breech-clout, looking very foolish and unhappy, seated on a box in the centre of the one short street, and surrounded by six or eight women, all who could reach him vigorously slapping him and rubbing him with oil from head to foot. Every evening, to the dull monotone of a tom-tom, the shrill voices of the women were carried up to Kalacoon; but to-night a louder, more sonorous drum was audible and the moaning whine of a short, misshapen Hindi violin.

Amid a murmur of salaams we seated ourselves on grocery boxes while the audience ranged itself behind. In the flickering light of torches I recognized my friends one by one. There was Guiadeen who had brought in the first ant-eater; he seated us. Then Persaid of the prominent teeth, who had tried to cheat me of a sixpence already paid for a mouse-opossum with her young. Persaid gave us only a hasty salaam, for he was a very busy and fussy master of ceremonies. From behind came the constant droning chant of the priest, lingeringly reading from a tattered Pali volume, an oil torch dripping close to his white turban. His voice was crack-

ed, but his intonation was careful and his words well articulated. The day before we had greeted him and chaffingly admonished him to marry them well.

'God only could promise that,' he had replied with a quick smile.

Others of the little village I knew: Rahim the milkman, and Mahabol, with the head and beard of a Sikh on the legs of a Bengalee, and a thin Bengalee at that. The audience which pressed close behind looked and smelled Calcutta and Darjeeling, and a homesickness which was pain came over me, to be once more among the great Himalayas. The flickering torch showed all my retinue threaded along the outer rim of onlookers; my following who formed a veritable racial tower of Babel. There was Jeremiah the Akawai, and Vingi the Macushi and Semmi the Wapiano — red Indians from forest and savannah. Near them the broad, black African face of little Mame, all eyes and mouth in the dim light. Then de Freitas the Portuguese, and all the others of less certain lineage.

Meanwhile Persaïd had brought forth an oily, vile-smelling liquid with which he coated a square yard of earth, and then with pounded maize and rice he marked out a mystic figure — two squares and diagonals. As the ceremony went on I lost much of the significance, and the coolies themselves seemed very vague. They were all of low caste and preserved more of the form than knowledge of the intricate rites.

We were at the groom's end of the absurd street, and before long Madhoo himself appeared and was led a few steps away by his female tormentors. This time they scrubbed and washed and rinsed him with water, and then dressed him in a soft white waist-cloth draped coolie-wise. Then a long tight-sleeved pink dress was pulled with much difficulty over his head. Madhoo

now looked like a woman dressed in a fashion long extinct. Next, a pink turban was wound wonderfully about his head and he was led to one side of the rice figure, where he sat down on a low stool.

Sam, my black factotum, sat close to me, translating when my slender knowledge of Hindustani gave out. Suddenly he stopped abruptly in the middle of a sentence. I saw that he was staring at the groom, the whites of his eyes glistening in astonishment.

'Chief,' he whispered at last, 'see where my socks, my shoes!'

And sure enough, we saw Persaïd pulling the purple-striped socks, which had been Sam's delight, over the unaccustomed ankles of the groom. These were followed by cheap white tennis shoes, causing another ejaculation on the part of Sam.

'Hello, shoes!' I heard him murmur to himself.

Sam always personified those parts of his environment which touched his feelings most deeply, whether clothes, curries, thorns, or gravitation. When unloading the tent-boat a few nights before, he had left his shoes on the bank; and during a trip up the hill to Kalacoon they had vanished. For a moment I was not sure that Sam, like the hero in some melodrama, would not rise and forbid the marriage. Then I heard him chuckling and knew that his sense of humor and regard for our evening's entertainment had nobly overcome what must have been a very real desire to possess again those gorgeous articles of attire. And, besides, I felt sure that the morrow would witness a short, pithy interview regarding these same articles, between Sam and either Madhoo or Persaïd!

Clad now in this added glory, the groom waited, like the tethered heifer, looking furtively at his circle of well-wishers. His little, shriveled mother

came and squatted close behind him, toboggan-fashion, and flung a fold of her cloth over his back. Then she waved various things three times over his head: a stone grain-crusher, a brass bowl of water, and tossed rice and pellets of dough in the four directions. Red paint was put on her toes and feet and caste marks on her son.

Meanwhile the dancer had begun and his musicians were in full swing; but of these I shall speak later. The groom was backed into an elaborate head-dress, a high, open-work affair of long wired beads with dangling artificial flowers. First it was placed on the mother's head and then on the turban of the long-suffering young man. An outflaring of torches and a line of white-robed and turbaned coolies from the other end of the street of six houses roused the groom and his friends to new activity. He climbed upon one of the men, straddling his neck, and what appeared to be a best man, or boy, mounted another human steed. They were then carried the few feet to the house of the bride, the shiny, black-rubber soles of the filched tennis shoes sticking absurdly out in front. A third man carried a bundle, — very small, to which no one seemed to attach much importance, — which was said to contain clothes for the bride.

After an undignified dismounting, the groom squatted by a new rice-and-maize square and removed his shoes and socks, to his own evident relief and Sam's renewed excitement. Then coppers passed to the priest and many symbolic gifts were put in the groom's hands; some of these he ate, and others he laid in the square. Whenever money passed, it was hidden under sweet-smelling frangipani blossoms, or temple-flowers, as they are called in India. The bride's mother came out and performed numerous rites to and around the groom; finally, a small person in

white also achieved one or two unimportant things and disappeared.

While we waited for some culminating event, the groom stood up, skillfully lit a cigarette through the meshes of the dangling head-dress, and walked with his friends to the porch of the opposite house, where he squatted on the earthen floor in the semi-darkness. Then came Persaïd and announced, 'Marriage over; man wait until daylight, then carry off bride to honeymoon house' — the 'dobe hut plastered all over with the imprint of hundreds of white, outspread fingers and palms.

The marriage over! This was a shock. The critical moment had come and passed, eluding us, and Budhany, the little bride, had appeared and vanished so hurriedly that we had not recognized her.

The dancer had throughout been the focus of interest for me. There was no perfunctory work or slurring over of the niceties of his part, and his sincerity and absorption inspired and stimulated his four assistants until they fairly lost themselves in *abandon* to the rhythm and the chant. His name was Gokool and he had come up from one of the great coastal sugar plantations. Nowhere outside of India had I seen such conscientious devotion to the dancer's work.

Rammo the tent-boat captain played the cretinous violin; he it was who never tired of bringing us giant *buprestids* and rails' eggs, and whose reward was to watch and listen to our typewriter machine through all the time that he dared prolong his visit to our laboratory. Dusrate played the tiny clinking cymbals; Matoora, he of the woman's voice, held the torch always close before the dancer's face; while the drummer — the most striking of them all — was a stranger, Omeer by name. Omeer, with the double-ended tom-tom in a neck-sling, followed Gokool about,

his eyes never leaving the latter's face. Little by little he became wholly rapt, absorbed, and his face so expressive, so working with emotion, that I could watch nothing else.

Gokool was a real actor, a master of his art, with a voice deep, yet shifting easily to falsetto quavers, and with the controlled ability of emphasizing the slightest intonations and delicate semi-tones which made his singing full of emotional power. He got his little orchestra together, patting his palms in the *tempo* he wished, then broke suddenly into the wailing, dynamic, abrupt phrases which I knew so well. Had not my servants droned them over my camp-fires from Kashmir to Myitkyina, and itinerant ballad-singers chanted them from Ceylon to the Great Snows!

Gokool's dress was wide and his skirt flaring, so that, when he whirled, it stood straight out, and it was stiff with embroidery and scintillating with tinsel. From his sleek, black hair came perfume, that musky, exciting scent which alone would summon India to mind as with a rub of Aladdin's lamp. His anklets and bracelets clinked as he moved; and suddenly, and to our Western senses always unexpectedly, he would begin the swaying, reeling motion, almost that of a cobra in hood. Then after several more phrases, chanted with all the fire and temperamental vigor which marks Hindu music, he would start the rigid little muscular steps which carried him over the ground with no apparent effort, though all the time he was wholly tense and working up into that ecstasy which would obsess him more and more. His songs were of love and riches and war, and all the things of life which can mean so little to these poor coolies.

Exhausted at last, he stopped; and I found that I too suddenly relaxed — that I had been sitting with every muscle tense in sympathy. Gokool came

and gave me salaam, and as he turned away for a hand-hollowed puff of hemp I spoke a little word of thanks in his own tongue.

He looked back, not believing that he had heard aright. I repeated it and asked if he knew 'Dar-i-Parhadoor,' this being my phonetic spelling of a certain ballad of ancient India.

'Koom, sahib,' he said; and kneeling touched my foot with his head.

Then we talked as best we could, and I found he was from the Hills, and knew and adored the Parhadoor, and was even more homesick for the Great Snows than I. But once something had snapped in his head and he could not work in the sun, and could dance but rarely; so now he earned money for his daily rice only and could never return.

Then he gathered his musicians once more and sang part of the majestic Parhadoor, which is full of romance and royal wars, and has much to do with the wonders of the early Rajputs. And he sang more to me than to the groom, who neither looked nor listened, but kept busy with his clothes.

Out of all the pressing throng a little coolie boy came and squatted close, and his eyes grew large as he listened to the tale, and from time to time he smiled at me. He had once brought me a coral snake, but I could not call him by name. Now I knew him for the one unlike the rest, — worthy perhaps of a place in my memory roll of supercoolies, — who worked at weeding day after day, like the rest of the men, but who thought other thoughts than those of Mahabol and Guiadeen. I wished I had known of him sooner.

So Gokool sang to us two, the coolie boy and me, a song of ancient India, and danced it by moonlight here in this American jungle, and I dotted his dancing circle with pence, and a few bits, and even a shilling or two. And Gokool thanked me with dignity. And his face

will long remain vivid, tense with feeling, forgetful of all but the loud-cadenced phrases, the quavering chant which broke in and out of falsetto so subtly that no Western voice may imitate it. And I like to think that he enjoyed dancing for a sahib who loved Lucknow and the old ballads. And so we parted.

After I cached the vampire lantern behind its intrenched bulwark of books and magazines, I leaned far out of a window and thought over the night's happenings. It was long after midnight, and the steady throb of the tomtom still kept rhythm with the beat of my temples, and I gave myself up to the lure of the hypnotic monotone.

One thought kept recurring — of the little girl far back in the dark depths of the wattled hut. She was so little, so childish, and her part that evening had been so slight and perfunctory, not as much as that of any of the other women and girls who had slovenly performed the half-understood rites. She had brought us milk regularly, and smiled when we wished salaam to her.

She knew less of India than I did. Guiana, this alien land, as humid and luxuriant as the Great Plains were dry and parched — this was her native country. And this evening was her supreme moment; yet her part in it had not seemed fair. She would have liked so much to have worn that pink dress which made of her future husband a

caricature; she would have adored to place the shining, tinsel head-dress on her black hair — more with a child's delight than a woman's. And now she would live in a house of her own, and not a play-house, and obey this kind-faced young man — young, but not in comparison with her, whose father he could have been. And she would have anklets and bracelets and a gorgeous nose-button if he could save enough shillings, — I almost said rupees, — and ultimately she would go and cut grass with the other women, and each day take her little baby astride her hip down to the water and wash it, as she, so very short a time ago, had been washed.

And so, close to the wonder windows, we had seen a marriage of strange peoples, who were yet of our own old Aryan stock; whose ceremonies were already ancient when the Christians first kept faith, now transported to a new land where life was infinitely easier for them than in their own overcrowded villages; immigrants to the tropical hinterland where they rubbed elbows with idle Africans and stolid Red Indians. And I was glad of all their strange symbolic doings, for these showed imagination and a love of the long past in time and the distant in space.

I wished a good wish for Budhany, our little milkmaid, and forgot all in the sound, dreamless sleep which comes each night to Kalacoon.

YELLOW WARBLERS

BY KATHARINE LEE BATES

THE first faint dawn was flushing up the skies,
When, dreamland still bewildering mine eyes,
I looked out to the oak that, winter-long, —
A winter wild with war and woe and wrong, —
Beyond my casement had been void of song.

And lo! with golden buds the twigs were set,
Live buds that warbled like a rivulet
Beneath a veil of willows. Then I knew
Those tiny voices, clear as drops of dew,
Those flying daffodils that fleck the blue,

Those sparkling visitants from myrtle isles —
Wee pilgrims of the sun, that measured miles
Innumerable over land and sea
With wings of shining inches. Flakes of glee,
They filled that dark old oak with jubilee,

Foretelling in delicious roundelays
Their dainty courtships on the dipping sprays,
How they should fashion nests, mate helping mate,
Of milkweed flax and fern-down delicate,
To keep sky-tinted eggs inviolate.

Listening to those blithe notes, I slipped once more
From lyric dawn through dreamland's open door,
And there was God, Eternal Life that sings
Eternal joy, brooding all mortal things,
A nest of stars, beneath untroubled wings.

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS 'IN RESIDENCE'

BY WILLIAM J. TUCKER

THE twenty-fifth anniversary of the South End Settlement House, Boston, in itself a noteworthy event in the more recent life of the city, is worthy of wider recognition as representing a distinct phase of the social movement of the last quarter of a century. The general object of that movement, in the words of Jane Addams, was 'the effort to add the social function to democracy.' Settlement work in particular had for its object the endeavor to arrest the segregation of classes which was rapidly going on in the larger cities of the country. The segregated classes, set apart by circumstance as if by force, were being recruited from the disabled or otherwise discouraged families of the native population; from immigrants of diverse nationalities; from the ranks of unskilled labor; and from that constant and considerable element born to the inheritance of poverty, or to those inheritances which predispose to poverty and crime. These classes filled the tenement houses of the congested districts, and overflowed into the abandoned homes of the declining neighborhood.

It is not surprising that the settlement idea, when applied to a condition at once so widespread and so acute, should seem somewhat limited in its scope; but the idea was at least clear and definite. Moreover, it was logical. It was obvious that the process of segregation could be arrested only through some actual and effective identification of society at large with the segregated classes. Various agencies were already at work among them to their advan-

tage and for the public good — the religious mission, the charity organization, the public school. Even the political club, like Tammany, had a value in its work among the newer immigrants. But there still remained the need of something which should represent more simply and more completely the one idea of identification — not primarily that of giving or even of serving, but of sharing. This was the settlement idea, and the first step to be taken in carrying it out was for the settlement worker to go into residence in the neighborhood of the segregated classes.

There were two possible difficulties to be overcome: first, that of securing residents in sufficient numbers and of the right quality, and second, that of making their residence a social reality, a thoroughly human fact in the view of their neighbors. The first difficulty was not discouraging, for experience in matters of like concern had shown how ready was the response of the colleges, universities, and seminaries to the call to sacrificing service. The second difficulty was more serious. We shall fail to understand the significance of the settlement if we fail to understand the imperative and exacting nature of its underlying idea. Going into residence could mean nothing less to the resident than a process of naturalization. It was more than outwardly casting in his lot with his new neighbors. It meant the establishing of reciprocal relations with them. It meant the willingness and the ability on his part to receive

from them as well as to give to them. It meant the interpretation to them and to himself of the possibilities of the common lot. It was not to be chiefly a matter of self-denial. It called for the enthusiasm of the initiative, the enthusiasm of insight and faith. It involved the immediate recognition, and later the understanding, of the resources of the neighborhood as well as of its necessities. It involved further the ability, through careful study and investigation, to relate both its resources and its necessities to those general economic conditions which affect so vitally the social status of every working community,

Such was the settlement idea, with its manifest opportunity and with its equally manifest difficulties, which was to be put to the proof. There stood to its credit, and to the very great advantage of those who were to try the experiment in this country, the experience of the men from the English universities who had gone into residence in the slums of London. The pioneers of settlement work in our American cities — Stanton Coit in New York (1886) and Vida Scudder (the Women's College Settlement of 1889), Jane Addams in Chicago (1889) and Robert A. Woods in Boston (1891) — had made themselves familiar by studies on the ground with the principles and methods of the English settlements. Mr. Woods had been a resident at Toynbee Hall on a fellowship from Andover Seminary; and as a result of his experiences published the first book on the general subject issued in this country, under the title, *English Social Movements*.

Modifications of the settlement idea were necessary to adapt it fully to our social conditions; but the rapid growth of settlements when once the work had begun showed not only the inherent vitality of the idea but also its adaptability. In 1891 there were four settlements: two in New York, one in Chi-

cago, and one in Boston; in 1897, seventy-four; in 1900, two hundred and four; in 1911, four hundred and thirteen; in 1916, more than five hundred.

The settlement motive has also gone out into the newer aims and methods of the churches and schools, and of community clubs. Growth is seen to be intensive as well as extensive. Settlement workers are coming to an increasing consciousness of the depth of their motive, as they have a better measure of the range of their work. Federations of settlements in the larger cities are bringing neighborhood workers together for the exchange of experiences, for the elimination of competition and cross-purposes, for sharing the results of the best skill and leadership, and for considering the most effective measures for influencing public opinion, or for securing desired legislation. There is a National Federation of Settlements with a constituent membership of nearly two hundred settlements and of several thousand residents. The Federation holds an annual conference 'for the casting up of local community problems in their broader meanings and bearings,' and for the furtherance of ends which can be effected only through 'the massing of forces.'

This summary of growth, however, impressive as it is as evidence of increasing vitality and of cumulative power, does not answer certain questions reaching below organization and outward results, which are essential to any just appraisal of the present value of the settlements in their local or national service. There are three questions of this nature which seem to me to call for a definite answer.

Has the settlement idea proved a creative force capable of organizing and carrying out a specific work in the broad field of community organization?

To what extent has the settlement proved to be a contributory force of

recognized value in the related field of economic and civic reform?

And, perhaps most essential, how far has the settlement succeeded in developing a type of leadership fitted to meet and satisfy its requirements, and capable of taking a responsible part in the public service? It is evident that in the final analysis the whole question returns upon the resident himself, his personality, his resources, and the definiteness and sincerity of his purpose.

I

The settlement idea has virtually created a new social unit of very great possibilities out of the city neighborhood, corresponding in kind to the ward as a political unit, or to the parish as a religious unit. The city neighborhood of the congested districts may be said to be almost a self-existent fact. It is the inevitable consequence of congestion. It easily becomes an altogether dominant fact. It quickly fixes the grade of the individual and of the family within its limits. At its best, it creates a condition of social mediocrity. At its worst, it becomes an actively demoralizing environment, a forcing-bed of poverty and disease, the home of the gang, the haunt of the vices.

This demoralizing or depressing effect of the congested neighborhood had long been a fact of common observation, and had begun to be a fact of common concern. It was the distinction of the settlement that it seized upon this fact of neighborhood domination and reinterpreted it in terms of social value. The environment of the neighborhood was in itself neither moral nor immoral, but unmoral — simply a neutral fact. Why not, then, reverse the method of philanthropic effort, and instead of working for the rescue of the individual or the family from a bad environment, work, if need be, with redoubled effort

but with better hope, to reconstruct the neighborhood with the consent and coöperation of its residents?

This idea of changing the character of a bad environment through the aid of those affected by it was not altogether original. It can be traced perhaps more directly than to any other source to the teachings and personal influence of Mr. Ruskin. As early as 1866 Octavia Hill, aided by Mr. Ruskin, had shown what could be done in changing over a low-type tenement house in London by making her home in the house and educating the tenants to the change while the physical transformation was going on about them. At about the same time, and with a like object, Edward Denison, a pupil of Mr. Ruskin, went 'into residence,' or, as it seemed to some of his friends, into social exile, in the Stepney district of East London; and later, Arnold Toynbee, acting under the same influence and to the same end. Then came in due time Toynbee Hall and the London settlements, to be followed, as has been seen, by the hundreds of settlements in this country.

The results to be expected from the application of the settlement idea must necessarily vary somewhat according to the characteristics of the neighborhood, and according to the special interests and aptitudes of the residents. Some neighborhoods open to settlement work, like the 'villages' of Greenwich and Chelsea in New York City, contain a remnant of old inhabitants. Though invaded by the factory and the tenement, many of the old houses of the village remain, transformed into rooming- or boarding-houses. This mingling of a decadent social element with the raw social material of the immigrant classes constitutes, wherever it is found, a distinct problem. Other neighborhoods are altogether made up of immigrants, homogeneous or heterogeneous as one nationality or many occupy the

ground, and to be treated accordingly. The race-question is sensitive, and often complicated, even if confined to a single race. It may be desirable, for example, to prevent the too rapid Americanization of the more forward races, especially of the children, involving, as it often does, the loss of certain racial qualities of value to our composite national life. And there are other neighborhoods still in which the element of unskilled labor predominates, irrespective of nationality — where the sweatshop is typical of the industries; where the struggle for existence is acute; and where the consequent result is poverty and disease in many forms. It is evident that the various problems in such a district are at their root economic, and crowd the line of the living wage.

In less degree, and yet to an appreciable extent, results may be expected to vary according to the special interests and aptitudes of the residents. Settlement work is too personal to be standardized. While the general policy of all settlements is the same, every house has its distinctive character. The immediate motives leading to their establishment may vary from the religious, or ethical, or broadly human motive, to the educational, or even the more strictly scientific. The head of the house, as the permanent resident, is more than a directive force: his or her personality becomes a controlling influence. At the same time there is abundant room for the free play of each resident's individuality. Personal qualities, as well as previous training, may find complete use.

And yet, all these diversities of personal gifts and personal interests are subordinate and tributary to the one supreme end of the neighborhood settlement, namely, to awaken the neighborhood to self-consciousness, to make it aware of its possibilities as a community, and to stimulate and aid in the work of reconstruction. Evidently the

greatest gift for this object on the part of the residents is the gift of interpretation. Before the neighborhood can be expected to respond to any action in its behalf, it must feel that it is understood; and as the work advances, it must see that its latent and almost unconscious desires are discerned and expressed. Richard Watson Gilder called a settlement house the 'House of the Interpreter.' An old man in the Hull House neighborhood put this analogy in concrete and local terms: 'We know we are here and Miss Addams knows we are here, but she knows we are here better than we know we are here.'

This process of interpretation and of reconstruction is of necessity slow and arduous. The drift of society in its lower forms is toward the defensive. There is an obstinate conservatism among the poor quite as marked as that among the rich. Any settlement neighborhood gives the impression of inaccessibility even when there is no barrier of language. But means of access are not wanting. Not infrequently the child leads the way. Concern for children is a fundamental and common interest, a fact which justifies the testimony of an experienced worker, that through the various efforts in their behalf, especially those of the neighborhood nurse, 'the children of many neighborhoods are better born and better nourished than they were a generation ago'; and further, that 'young boys and girls are cleaner, brighter, better-mannered and better set-up than those of fifteen years ago'; and further still, that 'more boys and girls go to high schools and trade schools than ten years ago.' According to the same observer, following out the educational and organizing work of the settlement, 'Two decades of club work have prepared a generation capable of uniting for coöperative effort. The increasing readiness of neighbors to join with one another in securing public im-

provements, as school-centres, playgrounds, baths, gymnasia; their more positive attitude toward demoralizing and disintegrating agencies, both their own and those foisted on them from without, are evidences of the growth of the spirit of social reciprocity.'

The settlement does not enter a neighborhood to compete with other agencies. Two of its cardinal principles in relation to other agencies are, first, not to attempt to duplicate what is already being done to the advantage of the community, and second, to relinquish any service which can be accomplished equally well by others. Its first work, often quite prolonged, is to establish neighborly relations. It does not seek for immediate results. In this respect it was often a disappointment to its early friends and supporters. But the initial process cannot be hurried. It takes time to make the natural acquaintance of one's neighbors, to remove any suspicion of patronage, to become an accepted rather than a tolerated member of the community. It takes time to make such an informing but unobtrusive study of neighborhood conditions as may allow the actual work of improvement to begin without blundering. It required years, as I recall, of quiet, inconspicuous personal work through its early home in Rollins Street before the South End House was able to establish its various working centres throughout the neighborhood. But over against this slowness in the process of incorporating the settlement into the neighborhood stands the equally plain fact of the rapid widening and deepening of all the currents of influence when once the incorporation has been effected. The years of deferred results are not wasted if they give the residents a sane understanding of the actual weaknesses and necessities of the neighborhood, a true estimate of its potencies as well as of its available re-

sources, and above all a sincere appreciation of the people themselves in their individual and coöperative life. The struggle to create an effective social unit out of the average settlement neighborhood is continuous because of the heterogeneous and shifting character of the population; but in spite of these drawbacks, it is not too much to say that the tendency in many such neighborhoods is steadily toward stability and unity. The advance can be measured in terms which apply to the whole community.

II

In considering settlement work as a contributory force in the field of economic and civic reform we pass to a secondary though exceedingly important service. It is necessary to repeat that the chief end in view must always be the upbuilding of the neighborhood, its development into an effective social unit; while the test of success must be found in those results which can come only from loyalty to this original and originating purpose—to what has been called the 'genius' of the movement. 'The settlements,' says the head of the South End House, 'deal primarily, not with causes running across the social strata, though they must not neglect these, but with the all-around human relations of the neighborhood.' The significance of the various 'causes running across the social strata' lies in the fact that they represent those outlying conditions, chiefly economic, that press so hard upon the neighborhood environment. Poverty, much of idleness and crime, social discontent, unemployment, the contentions of labor, are all intimately related to wrong economic or civic conditions; and unless these are traced to their source, social workers will repeat the mistake of the early philanthropists in allowing charity to cover the sins of economic inefficiency

and of civic indifference. That such is not the present liability is evidenced by the published investigations of the more advanced settlements. These show that research is not a mere by-product of settlement work. Though projected from a background of knowledge acquired in the daily routine, it is carried out into the closest details of observation and study.

There are certain characteristics of the studies and investigations of the settlements which give them a unique value. Where the subject allows, they are marked by a comprehensiveness which is seldom found elsewhere. A neighborhood is studied as a whole in its historical setting, if it is on the decline, and in right perspective if it is in the stage of chaotic growth. The various matters which call for investigation are set forth in true proportion, a result which does not often attend the methods of purely specialized study. Studies like *Hull House Maps and Papers*—a presentation of nationalities and wages in a congested district of Chicago; or, more completely, *The City Wilderness: a settlement study of the South End District of Boston*, show as by the exhibit of a cross-section how varied are the forces and influences which are at work to mould the life of a settlement community. On the basis of such surveys the organization of the facts about population, work, and wages, standards of living, popular amusements, the sources of lawlessness and crime, the roots of political power, the state of education and religion, constitutes a fund of information invaluable to all who have to do with municipal affairs, or with the science of municipal government.

Another characteristic of settlement studies is the intimate and sympathetic character of the knowledge they reveal. In this respect they have a value beyond that of any ordinary statistical investigation. They bring to light

many things which elude research, the things which come out of personal intimacies, which spring unexpectedly out of the contacts of the daily life: as seen in Mrs. Kelly's studies into the sweating system, and into the overcrowded tenement, and in Mrs. More's study into the actual standard of living in working-class families in New York, carried on at the Greenwich House, and published under the title, *The Wage-Earner's Budget*.

A further variety of settlement study marks the psychological approach to the younger life which the settlement touches. Miss Addams's *Spirit of Youth and the City Streets* has revolutionized the thought of great numbers of parents and has modified the attitude of entire communities to their young people. *Young Working Girls*, edited by Robert A. Woods and Albert J. Kennedy for the National Federation of Settlements, gives a summary of the evidence of two thousand social workers bearing upon this most perplexing and urgent subject, and is to be followed by studies of adolescent boys, and of pre-adolescent girls and boys.

The readers of the *Atlantic* have become acquainted with a highly specialized form of settlement work through the papers of Miss Wald (running through the year 1915) on 'The House in Henry Street.' This is primarily a nurses' settlement, and very much of its success is due to its method of dealing with the problems of sickness and disease in the tenements. Through its thorough system of visitation it was able to understand the mental attitude of families toward the treatment of disease, to discover the meaning of the home instinct in regard to the care of the sick, especially of children, and to demonstrate the therapeutic value of the home under proper training as comparable with that of the hospital. The employment of the school nurse and the

tuberculosis nurse, and the inauguration of the health-service of some of the industrial insurance companies, are among the results of this applied experience of the settlement. The public has shown its indorsement of the methods employed by contributing generously toward a million-dollar fund now being raised for the treatment of children of the city crippled by infantile paralysis, to be administered through the settlement and its branches.

In referring to the published studies or exhibits of some of the settlements no attempt has been made to give a bibliography. The references have been merely illustrative. The bibliography is already large and is rapidly increasing. But this represents only in small degree the actual part which is taken by the settlements in their semi-public service. The increasing wealth of detailed information about the conditions of life in tenement localities makes their knowledge and advice indispensable to those who are interested in obtaining remedial legislation. 'Settlement workers are gradually learning,' says one of the older residents, 'that they have unique power with legislative committees when they come forward strictly on the basis of what they have seen and do know, giving chapter and verse out of immediate local experience. It is quite surprising how hungry the average legislator is for such testimony. Taken altogether, it is probable that the settlements have accomplished more by reinforcing the proposals for social legislation brought forward by others, than even through legislative enterprises in which they have taken the initiative.' These 'legislative enterprises,' however, have been of much local, and even national, value — the early factory legislation in Illinois, the Connecticut tenement-house act, the bar-and-bottle bill in Massachusetts, the national investigation in-

to the conditions of women and children in industry, and the organization of the Children's Bureau in the Department of Commerce and Labor. It seems likely that, as the settlements are now more highly organized through city federations and through the National Federation, much larger use will be made of legislation to effect certain necessary reforms. I note that the discussions at the regular conferences are taking a broader range and a more positive tone. The effect of wide coöperative action has been to enlarge the sense of responsibility and of power.

III

Whatever may prove to be the value of the settlement idea or the practicability of its methods, the question of ultimate success must return upon the resident. Can the settlement develop a type of service and of leadership fitted to meet and satisfy its requirements? The requirements are, we have seen, peculiar. Settlement work is unique among the trained callings of its intellectual and moral grade. Though a highly trained calling, it cannot become distinctly a profession. The efficacy of the service rendered lies in its non-professional character. It is personal, to the exclusion of any suggestion or suspicion of professionalism. In like degree it is personal, to the exclusion of any suggestion or suspicion of institutionalism. The House is primarily a home among other homes. Men or women are 'in residence' for a purpose, but in a personal not in an official capacity. Their life is one of intimate and stimulating association, but with nothing about it to repress the play of individuality, or to separate the resident from the people of the neighborhood. Apart from the house or houses of a given settlement there are often working centres, and the general work must

be organized under the guidance of an executive staff; but the amount of machinery is reduced to a minimum. The relative cost in organization and equipment, as I shall show later in a specific instance, is slight when compared with that of the maintenance of an institution. The great expenditure is in personal power.

Without doubt there is a tendency on the part of the larger settlements toward a degree of institutional development, but I think that the danger from it is not serious so long as the present preponderance of the personal over the institutional is maintained. There are few signs of any lapse in purpose or in spirit from the singleness and simplicity of the original idea. 'The institutional settlement,' says Mr. Gaylord S. White of the Union Settlement, New York, 'has always been regarded by the friends of the movement as in a measure a necessary evil — a development which might be required by the situation but permitted with regret. The older settlements will doubtless endeavor to continue to meet the needs that arise in their neighborhoods, so long as the municipality lags behind in its enterprises of social service, even if this necessitates a further development in the way of institutions. But when new settlements are organized, their promoters will do well to consider whether their opportunity does not lie in the direction of the simpler residential type.'

From the nature of the work the sources of supply for residents must be limited to the colleges. The limitation has its exceptions, but they are rare. A resident must have had the foundation at least for advanced training in economic and sociological studies. The settlement worker is constantly confronted with problems for which he must be reasonably prepared by previous study. His contribution to the in-

tellectual equipment of the House determines in large degree his individual value. The study of economic problems, however they may arise, is teamwork. The intellectual capital for the business of the settlement is simply the sum total of the intellectual equipment of the residents. But the attitude of the resident toward his work is not simply or chiefly that of intellectual interest. It has in it the element of altruistic devotion. It is not the ordinary attitude taken toward business. It is to be classed rather with those callings which presuppose the spirit of consecration. I am not surprised to find that the Christian associations in the colleges have become a recruiting ground for the settlements. Neither am I surprised to find that there is a growing diversion from the ministry to the work of the settlements and to other kinds of related work, due partly to the greater independence and freedom which they allow, and partly to the permanency of service contrasted with the growing tendency to abridge the working years of the ministry by 'the dead line of fifty.'

What of the graduates from settlement service, in so far as the settlements are training schools for public service, or positions of like responsibility and influence? I find in looking over a list which one house has given out of the present occupations of men who were former residents, but no longer in settlement work, some thirty in number, that seven now hold official positions in the public service, seven are secretaries of semi-public organizations, eight are connected with business houses chiefly as experts in employment, four are professors, and three are journalists. There is no reason to suppose that this exhibit is exceptional. A surprisingly large number of men trained in the settlements, many of whom have gained wide public recognition, are to be found in various positions of

civic service, municipal, state, and federal. Several of the leading officials in the present administration of the city of New York were former settlement residents. The same general fact is to be noted in regard to the public service of women who have been, or who are still connected with the women's settlements, of whom examples are Miss Addams of Hull House and Miss Wald of Henry Street, Mrs. Mary K. Simkhovitch of the Greenwich House, the centre of a remarkable group of municipal agencies, Miss McDowell of the University of Chicago Settlement, whose efforts brought about the national investigation into the conditions under which wage-earning women and children work, and Miss Julia Lathrop, head of the Children's Bureau. The settlement gave women one of their first opportunities to enter upon public service. To-day they are in the majority in settlement work and their influence is proportionate to their numbers.

The settlement, besides doing its own specific work, has proved to be an avenue leading directly into those new fields of opportunity so inviting to those who wish to put themselves into some really serviceable relation to the isolated and unsocialized peoples. It has been found to stand in practice no less than in theory for intelligent and well-directed altruism. I believe that the more carefully its workings are examined the more hearty will be the acceptance of the publicly expressed opinion of Mr. Roosevelt when Governor of New York: 'It seems to me that this type of work is more important for our civic and social betterment than any other that is now being undertaken by any one, or by any society.'

IV

Although the twenty-fifth anniversary of the South End House, Boston,

was the occasion, not the subject, of this article, a closing word of reference is due to the House as being in itself one of the most complete and consistent illustrations of the settlement idea. Forced by the needs of the neighborhood to take on a considerable institutional development, it has in no wise departed from the original residential type. This consistency of development has been secured by maintaining an unusually large residential force, and by scattering its working agencies throughout the district instead of concentrating them at one locality. There are in the settlement to-day thirty-two residents, twelve men and twenty women. Among these are five married couples having their own homes, two in apartments provided at the House, three at different points in the neighborhood. Nine of the residents are on salaries for full time and three for part time; four are holders of fellowships; the remainder are unpaid, five of whom devote their entire time to the work. To the residents are to be added over one hundred associate workers, a number of whom are from the neighborhood. The whole force is under the direction of a staff of six of the most experienced workers. One fourth of the residents have been in service for over four years. Mr. Woods has been the head of the House from the beginning, the only instance, except that of Miss Addams, of like continuous service. The exceptional permanency of the residential force has given special value to the social and economic investigations of the House.

As has been intimated, the South End House has developed, in a way unique among the settlements, the plan of distributing rather than of massing its various activities. In this way it gains direct access to the separate groups of different economic grades, and different nationalities, which make up a district population of 45,000, about

equally divided between those living in tenements, and those living in lodgings in disused residence houses. Besides the headquarters and men's residence (20 Union Park) there is the women's residence, a 'Union' for civic and recreational uses, a registry house for approved lodgings, a nurses' house,—an offshoot from the women's residence,—and a house of childhood. There are also several out-of-town houses known as vacation centres. One of the most interesting and useful of these last is the caddies' home at Bretton Woods, a resort much desired and striven for as a reward for good 'citizenship' by the boys of the neighborhood, from whom the 'gangs' would otherwise be recruited.

The general management of the settlement is in the hands of a council of twenty-four elected by an association of some three hundred members. The finances of the settlement are on a democratic basis. The settlement is not underwritten by any wealthy patron, but is supported by annual subscriptions from members of the Association and from others interested in the work. The value of the unencumbered real estate is about \$100,000, and the amount of the present endowment fund is \$30,000. The annual cost of the settlement is about \$20,000. I doubt if an example can be found, outside the range of the social settlements, of results of like character and magnitude attained with so great economy of material resources, because of such lavish and generous expenditure of personal service. This preponderance of personal service and sacrifice must always exist as vital to all settlement work; but in view of the results achieved, the question is pertinent whether the time has not now come for society at large to coöperate more freely through wise and adequate endowments insuring permanency of results.

The specific object of the settlement when first applied to social conditions in this country was, as we have seen, to arrest the process of segregation which was going on in all our larger cities. I think that we should now speak of this same object in much larger terms. When we now refer to the vast work of assimilating our foreign peoples we speak of their Americanization. We have not as yet, however, come to understand that any serious attempt to carry out this purpose must involve in a very real sense the re-Americanization of the native stock. Nowhere is this necessity more apparent than in the older communities like New England. The man of Puritan traditions and training has before him a much greater duty than that of tolerance or even of hospitality—the duty of understanding through study, sympathy, and coöperation the alien peoples with whom his lot is now cast. What can better serve to remind him of this urgent and impartial duty than the presence in the city of Boston, the great immigrant city of New England, of the organized groups of highly trained and sympathetic men and women committed to the task of unifying our diverse and discordant social elements, in the interest alike of native and of alien, but above all in the interest of the Republic? Evidently the emphasis will fall upon this unifying work differently in different parts of the country, but it must mean everywhere both the Americanization and the re-Americanization of our whole people, if we are to learn to think of the Nation according to its constituent elements and in terms at all commensurate with its manifest future. In the searching trial through which we are now passing, I believe it will be found that after the public school the social settlement has been the most direct and effective agency at work for the coherence and the integrity of the Nation.

THE AMERICAN PLAN FOR ENFORCING PEACE

BY SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK

I AM asked to give an opinion from a British point of view of the proposals of the League to Enforce Peace. Liberal compliance with this request would be rather difficult, for I fail to see why there is, or should be, any specially British point of view on a question of universal international justice. Neither can it be said that there exists in fact any decided national view; we have not so far had any thorough discussion. My impression is that competent opinion here is not at present so near a general consent as it appears to be in America. Be that as it may, my individual opinion is so much in accordance with that of the League that I have really no criticism of substance to offer, and can only make some observations on the proposals by way of illustration and supplement. Again, I do not know what risk there may be in America of such misunderstandings as have exercised one or two able publicists here, and therefore must crave excuse if any cautionary explanation here set down is superfluous for most readers of the *Atlantic Monthly*. I will follow the proposals of the League in the order in which they are laid down.

First: *All justiciable questions arising between the signatory powers, not settled by negotiation, shall, subject to the limitations of treaties, be submitted to a judicial tribunal for hearing and judgment both upon the merits and upon any issue as to its jurisdiction of the question.*

The reference to the limitations of treaties apparently means that signatory powers would remain free to act

in particular cases, as between themselves, on any special arbitration treaties to which they were already parties, such as the treaty of 1914 between Great Britain and the United States. Disposal of any question under such a treaty would in effect be a species of settlement out of court, and rather to be encouraged. The constitution of the tribunal is wisely not specified in detail. Until the plan is seriously taken up by the authority of a quorum of governments, in such number and value as will suffice to make it workable, it is useless to spend time in weighing out the imaginary mint and anise and cummin. One of the things to be considered will be whether, and to what extent, the machinery already established on a merely voluntary basis at The Hague can be made use of. It would be wholly premature to express an opinion on this.

The tribunal itself is to be charged with the duty of determining whether any question submitted to it is 'justiciable' — as leading to issues capable of definite judicial determination; or 'non-justiciable' — as depending on moral or political considerations which cannot be reduced to a definite issue. In the latter case, the matter would, I presume, be passed on to the Board of Conciliation to be next mentioned. This would be simpler than instituting some kind of special examining committee or *tribunal des conflits*, and I see no reason why it should be less efficient.

Nothing is said about enforcing the awards of the tribunal when made; and it does not appear that any such

provision is necessary. There have, in fact, been very few cases of refusal to execute an international award on a question submitted to arbitration by agreement of the parties. It must not be supposed, however, that the League would be wholly indifferent to the subsequent conduct of the litigants. A successful litigant state should not be left under the unrestrained temptation to execute the award for itself by military force if the defeated party fails to comply with it for a time which appears unreasonable. It seems that taking the law into one's own hand without the authority of the League, even after an award, would be in spirit, if not in the absolute letter, such an act of hostility as is provided against in the third article, and that the proper course in case of excessive delay would be to appeal to the League — in an executive, not a judicial capacity — for license to take the necessary steps. I cannot help thinking that the first case of this kind which arose would probably lead to the League being invested with direct executive power, tempered perhaps by the requirement of using, in this class of emergencies, economic pressure before military action. But it is possible that the need might never arise. In cases of extraordinary difficulty there might be a provision for rehearing by a specially reinforced tribunal. Any regular appellate procedure, however, seems neither practicable nor desirable.

The suggestion of President Lowell of Harvard, that the court should have power to issue decrees in the nature of interlocutory injunctions, pending the hearing and decision of a cause, is eminently reasonable and proper.

The judicial proceedings of the tribunal would presumably be public, except for some very special reason. Not that such reasons appear likely to occur, but it would be unwise not to leave room for the possibility.

Some people here have gratuitously assumed that the League would undertake to guarantee the territorial *status quo* of its members, and have thereupon raised an alarm of a revived Holy Alliance for the oppression of national movements and subjection of minor states. There is no foundation whatever for this. Neither boundaries, nor forms of government, nor domestic regulation of provincial autonomy, the condition of protected or personally united states, and the like, would be guaranteed against anything but the forcible interference of an external power which refused to submit the matters in difference to conciliation or arbitration. It is true that the formation of a stable and effective league presupposes the establishment of a more stable and rational system of political boundaries, and a much better approximation to the general satisfaction of national desires and sympathies than had been attained in 1914. But reconstruction of that kind has to be undertaken in any case as part of the settlement after the war, and the prospect of a standing League of Peace would in my judgment make it easier, if anything. As for the smaller states, which are now powerless in isolation, they would have everything to gain by acquiring a defined position and an assured voice in closer contact with the greater powers and with one another.

The second article runs: *All other questions arising between the signatories and not settled by negotiation shall be submitted to a council of conciliation for hearing, consideration and recommendation.*

Such a body would have to be called '*conseil*' in French, but I should prefer 'board' as the English equivalent; this, however, is a very small verbal detail. The Board would not, I presume, be bound strictly to follow judicial forms, but would adopt such procedure as it

thought best fitted for the nature of the case. Professional advocates, for example, might sometimes be dispensed with. The recommendations of the Board would have only a persuasive force, but its real power would be that of gaining time for reflection, and its greatest triumph would be to guide the parties to a settlement which they should believe to be of their own finding. It ought, I think, to be in the Board's discretion whether its proceedings should be public, and whether anything should be published beyond the result. In discussions of this kind, which are a mixture of moral or political argument and of negotiation, the less temptation either side has to play to its own gallery the better.

Internal difficulties of a constitutional or political kind would not be within the jurisdiction of the Board. Such, for instance, are the questions that have arisen with regard to the union of the Empire of Russia with the Grand Duchy of Finland. The Board, however, might well be empowered to deal with such disputes if authorized representatives of the interests concerned agreed to refer them for mediation. Contentions of this kind are apt to excite sympathies and agitations beyond their own borders, and have often afforded a reason or pretext for warlike interference on the part of other states. It seems, therefore, quite within the spirit of the League to do what it can in the way of opening a door to voluntary conciliation, the rather that the greatest danger to the stability and permanence of the League itself may be thought to lie in this direction.

In any case where all the efforts of the Board were unavailing, the parties would be remitted to the old condition of independent powers having an irreconcilable difference. The League, however, would have acquired full information and would be in the most

favorable position for preventing any further spread of war should hostilities ensue, and for making a fresh offer of mediation should any good opportunity present itself. At worst, we should have the extinct 'Concert of Europe' revived in a much improved form.

The third article is the executive one: *The signatory powers shall jointly use forthwith both their economic and military forces against any one of their number that goes to war or commits acts of hostility against another of the signatories, before any question arising shall be submitted as provided in the foregoing.*

The drafting, like that of President Monroe's celebrated message, is rather cramped, and shows the marks of not being the work of one hand; but the meaning is clear. A practical question arises at once, which appears to me of capital importance. How is the process of joint application of economic or military forces to be worked?

Suppose there are ten signatory powers. B has a boundary claim against A, and they have been in negotiation for some time (a fact of which the League is not bound to take notice). During this time B has been making secret preparations for seizing the coveted territory, which may include an especially desirable sea-port in a commanding strategic position, or the like. B turns upon A with a trumped-up charge of willful bad faith, picks a sudden quarrel thereupon, and invades the territory in dispute. A is not strong enough to resist alone. What are the other eight signatory states to do? If they all have to hold a conference before any of them move, B may seize the coveted positions and occupy them firmly, or even proceed to encroach on A's undisputed possession, while the joint action is being elaborated. In an extreme case, A may be in danger of a hostile occupation hardly distinguishable from conquest. Again, whose business shall it

be to take the first steps? and will emergency justify the nearest or strongest signatory power in taking action without waiting to confer? Here are grave and perilous occasions for delay, confusion, and discord. Yet again, B, if a willful wrongdoer, will probably be ready with some tale that A began hostilities; and who is to decide whether the plea of self-defense is genuine or not? Without some kind of pre-appointed emergency power which need not await a conference, it seems that there would still be an opening — less tempting than if there were not any League of Peace, but still, with luck and cunning, practicable — for a bold and unscrupulous aggressor.

The result, I submit, is that if a league to enforce peace is to be in a position to exercise timely and effective force at need and to nip offenses in the bud, it must have a standing and thoroughly organized executive authority.

The constitution of such an authority might conceivably be devised in various forms, and one must resist the temptation to speculate too much on details. Two things appear, however, to be essential: a representative, but not too numerous, body, to decide when an emergency calling for joint action has arisen, and whether that action shall be limited in the first instance to economic pressure, or prompt military measures are required; and, for the latter case, a military command ready to give effect to the decision, and authorized, without waiting for further approval, to employ the common power to the best advantage. In other words, there should be a common general staff in readiness to take charge of the necessary operations by land or by water, on the requisition of the Executive Council. Otherwise, even on the assumption that the governments concerned are perfectly unanimous, much

precious time would be wasted, and this would be just the weak point of concerted action on which an aggressor would count. On the other hand, the manifest risks of aggression will be more deterrent in proportion as the means of crushing any such attempts are better prepared in advance; and in the same proportion it will be less likely that the League will be called upon to resort to actual use of the strong hand.

In any case, there will have to be a standing council of the League for preparation and supervision of the business contemplated by the fourth article. An executive committee might either be formed out of this or constituted as an independent body. Two members from every state, one of them being a member of its government, would give a number large enough to be representative, not too large for swift and effectual decision, and in touch at all times with their respective constituents.

An actual meeting of the Executive Council should not be necessary for a decision. On a manifest emergency the chairman should be empowered to collect votes by telegraph.

The formation of an expert general staff, the technical definition of its functions, and the assignment of the quotas for which it shall be entitled to call upon the constituent states, will be matter for nice and careful adjustment. Obviously there are plenty of difficulties in this operation; but it seems no less obvious that they are of the kind which can be overcome if there is a general will to overcome them; and if there is not such a general will there cannot be any league at all.

It will be said that the establishment of a common authority with discretion to declare a state of urgency and take the appropriate action involves a serious delegation of sovereign power. This is very true. There is only one material

out of which commonwealths or associations of any kind, starting from independence, can make an effective power for handling affairs of common interest, and that is individual power surrendered on equal terms by all of them. It is possible, to be sure, for several distinct and independent bodies to work together through joint committees whose recommendations come back for ratification by all the principals; and my experience of one such case with which I am familiar tends to show that rejection by any member of these recommendations, made by delegates who themselves have their voices in the ultimate decision, will be exceptional. Indeed, the constructive work to be undertaken under the fourth article of the present platform belongs to this type. But the method is plainly fitted only for matters in which time is not of the essence, and leisurely deliberation is practicable. In the problem under consideration time is essential, and if action cannot be swift there is great risk that it will be futile, or will achieve its end only at excessive cost.

For Americans it is a special question how executive provisions of this kind can be brought into harmony with the constitutional functions of the Senate. I shall not presume to meddle with the solution, and will only say that it would be no less presumptuous to despair of it.

The fourth article deals with the consolidation and codification of international law.

Conferences between the signatory powers shall be held from time to time, to formulate and codify rules of international law, which, unless some signatory shall signify its dissent within a stated period, shall thereafter govern in the decisions of the Judicial Tribunal mentioned in article one.

This happy mean between interminable negotiation and unlimited dele-

gation of legislative power is due, I believe, to Mr. Taft. I have already expressed my approval of it. In the wording I should have preferred to avoid speaking of conferences: the term smacks too much of The Hague as things were ten years ago, with abundance of starched and frilled ceremonial and elaborate compliments about trifles, and more abundance of evasion in the points that really mattered. I do not see how the object of this article can be properly worked out without a strong standing committee to prepare and guide the business. Without this, years might be spent over mere verbal tinkering of the Hague Conventions, which, if it did no particular harm, would do no good worth the trouble. On the whole this article appears to point to a fairly large deliberative council working through an expert committee. But if its authors mean that they are content with the machinery of The Hague as it exists, then I must respectfully differ.

There remains a question of great practical importance that must not be overlooked, though it cannot be dealt with in a preliminary statement of the general principles. Who are to be the signatory powers? Is there to be a general invitation from some convening power or group of powers to the governments of every state that was represented at the last Hague Conference, and possibly of states which may appear as new international units after the war — or how otherwise?

A month ago this question could not be freely discussed in America. Now the rupture of diplomatic relations between the United States and Germany has made it both possible and necessary to speak plainly of the facts which could not in any case be neglected in practice. If this war should end in the victory of the Central Powers there could be no talk of a league of peace of

any kind. There would be a Central European alliance as much under the control of Germany as the German States are now under the control of Prussia; and any state entering into close relations with that system would in effect constitute itself a German protectorate. Such is the only intelligible interpretation of Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg's talk about German willingness to enter a league of peace. What he means is a victorious Germany imposing her policy on the world. It will be remembered that for many years German diplomacy has persistently opposed and thwarted all attempts to frame any scheme of real international jurisdiction. Limitation of armaments, obligatory reference to arbitration — whatever could be charged with derogation from the absolute and inalienable right of the state to be judge in its own cause — met with a German *non possumus* at The Hague and elsewhere.

But, it may be said, the present rulers of German kingdoms and the lands making up the Austro-Hungarian Empire are not immortal; even as they are, they may change their minds; why not leave the door open and hope for the best? For my part, I will believe in such a change of mind when I not only hear of it, but see its fruit in very different works from those which German statecraft and militarism have brought forth; and if anything is humanly certain, it is that such would not be the fruits of German victory. Much the same would be the result of such a compromise peace as some good folks are still dreaming of — amiable persons and some of them even quite useful citizens under peace conditions, but wholly unfit for counsel in this war.

Let us turn to the other and only definite alternative — the decisive victory of the Allies. In that event the restoration of law among nations will be in the hands of the Allies and of the

United States, virtually, if not formally, associated with them; and it is from the alliance of law-abiding powers, whether the nominal lead is taken by a group or by one of them, — for preference I should say the United States, as having the fewest particular interests, — that the movement toward a permanent league of peace must proceed. Can we conceive the Allies issuing a comprehensive invitation in general terms, including the very governments against whose defiance of justice they have been fighting? The Prussians and their pupils in the devil's doctrine of military necessity have devastated Belgium, Poland, and Serbia; they have murdered, ravished, plundered — not in the way of casual excess, but as part of a carefully applied system of terrorism; they have declared piratical warfare against neutral shipping under pretense of defending something they call the freedom of the sea; there is no law of God and nature they have not set at naught, no covenant they have not broken — and shall we mock Justice by pretending to regard them as fit helpers in rebuilding her temple?

I see no escape from the conclusion that the League must spring out of the Alliance, and the admission of other members must be a matter, not of right, but of discretion, for our time at least. Of a regenerate Germany, such as perhaps our children or grandchildren may see, I do not speak, having a very faint expectation of living to see it myself. The immediate point for us is that the Allies will be strong enough to lay the foundations of a league for the peace of nations which, even without or against the will of the states which have outlawed themselves from the commonwealth of humanity, will suffice for practical purposes. Will the United States join in that work or stand aside from it?

SAINT DYMPNA'S MIRACLE

BY EDWARD EYRE HUNT

PIERRE, the chauffeur, launched a savage kick at the newly punctured tire and swore into the patient night. 'Three quarters of an hour, monsieur, to repair it,' he said reluctantly, switching off the motor. 'Do you wish —'

Into the sudden silence stole the slow incessant roar of the Yser cannon. The level stretches of the Campine, alternating black vistas of scrub evergreens with little fields, peat bogs, and kitchen gardens, lay fragrant and silent in the moonlight. Heather was in bloom, nightingales were nesting and so were no longer singing, and the narrow Flemish road before and behind the automobile lay like a placid silver river, inviting one to quiet thoughts.

'Yes,' I answered Pierre's unfinished query. 'I'll go for a stroll toward the next farm-house. Take your time, Pierre. There's no hurry to-night.'

We had just left the town of Gheel, one of the most remarkable places in Belgium, a town where more than a thousand insane folk live quiet and useful lives, parceled out among the peasants, but under the supervision of district doctors. The insane are treated as if they were normal beings, are given work according to their strength, mental and physical, and find companionship among a peasantry noted for industry and stubborn independence. This is originally due to certain miracles of Saint Dymphna, one of the guardian saints of the insane — an Irish princess, converted to Christianity, and martyred at Gheel by her pagan

father on the 30th of May in the year of Our Lord 600.

Under the bright moon the land seemed singularly like Ireland, and a little old man stepping toward me down the silvery road, his pipe in his mouth, his eyes screwed up, his bent legs wrapped in ill-fitting trousers, his feet in wooden shoes, might have been the fabled leprechaun, or Wee Hughie Gallagher of Donegal. He wore a *brasard* on his right sleeve, for he was one of the village watch, guarding the telephone and telegraph wires so that no accident might happen to them to give the Germans an excuse for crushing the commune with an exorbitant fine.

'Goe'n avond, mynheer,' I called cheerfully.

'Avond, mynheer,' he answered in a weak voice.

'I am the American delegate of the Komiteit voor Hulp en Voeding,' I explained.

'Mynheer is American?' he asked doubtfully, taking his pipe from his mouth and scratching his head as if to recall where or what America could be.

'Ja wel. Have you a cup of milk at your house?'

He turned and faced back down the road, still scratching his head.

'Als 't U belieft, mynheer,' I added ceremoniously.

My superlative courtesy seemed to decide him, and he gave a gesture of assent. Side by side and in silence then we walked down the silver road to the first farm-house. A black mass of protecting trees hung close over the chim-

ney, and low thatch swept down like the back of some prehistoric monster, gray-green in the clear moonlight. The walls were lath, filled in with clay. Two little rectangular windows glowed dully, and the edges of the thick, ill-fitting door shone with faint light.

'You live here, mynheer?' I asked.

'Ja, mynheer.'

'You own it?'

'I rent it.'

'I may enter?'

'You may enter, mynheer.'

He thrust open the door without knocking. I stumbled into the dimly lighted room, hardly knowing what I expected to find. Peasants' cottages were invariably interesting to me, and invariably they contained surprises. But this was older and more primitive than any I had yet visited — a relic of long-gone days. It was like opening an ancient tomb or a buried city. I entered expectantly, and lo! the centuries rolled backward, and I stood with people of Froissart's day, with peasants who had scarcely altered since the Middle Ages, whose feet were hardly on the threshold of modernity.

The room was square. At one end was a brick fireplace, rude as if aborigines had built it, with an iron frame squatting in the ashes, a thick pot suspended by a chain, a broiling rack, a heavy iron fork, a charred stick for a poker, and a rude crane. In the smoke of a tiny turf-fire on the hearth hung rows of drying vegetables and skins of meat. The floor was beaten earth, hard as brick. The walls were whitewashed. The ceiling was low and strung with onions and other roots and vegetables, and the only touch of modern things was a hanging lamp in the centre. In a corner hung a man's suit of Sunday clothes, like a creature which has been hanged. A ladder beside it went up to the blind loft overhead. A picture of the Virgin hung on one wall, and a plas-

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ter statuette of Saint Anthony and Saint Joseph gleamed from a shelf over the fireplace, drawing one's eye to a row of plates and dishes. An odor of smoke and cooking and manure heaps and the foul smells of unwashed human beings crowded the little room, and the air droned with the sleepy buzzing of innumerable flies.

A barefooted, prematurely aged woman, bent with too much child-bearing, gave me a chair, wiping it ceremoniously with her apron. The man spat on the floor behind us and scraped the spittle with his sabot. Three children were asleep in a recess on a pile of litter curtained from sight in the day-time. But the most striking person in the room was a young woman, sitting before the turf-fire with a fourth child — evidently the youngest — in her lap. She wore stockings, leather shoes, and a simple, black bombazine dress. Her face was turned from me, but I saw that her hair was neatly coiled about her head and pinned with a shell comb.

The older woman sprang to the hanging lamp and turned it high until it smoked. 'Good evening, mynheer,' she called in a panic of fear and pleasure. 'Be seated, if it please your Excellency.'

She dragged the chair beside the lamp and the table in the centre of the room. During the next five minutes she was feverishly busy offering me beer, milk, and everything else that her mean little house afforded.

I stared at the woman beside the fireplace, and my host — who refused to seat himself in my presence — at last touched his head significantly. 'Ah, monsieur,' he sighed. (He had been one of the *franksmannen*, migratory laborers who work for several months of the year in France, and he spoke tolerable French. Indeed he was much better informed and quicker of wit than his person or his home would indicate.)

'She is mad: like all the world, she is mad. All the world is mad.'

'You mean the war?'

'Yes, monsieur. Saint Dympna has received thousands of mad ones, and of those who are mad, but whom she has not received, there are millions. When the war broke out two men went mad in this village. They were carried away to Gheel, raving. Their eyes stared, their lips frothed, and they twitched all over. When the Germans came here, certain ones went mad at sight of them. I have seen it with my eyes, monsieur. They say that when the Germans came into France they sent whole long train-loads of mad ones back into their own land. When the big shells burst in the forts, all the garrison goes mad. When the aviator flies over the trench, men go mad. You have seen there are always two German sentries together? It is so that if one goes mad the other will be at hand. For they go mad, monsieur, by dozens, by hundreds, by thousands. Have you seen their eyes? They are mad. And their lips? They work like the lips of men always talking to themselves. When the war began, I too was mad. I dreamed terrible dreams. For two months I was mad — like all the world.'

'But the woman there?' I asked, pointing to the figure beside the turf glow.

The man clattered over to her and laid his hand gently on her shoulder. 'Madame,' he said, 'there is a gentleman here to speak with you.'

'Nay, mynheer,' she answered quietly, 'not until midnight.'

'He is not the doctor, madame.'

She turned and gave me a searching glance. The movement revealed that her breast was uncovered, and that she held the sleeping child against her heart. 'Nay,' she said again, 'not until midnight.'

He came slowly back. 'When a child

is sick, she knows it and she comes,' he explained apologetically. 'At midnight she goes back to the doctor's house.'

'Alone?'

'Alone, monsieur. God and the Devil alike love the mad. God and the Devil alike watch over them. This one,' he pointed to the woman with the child, 'was a lady of Louvain, of the Krakenstraat; she was rich; she had a husband and two children. They were killed by the Germans, and she was wounded in the shoulder. Her house was burned; her money lost. She went mad. She was taken to Duffel, I think; then to Antwerp, then to Hoogstraeten, then she was brought to Gheel, screaming for her children and her husband — mad — mad and soon to die. Then, monsieur, Saint Dympna wrought a miracle through the love of a little child, a little sick boy in the doctor's house where madame was confined, and she became well after a fashion. And now in whatever house a child is ill, madame by the grace of God knows of it, and she comes and nurses it back to health. The first madness is of the Devil, monsieur, violent and bloody; the second is of God, and it is kind.'

In the midst of his prattle the woman rose slowly, holding the sleeping child in the hollow of her right arm and buttoning the bosom of her dress with her left hand. 'Hush!' she admonished softly. 'Listen, mynheeren!' From some instinct of courtesy, I rose to my feet. She raised her hand warningly, but did not turn her head. 'Listen,' she repeated, staring toward the fireplace.

It was an uncanny thing. We stood as if frozen. The heavy breathing of the peasant woman pulsed through the quiet room; the old man stared with all his eyes; a sleepy chicken chuckled from an adjoining shed, but there was no other sound from outside. A minute went by; another; a third, and still

we stood stiffly in the centre of the room. At last madame beckoned to the peasant-mother, who stole across the floor toward her and paused at her side. Silently she gave the mother her child, her finger on her lips, her eyes still fixed on the spot near the fireplace.

Then she turned, and laying her hands on the head of the sleeping boy, she began in a strange, low, hissing voice, 'This one shall be an avenger of Louvain, he shall be an avenger of Dinant, and Termonde, and Aerschot, and Andenne, and Liège, and Tamines, and Visé. He shall avenge our nation. He shall not forget. In the days of his happiness, he shall remember our sorrow; in the days of his prosperity, he shall remember our misery; in the days of his strength, he shall remember our weakness. Go! Be healed!' Then in her quiet, natural voice, pointing to the spot on a level with her eyes at which she had stared, she added, 'A sick child is there, mynheeren. Three, four kilometres away it is, and I must go to it.'

'God!' the old man breathed.

'I must go now. The child is very ill. I must go now, or I shall be too late.'

The old man crossed himself again and again. 'God! God!' he repeated helplessly.

The young woman wheeled suddenly. 'What is that noise?' she exclaimed, pointing to the roadway.

The roar of an automobile resounded outside, and I knew Pierre was coming.

'Is it the Germans?'

'No, madame, it is my automobile, at your service.'

She showed no astonishment or perplexity. Her mind seemed wholly absorbed in the problem of the sick child. 'Take me in your automobile to the child, monsieur,' she replied rapidly, speaking in French. 'Let us hurry, hurry!'

'But where, madame?'

'I do not know, monsieur, but I will show you. There! There!' She waved her hand in the direction of Gheel.

We hurried like fugitives from the house and into the tonneau, leaving the awe-struck peasants standing with mouths agape. Pierre stared in consternation at our coming, but said no word. I did not try to explain. Our passenger sat tense, her head turned to one side as if she were listening closely.

We came quickly to a fork of the road. 'Which way, monsieur?' Pierre asked.

'I do not know. It is for madame to say,' I answered.

She was quiet for an instant. 'To the right hand,' she exclaimed suddenly. 'Make haste! — There! In that house!'

The car jerked to a stop, and I leaped out to help madame to the ground. Now that we had arrived, to my astonishment she made no move to leave the car. Her head sank slowly forward to her breast, and she sat huddled listlessly, paying no attention to Pierre or me.

'Is it this house, madame?' I asked, hoping to arouse her.

'This house,' she said, 'but we are too late.'

'But no, madame!' I exclaimed. 'Go quickly and help!' At the moment I believed in her supernatural powers as firmly as any peasant of the Campine.

She lifted her head. A sad light had come into her eyes. 'It is too late. The avenger of Belgium is not to come from this house,' she muttered.

'But yes! Hurry!'

The madness of my words did not occur to me until days afterward: the lunacy of thinking either that she could heal, or that the child of these poor peasant-folk when healed would avenge his nation on her enemies. God knows what wild thoughts were in my mind that night! God knows, and Saint Dymphna!

'I will go in then,' she said, rising, giving her hand with a queenly gesture, and stepping from the car. 'Thank you, monsieur. You need not wait; indeed you must not wait. I am here with friends. Adieu!'

She clutched my arm in a sudden spasm of fright.

'Listen!' she breathed.

A piercing wail rose from the quiet cottage; a dull lamp flared as it was borne hastily past a window; a man's deep voice groaned horribly. Children

in the loft, wakened by the outcry, began to scream, and a startled dog far away howled in terror.

Madame released my arm and walked slowly toward the house of death. At the door she turned and looked back at us as if she feared to go in. Her left hand fumbled for the latch; her right waved our dismissal. 'Adieu, monsieur, adieu,' she called in a strained, unhappy tone. And we drove quietly away and left her under the placid moon.

THE WAR AS CRITIC

SOME NOTES ON RECENT FICTION

BY WILSON FOLLETT

I

WAR is the great satirist, the great cynic: more than ever now, in a world so shrunken that all thoughtful people live at the centre of it. However the future may judge of the war as creator, the least prophetic can hardly have escaped seeing it as supreme and universal critic. A destroyer, this war, and a leveler; a teacher of unfaith, a testing scourge for men and movements, for ideas and creeds. Many things we shall never countenance again on the old terms; many other things have dropped quite out of mind, as not worth even the glance of retrospect — illusions that could only quail and shrivel in the glare of war the critic. In a world filled with the spectacle of death, nothing can seem quite the same thing; nothing

can survive except by multiplying its claims and paying a higher price for survival.

It would be foolish to expect that any great proportion of our art could pay the suddenly increased cost. The world's collective conscience has grown in thirty months a good deal faster than the individual artist's knowledge, and the only artist who has much to say to us is he who once had more than we would receive. It would be equally foolish to expect very many of our canons and modes of criticism to suffice — canons and modes developed mostly for praise of him who could 'simply sing the most heart-easing things.' Whatever we interpret art, and more particularly the art of fiction, as meaning or as being worth, it is certain that some small pettifogging ways

of interpreting it are swept away, for the present and perhaps forever, in the same flood that carries off so much other wreckage of our cluttered modern world — the flood of history at the full, broken over its dykes and raging, the so terribly renewed and still renewing bath of blood.

The plain truth is that this war has taken the pen out of the hand of the individual critic and put it into the hand of the multitude. The only fiction which remains tolerable at all is that which speaks in a clear voice to some direct human needs created or reëmphasized by the war; the only standard of criticism worth raising is the sum of those very needs. Art must be, as never before, a ministry to need; criticism must be, as never before, the quick response of need ministered to, the indifferent silence of need ignored or travestied. Thus the war becomes, not merely a critic, but the only critic of enough scope and candor to meet the requirements of the hour.

To say that we are impatient with this and that thing which might have pleased us three years ago is not enough, though it is something. To say that we have welcomed this and that thing which could not have pleased us three years ago is not enough, though it is much. To this extent at least we have submitted to war's destructive criticism of our former selves. But the criticism is constructive, too; for the war, indiscriminately wrecking, has taught us to discriminate. Some things, more precious than we had known, we must cling to the more fondly because they are threatened. We have been forced to prove how few were the things we really wanted, how many the incumbrances we merely thought we wanted. Strong indeed must be the moorings of any collective faith which is not swept away now; full indeed of inward light must be any

ideal which can still seem to shine for any great number of eyes, while the shadow of these black condor wings is passing over it. Whatever appears beautiful now *is* beautiful, has something of the eternal in it.

More than once of late I have had the fancy that the war tests as only time has been supposed to do, by attrition and perspective, so that criticism has achieved all in a moment something of that detachment from its object which is considered so great an advantage. However that may be, it is immeasurably harder of a sudden for the novelist to make us attend to his affairs. If we attend, it is to affairs great enough for survival after a real struggle. And this is the constructive mission of the war as critic: to reveal to us, shining in the darkened world, those finalities which even the shadow of death cannot eclipse, however the shadows of lesser things may have dimmed them for us when the world was not so dark.

Not that any one would wish the artist in fiction to be preoccupied exclusively with the physical facts of war. A year ago when Mr. Conrad, dedicating his latest volume of stories, called them, as though in fond contempt, a 'sheaf of care-free ante-bellum pages,' it was with alarm that we caught the possible implication. We would not have him in the least repress, withhold, or consciously change himself.

Indeed, the possible failure of the 'timely' book is well illustrated in the contrast between two recent novels, *A Strong Man's House*¹ and *The Winged Victory*.² The first tries to prove that no good can come of England's war, because no good can come of evil, to the doer or to any one. Several things

¹ *A Strong Man's House*. By FRANCIS NEILSON. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co.

² *The Winged Victory*. By SARAH GRAND. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

might be said of this thesis, even on the large assumption that England's war is evil. One of them is that it discards the whole meaning of Christianity, a religion founded on a crime of violence. Mme. Grand, with no attempt at special timeliness, understands the basis of Christianity, which is also the basis of her title and her story. 'Good may be made to flow from evil. On a little table . . . stood a crucifix, symbol of the greatest crime ever committed upon earth, yet with what glorious results!' *The Winged Victory*, with all its diffusion, levity unutilized, and melodrama, is a true study of woman in transition. The wronged heroine who, fifty years ago, would have thought it common decency to die of a broken heart, can do no less now than live, making the world a present of 'sympathy so widened and deepened, and of understanding so enriched by experience.' *A Strong Man's House* portrays a house of weak-willed women whose rebellion against war is prompted by nothing beyond its physiological horror; they will never understand the sense in which, as Ruskin said and the great moralists agree, it is better to slay your neighbor than to cheat him. *The Winged Victory* is a prevision of what women of strong heart can mean to the reconstructed post-bellum world — and the glimpse is enough to earn our praise and gratitude.

The quest is not, then, for books that deal circumstantially with this hour of history: it is for books which cannot be dwarfed by our awareness of the present. Mme. Grand's book — its kinship is with *The Heavenly Twins* of nearly twenty-five years ago — happens to be one of an unusually interesting group of stories which come to us as across a gulf, from writers wholly or partly of the past. The posthumous *Tutor's Story* of Kingsley, edited as he would have wished by his daughter 'Lucas

Malet,'¹ may stand abashed on the shelf with *Alton Locke* and *Westward Ho!* but it does at least prove that its author's 'muscular Christianity' is inherently stronger than some tolerated modern kinds of egoism. We turn, not too unsparingly, the screw of contrast when we compare *The Tutor's Story* with Mrs. Harrison's own *Damaris*,² an enervated and rather decadent story of official life in India. *Damaris* would have marked the present limit of futility were it not for *Rodmoor*,³ the queerest novel of the season, without exception the most exquisitely written, and the most undeviating in the moral ghastliness of its pessimism — the pessimism of a cold and subtle connoisseur in spiritual poisons.

Enoch Crane,⁴ our latest and perhaps our last direct glimpse of F. Hopkinson Smith, adds nothing to our appreciation of his wonderful urbanity. He was of those who are most lovable when seen and heard; in print his rarity was often thin to extinction; it was not to be expected that another could preserve it. But *The Mysterious Stranger*,⁵ a fanciful tale of the sixteenth century, is as full-flavored as Mr. Howells's recent study⁶ of primitive religious hysteria. This satirical romance has for a moment the disconcerting effect of turning Mark Twain himself into a mysterious stranger, until we see how

¹ *The Tutor's Story*. An Unpublished Novel. By the late CHARLES KINGSLEY. Revised and Completed by His Daughter, LUCAS MALET (Mrs. Mary St. Leger Harrison). New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

² *Damaris*. By LUCAS MALET. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

³ *Rodmoor*. By JOHN COWPER POWYS. New York: G. Arnold Shaw.

⁴ *Enoch Crane*. By F. HOPKINSON SMITH and F. BERKELEY SMITH. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

⁵ *The Mysterious Stranger*. By MARK TWAIN. New York: Harper & Brothers.

⁶ *The Leatherstocking God*. Commented on in the *Atlantic* for March, 1917, pp. 369-70.

at a stroke it has reëdited for us the man and all his work. For in this story of inversions — no God at all, a near relative of the devil for hero, man for victim, man's Moral Sense become the *prime agent of evil* — we have *nothing* less than Mark Twain's philosophy. Man's 'foolish little life' is 'but a laugh, a sigh, and extinction'; the individual has 'a billion possible careers, but not one of them . . . worth living.' The irony is often ruthless, as here in summary of man's genius for bloodshed: 'A few centuries from now he will so greatly have improved the deadly effectiveness of his weapons of slaughter that all men will confess that without Christian civilization war must have remained a poor and trifling thing to the end of time.' Yet the general effect is to deepen and intensify, not shatter, our former sense of Mark Twain's attitude toward humanity — the most kindly solicitude there could be, and the least interfering. The message is the message of pessimistic misanthropy, but the voice is the voice of pity.

The war has not only not corroded, it has visibly burnished, whatever elements are sound in these belated and posthumous works. That it has done the same for the taste of many readers we may believe also, thanks partly to the new and enlarged public which has been found in the last two years for two volumes of W. H. Hudson's cooling and sumptuous prose¹ — the one republished after more than ten years, the other after more than thirty.

II

When we come to books directly occupied with the war, we find it harder to tell the signs of mere goodness from

¹ *A Crystal Age*. By W. H. HUDSON. *The Purple Land*. By THE SAME. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

those of permanent worth. For the war is a human enough critic to be weakest in judgment of his own immediate concerns. Men who agree strangely on most of the fundamental questions about which the war has made them think will still differ flatly in their attitudes toward the war, toward all war. Until war has come to mean the same thing to a great part of mankind, most of the books about it will seem limited, didactic, and *ex parte*. Time is the only real critic of wars — and this war is still in the blind-spot of time.

But at least we can make the fundamental distinction between honest and dishonest; we can tell those who have sought light from those who have preferred darkness — and that by a test so simple that the least wise can apply it. The chief moral result of this war is that it has shattered the egocentric universe and built up in its place the sense of 'living in the whole.' No humanely thinking or feeling man, no man not impregnably barricaded behind his own self-importance, can any longer tolerate himself except by trying to get outside himself. Individualism is not good enough. It is either too intelligent to be human, or too unintelligent to be even diabolical. We may fight in the war or against it, we may hope or despair about its effect on civilization, we may suspend judgment and try to find out what it means; but we may not decently patronize it. It is not a timely dispensation for providing us with copy, or rounding off our stories, or filling our pockets, or improving our minds, or mitigating our boredom; and from the impoverished cynicism which takes it so, Good Lord deliver us! 'All ambitions are lawful except those which climb upward on the miseries . . . of mankind.'

Unhappily, *A Strong Man's House* is not the only book in which the war dances attendance on the faddling

concerns of mawkish people. The author of *The Three Things*¹ allows her hero, a rather callow young American, to treat the war as a moral gymnasium (Mr. Bernard Shaw's expression) for exercising his undeveloped virtues of democracy, faith, and forgiveness, and as a *deus ex machina* for providing him with a wife. *The Woman of Mystery*² makes hatred and revenge as selfishly and narrowly personal as they are in a penny-dreadful got up for anæmic bell-boys. *Quaker-Born*,³ after an impressive account of how its hero's inherited philosophy toppled, degenerates into a farce of calf-love, jealousy, and triumph over a discomfited rival. The honest brutality of *Action Front*,⁴ a plain blunt soldierly account of how men in the trenches actually conduct the business of killing, is far preferable to such sophisticated prettiness. To defer exclusively to one's sensibilities is even more unsatisfactory than to have none.

It is interesting to compare various novelists' methods of trying to put the war into a story which would probably have been told anyhow, and to do it without belittling the war and ruining the story. Mr. Eden Phillpotts, in *The Green Alleys*,⁵ tells a story indistinguishable from many of his earlier ones (except that this time it is hops instead of pottery or slate or fishing) until the very dénouement, where the illegitimate elder brother, a stoic, and the legitimate younger brother, a hot-headed egoist, have come to grips as rivals in love. The war breaks upon

them as a corrective, taking the one from his bliss, the other from his disappointment, and restoring them to a brotherly unity in service. Also, we are given a vision of the war performing the same office, that of critic of living, for other folk all over Kent, all over England. It is stirring, and one feels that it is true. In itself, it at least keeps a just proportion between the war and the individual.

Yet one must praise *The Green Alleys* with reservations — two at least. First, Mr. Phillpotts, who really never has much of anything to say for himself and has won prestige on the system of getting other people, the most garrulous in the known world, to do his talking for him, deals here as specially as ever in the garrulous, the quaint; and when, in the last chapters, he 'lets out' the war to his rustics, as a subject for their droning quaintness, one feels that he has belittled the war indirectly after all, by letting it be handled, or mouthed, as any other subject. Second, Mr. Phillpotts has always written novels by formula without insisting on any of the real advantages of formula, — firm architecture, for example, — and when in this story the war deprives us of the proper Phillpottian dénouement, we rejoice in the acceleration and the surprise more than we regret the lost chapters. Which is to say that we rejoice in an artistic defect — as in a really first-rate story we could never do.

The adjustment in *The Dark Tower*,⁶ though logical enough, is hardly more satisfying. This story begins as a comedy of manners written with more than ordinary gusto. Then it proceeds to mix the genres by becoming a desperate love-story, and getting the married hero into such an *impasse* that a heroic death in Flanders has to be provided. The man is, to be sure, a brave soldier,

⁶ *The Dark Tower*. By PHYLLIS BOTTOME. New York: The Century Co.

¹ *The Three Things*. By MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

² *The Woman of Mystery*. By MAURICE LEBLANC. New York: The Macaulay Company.

³ *Quaker-Born*. By IAN CAMPBELL HANNAH. New York: G. Arnold Shaw.

⁴ *Action Front*. By BOYD CABLE. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

⁵ *The Green Alleys*. By EDEN PHILLPOTTS. New York: The Macmillan Company.

and deserves no less; but the death seems ready-made.

More subtle and more just is the blending of love with war in *The Wonderful Year*.¹ Here a somewhat restored and rejuvenated William J. Locke touches with delicate fingers the mystery of race, and shows us in personal and local terms the conditions which breed inter-racial confidence and understanding. An Anglo-Swiss teacher of French and an English girl, both pretentious failures at home, learn life and love all over again through menial work in the heart of France (not Paris: 'Paris . . . may be the liver, the spleen, the pancreas — whatever giblets you please — of France; but it is not its heart'), and when the war comes it is for consummation of these new selves through joyous sacrifice. The meaning is the oldest and the newest, that of all art and all morals: 'Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.' The reward of sacrifice is for him who accepts the sacrifice without thought of the reward.

After all, the only effect of the war which we can as yet profitably know and measure is its effect on distinguished yet representative individual souls. What it will do to the world is on the knees of the gods; but what it does to our humanists and idealists, what through them it is *trying* to do to the world — these are the heroic actualities of the hour.

The war as critic and moulder of the individual idealist is in fact the subject of two very different books which must take their places with Mr. Hugh Walpole's *Dark Forest* among the finest records of the war in fiction. *The Worn Doorstep*² is a tenderly beautiful idealization of sorrow which no one but Miss

Sherwood could have written without spoiling it. Miss Sherwood herself could not have written it in the time of *Daphne*, since when she has greatly grown. And as for Mr. Britling,³ whose other name is Mr. Wells so far as the spiritual adventure is concerned, the thing he 'sees through' is the thing we hardly saw the beginning of a year earlier, when *The Research Magnificent* was written. For ten years Mr. Wells had a perception of the waste entailed by the world's obstinate refusal to let its brilliant wayward men do exactly as they pleased without penalty — and now he has a perception of God. The book is important as a picture of England at war. But it is more important as the history of a private conscience which runs the gamut from malignity to forgiveness. Mr. Britling is at the outset a man ahead of most, and the war takes him far, far ahead of himself. There is a point where he idealizes hate as a form of creative energy; there is another point, after his glimpse of 'blackened ruins in the town behind, the little grey-faced corpses, the lives torn and wasted, the hopes extinguished and the gladness gone,' where he can whisper, 'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' The distance between these points is the measure of the peak Mr. Wells has climbed. That so great a man can now look backward and downward upon so large a part of himself is also another measure of the war's effectiveness as critic of living and of thinking.

III

Because the war subjects our institutions, our philosophies, our very consciences to more rigorous judgments, a great deal of recent realistic fiction is

³ *Mr. Britling Sees It Through*. By H. G. WELLS. New York: The Macmillan Co.

¹ *The Wonderful Year*. By WILLIAM J. LOCKE. New York: John Lane Co.

² *The Worn Doorstep*. By MARGARET SHERWOOD. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

conceived in some such mood as that of Mr. Britling — the mood of self-examination and penitence. Of course no one can write of a time before the war as though the war had not come: it is inevitable that the novelist should now scrutinize that strangely remote ante-bellum world in order to find out what was the matter with it. The bases of Western society are probably to receive such an overhauling as the artist, at least, has never given them. The task of the serious-minded social historian is to show us, in that past which could not decipher its own oracles, the thousand obscure hints of what was to be, of what now is; and to do so with an eye to the future, lest old errors unrectified endanger us still. The whole English-speaking world is open, as in modern times it has not been, to the experience denoted in the fine old theological phrase 'conviction of sin.'

In a novel packed with the domestic, industrial, professional, and artistic life of the mid-Victorian time,¹ Mr. Gilbert Cannan puts these summarizing reflections into the mind of a disillusioned hero who contrasts his tawdry present with his boyhood's dream of the future.

'So this . . . is what lay beyond the Blue Mountains; this is what they have made of life and it does n't look as if we were going to make it much better. John with his lungs half gone; Tom turning into one huge trouser-pocket full of money; myself running after colored gas-light dreams; mother eating her heart out because the Lawries are n't as important as the Keiths. . . . Good God! I don't know what is going on in my own life, and if that knowledge is impossible how can I expect any other?' And again, 'Tyre and Sidon were real places, you know, mother, and I think they must have been very

¹ *Three Sons and a Mother*. By GILBERT CANNAN. New York: George H. Doran Co.

like South Lancashire, without the smoke.'

Mr. Cannan's novel is one of a distinguished group in which the British middle-class respectable family bears the brunt of this self-criticism. 'The word "home" was a mockery. It should stand for the dearest and the purest known to man, but there the evil was most firmly seated. Every house in the street was a place of authority, within each a man like Peter Leslie enthroned in an easy-chair, a dead man at a dead end.'

These words are in *Three Sons and a Mother*; but the sense of them is equally in *The Family*² and *These Lynnekers*,³ two other novels of considerable distinction, one more, the other less carping than *Three Sons and a Mother*. All three books are extraordinarily full and readable footnotes to *The Way of All Flesh*, Samuel Butler's analysis of the tyranny, dullness, and narrow obscurantism in British family life, a satire still gaining readers and influence. *These Lynnekers* is a fine novel by almost any criterion. Better than the trilogy of Jacob Stahl, it illustrates its author's gift of joining perfect candor with exalted emotional beauty whenever he touches such great enduring realities as ambition, death, and love. Above all, the hero, Richard Lynneker, though no genius, is made lovable and at last positively resplendent through what one may call the genius of absolute normality.

From *The Sins of the Children*,⁴ a sincere but jejune attempt to show that most of the difficult problems of life would not exist if parents would be frank enough with their children,

² *The Family*. By ELINOR MORDAUNT. New York: John Lane Co.

³ *These Lynnekers*. By J. D. BERESFORD. New York: George H. Doran Co.

⁴ *The Sins of the Children*. By COSMO HAMILTON. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

much less satisfaction is to be got; and in *Watermeads*,¹ an amiable record of a county family's struggle to keep up appearances, the competence of the workmanship hardly makes up for the emptiness of subject and characters. In Mr. Hamilton's book, argument crowds out truth; in Mr. Marshall's, where there is no argument, mere symmetrical prettiness of plot crowds it out. Professor Phelps, accepting the usual comparison between Mr. Marshall and Trollope, frankly pities those who do not enjoy both. Well, the present scribe — child of error he may be — remembers Trollope's people from years before he knew them for classic, whereas the survival of Mr. Marshall's people, even with the foreknowledge that it is proper to remember them, is a question of hours. This is perhaps as sound an argument as pity.

Reaction against a narrow and cramping expediency is the prime impulse of several novels which treat of men and women, not married but marriageable, and which mean most when read as appeals to women against a selfish sterility. The 'slaves of freedom' of Mr. Dawson's novel² and the 'trufflers' of Mr. Merwin's³ are the people who enjoy, as Mr. Dawson puts it, 'the excitement of skating over the treacherous thin ice of sex' while refusing its fixed obligations. *The Wall Street Girl*⁴ is a prettily conventional love story of a young man's choice between a working girl who is real woman and an idle girl who is 'rose-colored dust' — our only question being whether he is inherently quite deserving of

his reward. Mr. Arnold Bennett, in a work not of his most serious,⁵ portrays again that unquenchable feminine impudence in which he specializes; but even Audrey Moze, with her voracious appetite for every drop that can be squeezed out of the orange of life, renounces feminism-rampant for marriage. *The Chorus*⁶ is a skillful and rather hard study of a girl of quite different destinations, the born *fille de joie*; her composition lacks the something of innate responsibility which in the end rules Mr. Bennett's heroine. Nelly Hayes is summed up in a cool-blooded connoisseur's description of the ring which symbolizes her: 'The man who made it certainly had talent . . . but he bungled the setting. It did n't last.' In *Love and Lucy*,⁷ a story of love in and after marriage, Mr. Hewlett turns from his trafficking in literary cosmetics and toilet waters, to give us in pure comic distillate the story of the wife who falls in love with her husband.

All these, except possibly the two last named, are inspired by a Meredithian vision of 'the heroic feminine type for the worship of mankind, an image as yet in poetic outline only, on our upper skies,' but eager for incarnation, we dare not doubt, as now she hears the call of the world's great need of her.

In the fiction of intricate social relations and adjustments the American novelist is more often a bungling tyro than not, and that for the traditional reason, our lack of a coherent society in which ideas circulate freely and are at home. In such a society the novelist is spared half his task of criticism: his

¹ *Watermeads*. By ARCHIBALD MARSHALL. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

² *Slaves of Freedom*. By CONINGSBY DAWSON. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

³ *The Trufflers*. By SAMUEL MERWIN. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co.

⁴ *The Wall Street Girl*. By FREDERICK ORIN BARTLETT. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co.

⁵ *The Lion's Share*. By ARNOLD BENNETT. New York: George H. Doran Co.

⁶ *The Chorus*. By SILVIA LYND. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

⁷ *Love and Lucy*. By MAURICE HEWLETT. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

ideas are appraised automatically by the fineness or coarseness of the persons who embody them, and those persons in turn are already appraised by a ripe tradition of breeding. Our want of such patterns to work from is still the sign of our spiritual youth, crudity, and preoccupation with the turbid and the material.

IV

Other novels, the very opposites of the timely and regional, commit themselves to themes of wider scope. And in the list we find several to hold us — but, oddly, not where we first look for them, among accounts of genius or of exceptional talent. The best of these is hardly so good as to make us wish the group larger.

*Olga Bardel*¹ is the best from England. Olga is a pianist of low birth. At first cheaply exploited as an infant prodigy, she finally achieves her full stature as a woman; not, it seems, as an artist. In *The Sailor*,² Mr. Snaith still holds to his favorite theory of creative genius as a kind of inspired stupidity, occurring without preparation in individuals who know not what they do. *Witte Arrives*,³ our American best, carries far more conviction: the Russian Jew who is its hero does know precisely what he is about, and 'arrives' at citizenship and authorship by credible stages. We do not believe in Mr. Maxwell Gray's *World-Mender*,⁴ a shorn Samson whose Delilah is too tawdry a creature to have spoiled any idealist of real strength; nor do we feel that Ledger Dunstan quite deserves his success as

a novelist, recorded in a book woefully overloaded with anecdotal asides which will prove most useful to the jaded after-dinner speaker.⁵ Even 'realizing God in the soul' is a mystical experience of which it is possible to make an insistently selfish personal necessity, as a young clergyman does in *No Graven Image*.⁶ Mr. Comfort is still at his task of manufacturing 'world men' out of the stress of international mystery and melodrama,⁷ and we still respect his ideas far more gladly than we do the people through whose stories he expresses them. In general, this half-year of the novel has not been too prosperous for the person with a mission.

Nor, it must be added, has Mr. George Moore consoled us with his much heralded story of Jesus as one who renounced his mission. *The Brook Kerith*,⁸ an attempt to rationalize the Man of Galilee by turning each of his greatest utterances into something that anybody might have said, was bound to gain a notoriety out of all proportion to its intrinsic merit. Now that the angry cries of 'blasphemy' and 'sacrilege' have ceased to echo, the real objection to this book is seen to be its lack of imagination, its almost unreadable dullness. A tortured Jesus saved from death by his friends and disciples might still be a great moralist and a world-figure; but a Jesus who is a weakling, a sort of decadent prose poet, — in short, Mr. George Moore in costume, — is simply not exciting at all. The best that can be said is that Mr. Moore, re-creating Jesus in his own image, has after all not produced so

¹ *Olga Bardel*. By STACY AUMONIER. New York: The Century Co.

² *The Sailor*. By J. C. SNAITH. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

³ *Witte Arrives*. By ELIAS TOBENKIN. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

⁴ *The World-Mender*. By MAXWELL GRAY. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

⁵ *The Rise of Ledger Dunstan*. By ALFRED TRESIDDER SHEPPARD. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

⁶ *No Graven Image*. By HILDA P. CUMINGS. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

⁷ *The Last Ditch*. By WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT. New York: George H. Doran Co.

⁸ *The Brook Kerith*. By GEORGE MOORE. New York: The Macmillan Co.

baseless a travesty as can be heard from a thousand pulpits and read in a thousand devout books. But there was *something* in Galilee which makes every one of us, skeptic and devotee alike, pitifully small when he measures himself by it — and none so small, in this day of ghastly heroisms, as he who despises everything and believes in nothing.

There is a thousand times more virtue in *Julius LeVallon*¹ and *The Wave*,² two magical fantasias of reincarnation; or in *The White People*,³ an exquisitely fanciful expression of the craving for some direct evidence of immortality; or in the six stories of *Philosophers in Trouble*,⁴ a philosopher's assertions of the impotence of dialectic before the elemental needs of the human spirit. Let George Moore's dead Christ have his curt dismissal in some words spoken in one of these stories about the living Christ: 'His sayings are like great explosions, and His deeds are much the same. . . . He was man in so far as He did what was expected, and God in so far as He took the world by surprise.'

Another volume of tales, *The Certain Hour*,⁵ is especially important because its elaborate preface and its ten stories constitute Mr. James Branch Cabell's vindication of what we roughly call 'romance.' Reduced to baldness, the argument is this: Since first-rate art has never reproduced its own contemporary background (for some reason or other Mr. Cabell does not adduce Jane Austen in support of this truism), and since the novel of things-as-they-are

calls for no constructive imagination whatever in author or reader, the present supply of 'realism' is nothing but the publisher's answer to a cheap and fickle demand; and since the imaginative element in art is all but everything, the only artist who has a chance of longevity is he who shuns the 'vital,' the 'gripping,' and the contemporary.

With Mr. Cabell as practitioner of his own precept there is no quarrel. He studies in each of his *Dizain des Poètes*, from Raimbaut de Vaquieras to his own John Charteris, that crucial 'certain hour' which concentrates and crystallizes all the directions, the meanings, of a life; and several of the stories have the vibrancy and the quick vision of the best dramatic monologues of Browning. Moreover, Mr. Cabell is a born stylist who lovingly cultivates in himself the virtues of the made stylist. But, *pace* the stories and the style, there are some things to be said against the doctrine. And the most important of them is this: that whatever imagination may have been invoked in the past by the art which deals with the exceptional, the illustrious, the romantic, it is as nothing to the degree and kind of imagination needed now for the perception by men that they are all brothers, and their brothers' keepers. So long as men grope and writhe through the night of their blindness to *that* vision, the imaginative truth of art will be that which helps them to an understanding of their oneness, the oneness of all living things. There is no other True Romance, be the outward trappings what they may.

It is fortunate that so important a truth can be urged at this moment in terms of so important a book as *Casuals of the Sea*,⁶ by all odds the most notable recent work of fiction from an author not previously known. Here is the sense

¹ *Julius LeVallon*. By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

² *The Wave*. By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.

³ *The White People*. By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. New York: Harper & Brothers.

⁴ *Philosophers in Trouble*. By L. P. JACKS. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

⁵ *The Certain Hour*. By JAMES BRANCH CABELL. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.

⁶ *Casuals of the Sea*. By WILLIAM MCFEE. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

of community, not realized indeed by the characters, but proposed by the author as the goal of their ignorant striving, and subtly made manifest every where in his own relation to them. Dedication his story

To those poor Casuals of the way-worn earth,
The feckless wastage of our cunning schemes,
he finds it possible to add, —

their hidden worth

And beauty I have seen in vagrant dreams.

His novel — we would not hear his enemy call it 'vagrant dream' — is Thackerayan in method, without the Thackerayan levity. Clear-headed ironist, adequate philosopher and analyst, using sometimes the inflection of mockery to guard himself from sentimentalism, this author has given us a movingly sad, not exactly a tragic tale of lovable ineffectual people hunting for a lost clue to life. And the clue, when we seek it for ourselves, is precisely our sympathy with them, our sense of being casuals of the sea together in the same boat, 'going out with sealed orders' into the night.

To those who cannot quite accept Mr. Cabell's æsthetics, it is further gladdening that the one recent novel which contains the clearest glimpse of serene and timeless beauty should be also among the most local and realistic. *Hatchways*¹ is not what its title suggests to the unread, a picture of galley slaves chained to their oars between-decks while their masters and exploiters idly enjoy the view and the coolness above: it is an unpretentious social comedy of eight or nine unforgettable people, introduced to us at a country estate which gives its name to the book. *Hatchways* is one expression of its mistress, Mrs. Ernestine Redgate: like her, it is coolness and quietude, taste and beauty, a haven of all the perfections. To tired people, 'the very

thought of *Hatchways* was peace. And it was they, needless to say, wanderers and ponderers in the world's cause, — the worn official, the shrinking success, the conscious failure, — that Ernestine was really happy to have. Only not cranks — she avoided them; or they avoided her, we cannot be certain which. 'Ernestine, and her husband as well, had a taste for sanity.' The other, more intangible, expression of Ernestine is her silent and effortless smoothing out of many tangles in the lives of people who will never realize what she has done for them. Nor will she herself realize: it is all 'no work of hers.' To which the author, 'It never is the work of people like Ernestine, you may have noticed; no doubt because they work with nature.'

Hatchways has received the stupid official frown of the London *Athenæum* for having nothing to do with the war. It has, really, everything. To begin with, Miss Sidgwick shows us the best of England and the best of France flashing out like released lightning to accept each other, in the time before the war. But there is a greater thing, which can be expressed only by saying that the book has *swallowed* the war, gulped it down, got outside of it without a thought of evasion. This is why every chapter has the tremulous and noble beauty of a face which, having once known and conquered the uttermost of sorrow, can thereafter smile — and wait.

Even the principled student of letters will at some time or other incontinently risk himself in prophecy; and at least one student is predicting that the twenty-first century will hear pens scratching (if there are any left then) in honor of this novelist's centenary, as the present year hears them in honor of Jane Austen's. One hopes it will be as late as possible in the twenty-first century.

¹ *Hatchways*. By ETHEL SIDGWICK. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.

JAPAN AND THE UNITED STATES

BY K. K. KAWAKAMI

I

THE sudden estrangement between Japan and the United States is one of the saddest events in contemporary history. For half a century, up to the end of the Russo-Japanese War, Japan proudly regarded herself as a protégé of the great Republic, while the latter cherished a fond admiration for the achievements of the infant nation to which it had virtually been acting as sponsor and guardian. When, so to speak, Japan reached man's estate at the termination of the Russian War, the long and tried friendship began to cool. Was this America's fault or Japan's?

To-day we can no longer speak, without a sense of grief, of the 'traditional friendship' between the two nations. No longer can we point to the beautiful statue of Commodore Perry, erected by the Japanese on the pine-clad beach of Kurihama, where the American sailor first set foot upon Nippon's soil, without a painful realization of the fact that this monument has ceased to be a symbol of unalloyed friendship and a guaranty of everlasting peace between the Republic and the Empire. In those early days of Japan's happy relationship with America, the American people spoke of the modest achievements of the Japanese as versatile and brilliant; now they are inclined to condemn the Japanese as imitative and superficial, as aggressive and 'chesty.'

When the 'preparedness' propaganda was launched in this country two

years ago, Japan was amazed. Not that the Japanese were reluctant to see America increase her armament. Of America's just and legitimate desire to establish an army and a navy adequate to safeguard her vast empire, they had, of course, no reason to complain. What astounded them was, not the stupendous programme of armament proposed for adoption, but the stentorian pronouncements, reiterated by so many Americans of prominence, that this country must prepare for the approaching conflict with Japan. Could it be, they wondered, that the United States, their teacher and guardian of yesterday, had so completely changed her attitude, and had made up her mind to contest with the Japanese in the arena of battle for the 'mastery of the Pacific'?

I need not present here the galaxy of distinguished publicists and editors who have diligently been painting, to the mingled amazement and indignation of the gullible public, frightful pictures of the Mikado as the inevitable enemy of America. But I cannot refrain from noting the fact that in some public schools on the Pacific coast even teachers have been poisoning the youthful minds of their pupils, teaching in the class-rooms that war with Japan is certain to come. Is it any wonder that the Japanese have been frightened? They had hoped that, if America felt the need of a larger armament for self-defense, she would go about the task in the right spirit, and attain the end without injecting into the matter the

bogey of Japanese designs which have in reality never existed. Their hopes have been sadly blighted by the persistent cry raised in this country of the Japanese menace on the Pacific coast, in Mexico, in China, in the South Seas, in the Philippines — everywhere.

Apologists for America, who are peculiarly anti-Japanese, have recently invented or discovered a fact which they are exploiting to the utmost for the purpose of proving that before the American people ceased to be friendly to Japan, the Japanese had virtually launched an anti-American propaganda in their own country. They tell us that when the peace treaty of Portsmouth was signed between the envoys of the Mikado and the Czar, with no indemnity offered to Japan, mobs broke loose in Tokyo and attempted to attack the American Embassy, to give vent to their dissatisfaction over Mr. Roosevelt's failure to secure a peace treaty more favorable to Japan. From that moment, they say, the Mikado's subjects completely changed their attitude toward the United States, while the Japanese government, perhaps intentionally, connived at the popular agitation against the United States and failed to tell the public the true story of the peace conference.

To the open-minded, this contention would appear to be a quibble unworthy of any self-respecting man. If these apologists expected the Japanese government, as they obviously did, to proclaim to its subjects and to the world that it had begged the American President to mediate between it and the Russian government, and that it had no alternative to accepting peace without indemnity, because its resources had been taxed almost to the limit in the titanic struggle on the Manchurian fields of war — if they expected Japan to make such extraordinary confessions to exonerate the United

States and Mr. Roosevelt, they certainly expected the performance of a feat which no government, as such, would stoop to perform.

Apart from such consideration, we must remember that the riot which occurred in Tokyo on the conclusion of the Portsmouth treaty was, to all intents and purposes, a demonstration against the Japanese government. For almost two years the Japanese had been living under the severest mental and physical strain, struggling to win the greatest war they had ever waged. Thanks to their self-sacrifice and their unwavering devotion to the State, they had scored brilliant victories on land and on sea. It was, therefore, but natural that they should expect their leaders in diplomacy to secure peace terms which would assist in lightening the taxation they had loyally shouldered to carry the war to a victorious end. When the news was flashed from Portsmouth, announcing Komura's failure to win indemnity from Witte, their disappointment was unspeakable, and the disappointment soon grew into a frenzy of indignation, condemning everybody connected with the conclusion of the peace treaty. They attacked the offices of the newspapers which supported the government, and made a violent demonstration before the Foreign Office. A section of the mob wended its way toward the American Embassy, but was happily intercepted by the police.

There was, of course, no excuse for dragging Mr. Roosevelt and the American Embassy into the demonstration, which was essentially directed against the Japanese government; but considering the strenuous condition under which the Japanese had been living for two years, can we not sympathize with them in their temporary loss of the faculty of reasoning at an instant of stunning disappointment? Their lapse was,

to say the most, only momentary. But for the anti-Japanese agitation which broke out on this side of the water in 1906, and which has ever since been kept alive, the Japanese not only would have quickly forgotten the unfortunate incident, but would have sincerely repented their guilt in forgetting, even for a moment, the kind assistance that the United States had rendered in securing the best peace terms obtainable under the circumstances. To utilize that incident as an excuse for the persistent, insidious anti-Japanese agitation in this country is, I repeat, a contemptible quibble.

II

I have dwelt upon the Tokyo incident of August, 1905, not because I attach importance to it, but because many prominent American writers have, of late, shown a disposition to exploit it. It is more essential to deal with the problems now pending between the two nations, and threatening to grow into burning issues. America's relations with Japan must be adjusted, not by cherishing unpleasant memories of past events, but by weighing the problems that are of direct concern to the present and future of the two nations.

Broadly speaking there are three problems, and only three, which threaten to tear asunder the friendship between Japan and the United States. They are the immigration question, the recrudescing anti-Japanese agitation for legislation on the Pacific coast, and the Chinese question. Before entering into the details of these questions, we may at once set down our conclusions.

It may be safely asserted that America will not hesitate to go to war if Japan insists upon free immigration or the immediate withdrawal of the 'gentlemen's agreement' which has placed a

ban upon Japanese immigration. On the other hand, Japan will resist, if need be, even at the point of the sword, any American attempt to interfere with what she considers to be her justifiable activities in China.

Fortunately, the truth is that Japan would not fight for the purpose of securing unrestricted emigration. Her statesmen, her publicists, her thinkers all realize the certain outcome of such a futile attempt. To attain that purpose by the arbitrament of the sword Japan must be so powerful and so successful in her military operations that she could conquer and permanently hold at least the territory west of the Rockies. Unless the Japanese are incurable lunatics, they cannot entertain so fantastic a dream. Should the Mikado fail, as he certainly would, to secure permanent occupation of the Pacific coast, and be compelled to accept American terms of peace, he would have, not only to abandon all hopes of sending any fresh emigrants to these shores, but to remove even the sixty thousand Japanese who are now settled in this country. This the Japanese statesmen clearly foresee, and their vision is a safeguard against war on the score of emigration.

Turning to the Chinese question, it seems unthinkable that America would ever be so nearsighted as to go to war on account of the 'open-door' doctrine, much talked about but little understood, especially when Japan has done and will do nothing to hurt American interests in the Far East. The overwhelming majority of the American people neither know nor care to know what the 'open door' means.

But there is the third question—the spasmodic agitation against the Japanese in the Western states of the Union. How long will Japan be patient under the pin-pricking attitude of those states? Will she sit eternally unruffled under the rebuff which is being meted

out to her in the shape of discriminatory laws restricting the rights of her nationals residing in the West? I have not sufficient confidence in Japan's equanimity to hazard the prediction that, whatever the Western states may do against her nationals, Japan will never go to the length of appealing to the tribunal of arms. Sad to say, I am inclined to think that, unless the government at Washington and the far-seeing leaders of the American people make earnest efforts to find means to safeguard the rights and privileges of the Japanese who are lawfully here, the time may eventually come when the situation will assume a most critical aspect. Perhaps Japan may fail to receive any satisfactory decision in the court of war; but she is a nation whose sense of calculation is not yet so fully developed as to consider every national question in the light of material gain or loss. Fortunately or unfortunately, she is one of those old-fashioned nations which still believes that there is, even in this commercial age of ours, such a thing as national honor to be defended, regardless of cost.

Lest I may be misunderstood, let me emphasize that Japan will have come to such a supreme resolve only when she has exhausted all the peaceful means available to ward off the provocative policy of the Western states. Remember that this question, the attitude of the West toward the Japanese, is totally different from the question of Japanese immigration; for the Mikado's government has, as I have already emphatically stated, no intention of embarrassing America by sending emigrants of the laboring class to this coast. Rightly or wrongly, Japan thinks that, inasmuch as she has shown herself to be conciliatory and accommodating in the matter of immigration, it is the duty of the authorities and leaders at Washington to make at least

honest efforts to extend citizenship to the Japanese now here, and thus shield them from the whimsical legislation of the various states.

Viewed in its broad outlines the situation before us seems clear and simple. Its real nature and scope have been somewhat obscured, its contour, so to say, somewhat blurred, by the injection of absurd fancies and irrelevant contentions, born and nurtured in the editorial sanctums on both sides, but especially on this side, of the Pacific. The nature of such fancies and contentions has already been indicated in the story of the Tokyo riot just told. Mr. George Kennan gives us in a paragraph a list of imaginary incidents charged against Japan's account since 1906:—

Beginning with the San Francisco public school troubles [he says], the Japanese have been accused of preparing for war with us by buying 750,000 rifles from the Crucible Steel Company (1908); of plotting against us in Hawaii and the Philippines (1909); of excluding Americans from the Manchurian mining fields (1909); of discriminating against our commerce by means of transportation rebates on the Manchurian railways (1909); of seeking to monopolize the truck-farming lands in California (1909); of sinking the drydock Dewey in Manila Bay (1910); of planting mines in that same bay (1910); of taking soundings and making charts of Californian harbors (1910); of secretly conspiring with Mexico against us (1911); of attempting to secure Magdalena Bay, in Lower California, for a naval base (1911); of secretly taking photographs and making maps on the coasts of Alaska (1911); of trying to get supreme control in Manchuria under pretense of fighting the bubonic plague (1911); of conspiring with Mexican insurgents against us (1912); of persecuting American missionaries in Korea and trying to abolish Christianity there (1912); of conspiring with Germany to overthrow the Monroe Doctrine (1912); of attacking the American consul in Newchwang (1912); of forming an alliance with our west coast Indians against us (1912); of threatening to

attack Java, and thus compelling the Dutch to seek our support (1912); of trying to buy Lower California from Huerta (1914); of attempting to get spies into the fortifications of the Panama Canal (1915); of seeking to secure a foothold in Lower California by running a vessel ashore and sending warships to assist in salvage operations (1916); of conspiring with Germany to get control of the San Blas Indian lands in Panama (1916).

Add to the list the wild stories of two hundred thousand soldiers in Mexico; of Japanese firing at the American troops at Mazatlan; of the Japanese government supplying Mexico with arms and ammunition; of Japan scheming to make Mexico her ally; of Japanese diplomats guiding Carranza's hand in writing protests against America's 'punitive' expedition into Mexico; of the Japanese in California urging the Carranza government to declare war upon the United States, and so on and so forth, and you can understand how, in the mind of the public, Japan's complaints against the United States seemed to wax larger and larger until their patience has been lost.

Not content with telling their home folk such wonderful tales of the gathering storm over American-Japanese relations, some Americans had the kindness to cross the Pacific two years ago and scare the credulous subjects of the Mikado with the frightful story of America's warlike preparations against Japan. One of these crafty tattlers published in a number of Tokyo newspapers a self-manufactured interview in which the paymaster of a certain American cruiser at Manila (giving the specific names of both the man and the vessel) was made to state that America was making feverish haste to complete preparations for the war which she was to declare upon Japan within a very short time. This same gentleman contributed to Mr. William

Randolph Hearst's enterprising newspapers an article asserting that the National Defense Council of Japan, of which ex-Premier Marquis Okuma and other foremost publicists were members, had published a book on the coming war with America; while the truth was that the book was but a flimsy fiction written by an unknown scribe. As I write these words a number of newspapers, the foremost among the American press, are disseminating the news that Japan has served an ultimatum upon China, demanding immediate severance of her diplomatic relations with Germany! And yet Japan's critics tell us that the Japanese press is more anti-American than the American press is anti-Japanese!

III

Of the three questions now casting a shadow over American-Japanese relations, that of Japanese immigration calls for our first consideration. So far as the Japanese government is concerned, it may safely be asserted that this question has ceased to be a vital issue, for the government regards it as settled through the instrumentality of the 'gentlemen's agreement.'

The effect of that instrument upon Japanese immigration is briefly told. The high-water mark of Japanese immigration was reached in 1908, when the report of the Immigration Bureau at Washington recorded the entry of 9544 Japanese into continental United States. With the gentlemen's agreement working effectively in the year following, Japanese immigration to the main land of America fell to 2432, against which as many as 5004 Japanese departed from these shores. Again, in 1910 only 2598 were admitted, while 5024 returned to Japan. In 1911 the figures increased considerably, 4282 Japanese having been admitted

to continental United States. Nevertheless, those returning to Japan in the same year numbered 5869, that is, 1587 more than were admitted. In 1912 Japanese arrivals numbered 5358 as against 5437 departures. In 1913 there were 6771 arrivals against 5647 departures; in 1914, 8462 arrivals, and 6300 departures; in 1915, 9029 arrivals and 5967 departures; in 1916, 9100 arrivals and 6922 departures.

It will be seen that in the eight years during which the gentlemen's agreement has been in force, 48,032 Japanese entered the mainland of the United States, whereas 46,170 left for Japan. This gives only 1862 arrivals in excess of departures.

The anti-Japanese critics point to the steady increase of Japanese arrivals since 1912. But they overlook or ignore three vital points. In the first place, the above figures for arrivals include both laborers and non-laborers. In recent years a majority of the Japanese arrivals consisted of men and women of the non-laboring class — travelers, merchants, students, and wives of the Japanese residing in this country. Thus, in 1913, 5400 of the total arrivals of 6771 were not of the laboring class but those rightfully entitled to admission. In 1914, 6700 of 8462 were non-laborers; in 1915 and 1916, 6815 and 6142, respectively, were non-laborers. The gentlemen's agreement does not, and cannot, of course, aim to exclude Japanese of the non-laboring class.

The second reason for the increase of Japanese arrivals in the past few years is found in the fact that those Japanese who had returned to Japan in such large numbers during the few years preceding, have, in accordance with the provisions of the gentlemen's agreement, been steadily coming back to this country. They have found the economic and other conditions at home uncongenial to them, and have almost

invariably availed themselves of the privilege granted in the gentlemen's agreement.

In the third place, the same agreement permits the Japanese residing in this country to send for their parents, wives, and children with a view to making homes here. That is why, in late years, Japanese women, many of whom are the so-called 'picture brides,' have been coming in increasing numbers. In the past session of Congress the picture bride was made a topic of discussion at the hands of the House Committee on Immigration. Congressman John L. Burnett went so far as to assert that picture brides, with few exceptions, come here with little intention to make homes with their fiancés, and that they are in many cases brought for immoral purposes.

To explain the picture bride, we must first of all explain marriage customs in Japan. In Japan when a child, whether boy or girl, reaches a marriageable age, it is the duty of the parents to find a suitable partner for him or her. Custom, however, rules that the conduct of the affair must be entrusted to a go-between, usually some discreet married friend. Having found a desirable person, the go-between arranges a meeting of the prospective bride and groom, usually chaperoned by their parents. But before this interview takes place, the parents on either side spare no pains in inquiring into the character, social standing, family relations, genealogy, health, education, and what not, of the young man and woman. If, as the result of this investigation, the young man and woman express themselves in favor of the consummation of a marriage, the parents and go-between proceed to make final arrangements for the wedding. If, on the contrary, their opinion is unfavorable, the matter is dropped.

When a Japanese living in America

desires to marry, he writes to his parents, asking them to find a suitable woman for his bride. The parents, following the usual customs and rules, fix on an eligible person. If the prospective groom were in Japan the customary meeting with the prospective bride would follow. But when he lives in this country, this meeting cannot be had. So he sends his photograph to the woman, and receives her photograph in exchange. If this 'interview' by photographs proves satisfactory to both parties, the nuptial knot is tied at a ceremonial dinner, from which the groom is naturally absent, but which is attended by the parents and relatives on either side. This done, the parents register the marriage with the proper authorities.

In the light of Japanese law, therefore, the so-called 'picture bride' has already been legitimately married before her departure for America, where she is to join the groom, and no further proceedings are necessary in order that they may call themselves man and wife under American law. But to conform to the American custom and requirements of marriage, the couple, on the arrival of the bride, go through the procedure required in this country.

Like any other system of marriage, this Japanese system is not without its defects. But, on the whole, the picture bride is happily united. There have been only a few instances in which such marriages have proved unsatisfactory. Indeed, it seems to be the opinion among the more experienced, conservative Japanese residents in America that marriage following the exchange of photographs results in more felicitous unions than in those cases where the young men go over to Japan and find the brides themselves; because in the former case the precaution, wisdom, experience, and good judgment of the parents are fully utilized.

IV

So far as we are able to ascertain, the Japanese government has no intention to demand, in any measurable future, the abrogation of the gentlemen's agreement. Japan recognized the courtesy of the Wilson Administration in respecting her equally courteous request that the restriction of Japanese immigration be not made a provision in the statutes of the United States, but be left to the accommodating spirit on the part of Japan. In the new Immigration law adopted by Congress over Mr. Wilson's veto, no clause is found prohibiting Japanese immigration, and the fact has been appreciated by the Japanese government and people. Modest as its achievements are, the Mikado's Empire has been recognized as one of the foremost powers of the world. Naturally it sees an affront to its dignity in a statutory provision of a foreign power singling it out as an object of discriminatory treatment. Can we not sympathize with its desire to restrict the emigration of its subjects of its own accord rather than submit to an exclusion law of the United States, though the effect would be the same in either case?

Japan's attitude and policy with regard to the immigration question, then, permit of no misconstruction. She has in no uncertain terms told the United States that she would voluntarily stop the emigration of her laborers to the United States, and she has faithfully adhered to the pledge. At the same time, she has unmistakably intimated to the American government that her subjects legitimately admitted into this country must not be discriminated against. This is a proposition just and incontrovertible. All that has to be done is to extend citizenship to the Japanese. It is absurd, as it is unjust, that ignorant immigrants from coun-

tries far more backward than Japan should be freely naturalized, while the Japanese, with all the qualifications for citizenship, are compelled to remain aliens, however devoted they may be to this country.

International usage, unwritten but nevertheless in force, rules that no nation should be discriminated against by any power with which it is on a plane of equality. A nation admitted by universal consent into the comity of the world's foremost powers has the right to demand of any foreign nation with which it enters into intercourse the treatment usually accorded such powers. Now, Japan is the only nation in the Orient which has attained such a position. In discussing the immigration question, therefore, Japan speaks only for herself and not as the champion of Asiatic peoples.

In spite of all the concessions Japan has made to this country in the adjustment of the immigration question, the states on the Pacific coast are still complaining about Japanese immigration. Certain classes of people in that section have an ingrained habit of grumbling about the Japanese, and they do not know how to stop it even when Japanese immigration has been cut off. Now that Japanese of the laboring class have ceased to come, they are worrying themselves about the coming of picture brides and the consequent increase of the birth-rate in the Japanese community. Theirs are peculiar minds, snobbishly inclined, devoid alike of generosity and politeness, incapable of appreciating anything foreign to their set ideas and habits. To the mutterings of this class of people Japan is not likely to lend ear. What matter if a few thousand Japanese babies are born in California? Their training, their mental attitude, their way of thinking will be entirely American, and in the end they will prove themselves to be citizens as

desirable as children of any other immigrants.

I have often wondered how much of the anti-Japanese agitation in the Western states is sincere; that is, called forth by real necessity. At the present moment the legislatures of Oregon and Idaho are each considering bills prohibiting Japanese ownership of land. Yet Idaho has only two thousand Japanese, whose land holdings amount to scarcely five hundred acres. In Oregon there are only four thousand Japanese, holding less than a thousand acres of land. When in 1913 California created a world-wide sensation by adopting an anti-Japanese land law, Japanese land holdings in that State, according to the State Board of Agriculture, amounted to only 12,726 acres, divided into 331 farms. A little figuring will show that the Japanese in California owned only one acre out of every eight thousand acres in the State. Remembering that 101,320,000 acres were at that time owned by two million and a half Americans, or European immigrants, increasing at the rate of sixty per cent in a decade, it is hard to understand why these small holdings of the Japanese should constitute a menace requiring a drastic measure at the expense of international amity.

V

The last question to be considered is the Chinese question. We must remember that this question, so far as Japan is concerned, has a vital bearing upon her embarrassing problem of surplus population. Not that Japan intends to make China a dumping-ground for her emigrants, for she certainly does not. In her efforts to relieve the pressure of population at home without causing embarrassment to foreign nations, especially the United States and England, Japan will inevitably follow two

lines of action. First, she will utilize the territories already under her control, such as Hokkaido, Korea, Formosa, and a certain section of South Manchuria; and, secondly, she will follow the footsteps of England and strive to convert herself into a great commercial nation. It is the second line of action which has a direct bearing upon Japan's Chinese policy.

Japan's foremost aspiration to-day is to become a great factor in the commerce of the world. If she succeeds in this direction she will be enabled to support more comfortably than hitherto her increasing population upon the comparatively small area of land at her disposal. It is, therefore, but natural that she should make supreme efforts to become a dominant economic factor in China. She sees in that country of two million square miles untold resources yet little exploited. She sees in the four hundred million souls of China the possibility of creating a vast market for her merchandise. These are the bottom facts which afford impetus to Japan's action in China, though her ambition on the Asian continent must at times have seemed political rather than economic.

In pursuing this policy Japan has no intention of embarrassing American activities in China. In his address in the Imperial Diet at Tokyo two months ago Viscount Ichiro Motono, the Japanese Foreign Minister, made this statement: —

'I note with great pleasure the symptoms of real sympathy manifested for some time between Japan and the United States. A proposal for common financial action has been made by American capitalists. The imperial Government will follow with lively interest the development of the economic *rapprochement* between the two countries.'

There is no reason why Japan and

the United States cannot coöperate in China, not only for their own benefit, but also for the advantage of the Chinese. Once Japan clearly understands that America has no political ambition in the Far East, she will be only too glad to welcome her to China. It may sound curious to Americans, but it is nevertheless true, that a large number of Japanese are inclined to see political ambitions in American policy in the Orient. They think that America, not content with the enforcement of the Monroe Doctrine in her own hemisphere, is embarking upon an imperialistic career. She is, they fear, stretching her hands across the Pacific, intent upon extending, not only her commercial interests, but her political influence, in China. In Secretary Knox's proposal for the neutralization of the Manchurian railways, in his scheme to construct the Chinchow-Aigun railway, in the Bethlehem Steel Company's project to establish a dockyard in Fukien, not to mention the American occupation of the Hawaiian Islands and the Philippines, the Japanese see the ominous rise of the United States in world-politics. They think that these American activities, like the similar activities of European powers, are not merely commercial, but political. They have seen enough of the sinister designs concocted by European powers against Korea and China, menacing the very existence of their own sphere. In their minds it seems next to impossible to differentiate American enterprises from European. Moreover, American *entrepreneurs*, backed by unlimited resources and capital, will, they apprehend, sooner or later drive Japanese trade and enterprise in China to the wall, if Japan does not resort to measures of self-protection against their onslaught.

All European investors in China have enjoyed the backing of their

respective governments. The railways that they have built in China are as much political railways as they are commercial. The concessions that they have wrested from Peking also have political meaning. Will not the same unfortunate situation develop from American investments in Chinese railways and canals and mines?

There is another class of Japanese, whose opposition to American activities in the Far East is due to different motives from those I have just described. These Japanese are not so much concerned with American 'imperialism' as they are desirous of showing the Americans what they can do in the way of retaliation. Their mood is one of resentment and defiance. They have been resenting America's discrimination against the Japanese and her apparent eagerness to forestall all their enterprises in Mexico and even in South America. They have been deeply annoyed by the cry of 'Wolf!' raised by publicists at Washington and a large number of American newspapers every time Japan takes a step on the Asian mainland. 'Let us show these troublesome meddling Yankees what we can do to them if they insist upon annoying us all the time with no justification whatever' is the sentiment of these people.

The Japanese are but human. You cannot expect them to turn their left cheeks to you after you have slapped them on their right cheeks. They can understand you when you raise an issue over Japanese immigration to your own country, but they do not understand and will never understand why on earth you have to pursue them in Mexico and South America, when there is nothing to make ado about. There was absolutely no truth in the much exploited story of the Japanese designs upon Magdalena Bay, and yet one of America's foremost publicists intro-

duced a resolution in the Senate, declaring that the United States could not see without grave concern the acquisition of any harbor on the American continent by a foreign corporation 'which has such relations to another government, not American, as to give that country practical control for military or naval purposes.'

Fortunately, however, Japan is not going to follow a policy of revenge in dealing with American enterprise in China. About a year ago Baron Yeichi Shibusawa, foremost among Japanese financiers, came to the United States with a view to sounding the sentiment of American capitalists with regard to Chinese enterprise. It was highly unfortunate that his real motives were willfully misinterpreted by a certain class of Americans whose business seems to be to put unexpected meanings to every Japanese opinion and action. These wisecracks have been spreading the report that Shibusawa's proposal is to grant Japan a vetoing power with regard to every American enterprise in China. If this extraordinary scheme were carried into effect, they fancied, American capital would be permitted to enter China only upon Japan's approval.

Nothing could be more sinister than such a misinterpretation. What Shibusawa expressed was his desire and hope for the coöperation of American and Japanese capital. Certainly he did not entertain the quixotic idea of forbidding the activities of American capitalists who would invest in China independently rather than in coöperation with the Japanese.

The aptness of certain Americans to misrepresent Japan's measures in China is seen in their comment upon the abandonment of the Standard Oil Company's project of exploiting oil-fields there. They tell us that the project was dropped because of Japanese

objection. Yet I know, on the authority of the engineers who surveyed the oil-fields for the Standard Oil, that the abandonment was due to the fact that the fields gave no promise of yielding sufficient oil to justify the enormous expenditure involved in the enterprise.

This American habit of blaming the Japanese every time something goes wrong with China is a serious impediment to the maintenance of friendly relations, not only between Japan and the United States, but also between Japan and China. It is due to the same mental habit of many Americans that they see a menace to American trade in the Japanese domination in Korea. And yet statistics show that American export trade to Korea increased twenty times in the decade that followed the establishment of Japanese rule in the peninsula. The Tokyo *Jiji-shimpo*, admittedly the most influential financial newspaper in Japan, discussing, in its recent issue, China's economic outlook, invites American enterprise in that country, either independently or in coöperation with Japanese capital. So sane is the editorial that I am tempted to quote therefrom the following passage: —

The rapid progress of Japan's export trade to China is largely due to the increase

of China's purchasing capacity, stimulated by the introduction of foreign capital, which built railways, opened mines, and contributed in many another way to the economic advancement of the country. Had it not been for the work accomplished by foreign capital, China's demand for foreign goods would have remained very small, and our trade in China would never have forged ahead as it really has.

The 'open door' and 'equal opportunity' for all trading nations have been our fixed policy in China. Unfortunately, people have not been lacking who are so shortsighted as to fear the competition of foreign capital with our enterprise in China. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that our wisest course lies in the most faithful adherence to the policy of the open door, and in encouraging the exploitation of natural resources with the aid of foreign capital.

Is not this a counsel which American critics of Japan as well as Japanese critics of America would do well to take to heart? It seems, however, inevitable that, as Japan's influence in China grows greater, she should be made the butt of Western envy and censure. Unless Japan commits such serious blunders as she committed two years ago in submitting the so-called twenty-one demands to China, she may go on with her own plans, unafraid, and unhindered by Western criticisms.

NICARAGUA AND THE UNITED STATES

BY CYRUS F. WICKER

IN 1907 the republics of Nicaragua, Salvador, and Honduras were at war. The war apparently differed in no wise from the frequent and, for the most part, inconclusive struggles that have at intervals convulsed the five states of Central America ever since their attainment of independence in 1821. It was not the first war between them, and there was no hope at the time of its being the last. For eighty years the history of Central America had been that of nations united by ties of common history, language, and geographical situation, inspired by identical aims and purposes, and for long periods bound together by treaties of union or alliance, only to fall apart or be rent asunder by factional disputes, with always war as a result, until over large areas the lands were left untilled, commerce languished, and the instability of their various political institutions had almost passed into a proverb.

But the close of the war of 1907 marked a change. As soon as actual hostilities had ceased there was called, on the initiative of the United States, acting in coöperation with Mexico, a peace conference, to which delegates from all of the five states of Central America were invited, which not only concluded terms of peace but also established a Central American Court of Justice, to meet in perpetual session at Cartago, in Costa Rica. This Court, composed of one member from each of the five states, was authorized to hear and determine all causes of complaint between them and, under certain con-

ditions, between any one of them and an outside nation.

The wisdom and value of this institution were at once apparent, the first decision of the Court, in the year following its creation, preventing another war. But an even greater work of the Conference, in the hope that it offered of establishing a really permanent peace among the war-distracted nations of Central America, was the placing of the central state, Honduras, inclined by geographical situation to be the most belligerent as well as the greatest sufferer of all, in a state of neutrality, proposed voluntarily by itself and guaranteed by its neighbors. The purpose of this neutralization was to remove Honduras permanently from the realm of war and place her in the same situation as Switzerland, which latter Republic, safeguarded by the Congress of Vienna, has maintained her independence, integrity, and unviolated neutrality to this day.

The benefits expected from this first application of the principle of perpetual neutrality to a country of the new world were incalculable. It confirmed the hope that free and independent states might ask for and accept perpetual neutrality at any one of the numerous international conferences summoned in furtherance of peace, and pointed to the rôle of guarantor and friend which the United States might play in the future of neutralization in this hemisphere. No better beginning could have been devised than that neutralization should be applied first of all in war-

ridden Central America, made contemporaneous with the creation of the Central American Court of Justice, and brought into being at a peace conference held in Washington under the auspices of the United States. It was but the natural result of such conditions that, ever since the declaration of the neutrality of Honduras, not only have no hostilities broken out between the five guarantors of the agreement, but also, up to a short time ago, it appeared that the danger of war between them had been reduced to a minimum.

Unfortunately, in the last six months an attack has been made upon both the Central American Court of Justice and the principle of perpetual neutrality, which threatens their existence and nullifies their usefulness. It is still more unfortunate that the attack originated in a treaty concluded between one of these Central American countries and the United States.

This treaty, with Nicaragua, known as the Nicaragua Canal Treaty, grants to the United States, in return for the payment of three million dollars, the exclusive right to build an inter-oceanic canal across Nicaragua. It also grants to the United States the right to establish a naval base on Point Coseguina, lying within Nicaraguan territory on the southern shore of the Bay of Fonseca, and the ownership of two small islands, Great Corn and Little Corn, situated to the east of Nicaragua in the Caribbean Sea. Like all treaties, it requires ratification by the treaty-making bodies of the respective nations, to be of legal effect.

Many causes intervened to delay these ratifications. There were revolutions in Nicaragua; there were protests from Salvador, Honduras, and Costa Rica that Nicaragua had no right, without consulting them, to transfer rights and powers affecting territories or waters not wholly her own, but con-

trolled jointly with others; there was a slowly growing feeling that the treaty conveyed very valuable rights for an insignificant sum compared with what we had paid for Panama; and that this money was to go to a nation occupying a peculiar position of dependence on United States military and naval power; and there were the vociferous protests of individuals, for the most part in exile, to the effect that the present government of Nicaragua represented only a minority of the people and had been placed and maintained in power by American arms — an inference to which the employment of American marines in suppressing the insurrection of 1912, and their continued presence in the capital city of Nicaragua to this day, seem to lend a color of truth.

With these assertions no issue is here taken. The principles involved lie deeper and are only obscured by a too close attention to surface agitation. The main facts are that, under an international protest which should have given us pause, the disputed treaty was ratified by our Senate last March, and after a two months' struggle with political opponents in the National Assembly, by the signature of the President and the approval of the government of Nicaragua.

Immediately following these ratifications, the Republic of Costa Rica brought suit in the Central American Court of Justice against Nicaragua, on the ground that the latter had not respected Costa Rican rights in concluding and ratifying the treaty with the United States. The Court by a vote of four to one — Nicaragua alone dissenting — returned a verdict in favor of Costa Rica. The decision was uninfluenced and fell in every way within the purpose for which the Court was created — that of the peaceful determination and settlement of disputes between the five nations, which might

otherwise lead to war, and its decision was binding on all parties. Nevertheless, Nicaragua refused to accept the decision. Recently a similar decision in favor of Salvador has been rendered, this time with regard to the naval base on Fonseca Bay, and equally without effect. The Court is now threatened with dissolution by these states on the ground that its authority has been disregarded and its prestige impaired; a war involving at least four of the republics seems imminent; and, most unfortunate of all, the defiant attitude of Nicaragua, with her three million dollars in hand, and her manifest reliance on the support of this government as evidenced by our warships in her harbor and our marines in her capital, has a grave and disquieting meaning to those who follow, with hope deferred, the relations of the United States toward our smallest and nearest Latin-American neighbors.

That one of these states is more valuable to us than the others; that, internationally speaking, Nicaragua is more important to us than all of the other Central American states combined, might by some be urged in defense of our dealing with her alone. The Nicaraguan Canal undoubtedly will at some time be built, and by the United States. That route, in open competition with that over Panama, received up to the year 1902 a majority of the favorable reports of United States canal commissions, and would probably have been already adopted and built, had it been known at the time that there could never be a sea-level canal. But the heart of the matter is this: Nicaragua, whatever her own ideas about it, cannot by herself alone sell the exclusive right to construct a canal involving a lake and river in the lower waters of which, flowing in part through Costa Rican territory, the last-named republic has definite interests and at least

equal sovereignty; and Nicaragua commits a grievous wrong, unsupported by international law, in contracting with a foreign nation, without the consent of her neighbors, for the establishment, even on her own territory, of a naval base that will dominate the territory of her neighbors and waters controlled jointly by herself and them.

Fonseca Bay is a great natural indentation in the land, eighteen miles deep by thirty wide, with a narrow entrance guarded by two volcanoes fourteen miles apart. Of these Conchagua, on the north, is in Salvador, Coseguina, on the south, in Nicaragua, while Honduras, with the volcanic island of Tigre, owns most of the shore line to the east. The three nations, each holding about one third of the coast-line, possess jointly the sovereignty of its waters. The bay itself is magnificent, and its possessor holds the key of naval power in the south Pacific and the Canal.

It is obvious that every square yard of this harbor, as well as the shores of the surrounding states, is within the range of modern artillery located at almost any point on the bay. More specifically, the coasts of Salvador and Honduras, and the principal seaports of those countries, La Unión and Amapala, would be within range of the proposed United States naval base located on Point Coseguina, and, *vice versa*, our naval base would be within range of guns placed on the islands of Manguera or Tigre, belonging to Salvador and Honduras respectively. The establishment of such a base is naturally a matter of concern to both of those nations. England in 1911 objected to the establishment by Germany of a naval base at Agadir in Morocco, — although such a base threatened not England, but the Straits of Gibraltar, two hundred miles away, — and would have gone to war to prevent it. Clearly in our case the situation is one demand-

ing friendly coöperation between all parties concerned rather than a narrow assumption and assertion of rights.

Of even more importance, under the provisions of the Treaty of Peace and Friendship, concluded in Washington on December 20, 1907, under our auspices and recorded in our book of Foreign Relations of that year, the Republic of Honduras was placed in a state of neutrality in which she can lawfully neither commit nor suffer any hostile act. Deprived of her power to wage war, she is obliged to rely on the guaranties of her neighbors that they will respect her sovereignty and resist its violation. Are not we, who summoned the Conference, bound in duty to listen to her complaint?

While there is not the slightest doubt that the establishment of a United States naval base on the Nicaraguan shore of the Bay of Fonseca would not only safeguard the Panama Canal and its adjacent waters, but also insure in greater measure the peace, integrity, and commercial development of Honduras and of the neighboring states, it is only right that in so doing we should become a party to a general agreement and act in harmony with all the countries concerned. Occasions for protests, lawsuits, and threats of war would not have arisen if the United States had regarded this important Central American situation from the point of view of a joint interest in the rights desired. In the treaty the United States deals with Nicaragua and Nicaragua alone, as if the latter had a full right to entertain and decide by herself the matters in question.

It is true that the Senate adopted a resolution to accompany the treaty, to the effect that under it the rights of Salvador, Honduras, and Costa Rica are not affected; but is that not a matter for those states themselves to decide? Their protest to the Court of

Justice and the Court's decision in their favor form so forcible an answer that the support of Nicaragua alone, voiced by a President guarded in his capital by United States marines, can bring small satisfaction to the friends of peace and fair play in the United States.

Just as it is unthinkable that our foreign policy should lend itself to abuses, so we should be more careful to avert threatened abuses from those whom we count as wards. Above all, we have no right to force our method upon others simply through consciousness of our excellent motives and the firm belief that our actions will result in their greater tranquillity and peace.

Before another controversy, similar to that of Panama and Colombia, has arisen, let us admit it if we have been in error in unduly pressing the establishment of our rights, or if desire has led us to become parties to a disputed treaty. It is not as if time were a pressing factor in the negotiations. Our relations with Central America, if founded on justice, are too strong to be affected adversely in a few short years; and there is still a way, through mutual agreement, of attaining the desired end without ignoring or overriding the self-respecting objections of neighboring states, not one of which is at this time really opposed to entering into a conference for mutual protection, understanding, and advantage.

In the Central American situation there are obligations from the fulfillment of which no payment of money can absolve us: there is the authority of an honorable and important institution to uphold; there is the character of the United States as friend and mediator in Central America to confirm; and there is the first application of the principle of permanent neutrality in the Western Hemisphere now in our hands to overthrow or to establish beyond all question and for all time.

FROM THE LAND OF THE LIVING DEATH

THE SIBERIAN LETTERS OF CATHERINE BRESHKOVSKY

'PETROGRAD (*via* London), *March* 17.
— Madame Catherine Breshkovsky, who is known as "the grandmother of the Russian revolution," has been invited by M. Kerenski, minister of justice in the new cabinet, to return to Petrograd.' — *News Item*.

Babushka — in English we can come no nearer the meaning of the word than 'dear little Grannie' — has lived to see her dream come true: her dream of a free Russia, delivered from the Romanoffs, from the 'Bochophiles,' from despotism, into the safe-keeping of the Russian people and the social democracy. Ever since she was five years old and scandalized her sweet Christian mother by giving away her little velvet cloak to a peasant child, Babushka has been dreaming this dream; and now she is seventy-three. For the dream's sake she has spent thirty of these years in Siberian exile; several years of her youth in solitary confinement in a Petrograd prison, and two years of her later life in the dread fortress-prison of Peter and Paul. Since she was twenty-six, she has not been free from police surveillance, and the record of those forty-seven devoted years is one long succession of hardships and persecutions heroically and even gayly endured. Hard labor in the mines at Kara, solitary confinement in Irkutsk — these are some of the horrors which Babushka has borne for her faith.

More than once she has tried to escape, — the last time in December, 1914, when, dressed as a man, she got

away from Kirensk and evaded the police for several days before they recaptured her driving toward Yakutsk on the frozen river Lena. If younger revolutionists grew faint-hearted, it was enough for them to remember that somewhere in farthest Siberia Babushka was keeping the fires of hope alive, and immediately the spark in their own hearts blazed afresh. No one knew better than she did the value of this ardent and indomitable example to her comrades. When her American friends urged her to let them arrange for her release and banishment to America, she wrote in her quaint and charming English, —

'I cannot and shall not forsake my poor boys even for the happiness to spend my last days amidst such friends as you are to me. So, dearest, and I am sure that you will understand me and love me no less for that. I am the mother of a large family which is accustomed to see me devoted to their interests and to share their fate, bad as it is. Now, represent yourself a mother forsaking her children, and going to those who are rich and happy without her. Not only my boys here, but all the youths over all the country would be grieved and their faith in their grandmother would be broken. For myself, I confess, the life you desire me to lead, would be a difficult one for me, who is accustomed to an existence very scarce and modest. And think of the feeling of a mother, leaving her children scourged by their foes, and going herself to enjoy a company where one finds only

friendship, love, and worshiping! What would you say to it? . . . If till now I am something in the eyes of my countrymen and yours, it is for my sincerity and the simplicity of my existence: no artifice of any kind. I am afraid, even, I would not suit quite well to such a rich country as yours, accustomed to have great talents of every sort at her service. I have no talents, you saw it yourself. But my simple nature suits my people's simple heart, and we do understand each other and love each other mutually. We are slow in our doings, we are deprived of ambition, that stimulates the doings of others, but we are faithful to our ideal which is brotherhood.

'You will comprehend me when remembering that for half a century all my being is full (from top to toes) of one straining: to improve the moral, mental and economical life of my people. It is a too long habit, and one cannot break the ties that unite him with the existence of his folk. And what an example it would be to my youngest comrades! God forbid!

'You shall know once, for the rest of my life, that I am a creature full of gratitude, and prize every token of friendship and goodness. One thing is wondering me a little, it is the admiration of my character and patience to endure my fate. First, I shall say, there are many and many people with us, which proved not less if not more courage and grandeur of soul during all their life; so many young people that died as very heroes. Secondly, we Russians, we are a people of religion; we have one in our soul, through all the nation, and the worshiping of the beloved Idea is our national trait. This capacity to appreciate the worshiped Idea above all the rest of the material world makes us strong, and willingly to sacrifice ourselves for the sake of it.'

In 1906, in the interval between her

two banishments, Madame Breshkovsky came to the United States to raise money for the cause of Russian freedom, and it was during this visit that she made the friends in New York, in Boston, in Chicago, to whom the following letters are written. In addition to her national trait, 'the worshiping of the beloved Idea,' she possesses in a peculiar degree the genius for friendship, as these ardent and faithful letters bear witness. They date from 1910, when she was released from the fortress-prison of Peter and Paul, and sent into perpetual exile in Siberia. Besides the messages from Babushka herself, we have also side-lights upon her Siberian life, in extracts from letters written to her anxious American friends by other comrades of hers. The letter which follows is from a fellow exile who saw her as she passed through Manzurka on her way to Kirensk, in September, 1910.

'When Babushka passed here in August last, she was so exceedingly bright and kind that it was hardly credible that she is nearly seventy years old [sixty-nine], having just got out of prison after three years' seclusion. A full figure with rosy face (I paid special attention, there were no wrinkles), sparkling eyes and gray hair, showing from under her hood and hanging on to her forehead.

'The convoy (they were traveling on carts from Alexandrovsk all the way) stopped beyond our village to change horses. It was quite a camp of 250 human beings surrounded by a chain of escort. Among this crowd, in gray coats under gray sky and rain, her imposing figure struck every one at once. It seemed to me that since 1905, when I saw her last, she became younger. Her spirits were high. A crowd of young people accompanied her. This brightened and encouraged her and colored the impressions she produced upon us.

And what was remarkable was that this was after five days of a cruelly hard journey, all the time under pouring rain, on a shaky cart, the nights spent in *étape* barracks or about bonfires. It was enough to prostrate anyone, whereas our Babushka looked as if she was at a students' party.

'We were admitted inside the chain of the convoy, so that we could see her, so to speak, in her home surroundings. She formed the centre of the party, and was the object of general attention, not only of her political comrades, but also of criminals and the soldiers of the convoy. A curious fact — when we traveled under escort to our destination in April, the convoy repeatedly inquired from us, "When is Babushka coming up? God grant us to see her."

'The prison in Irkutsk was also expecting her. The whole imprisoned and exiled Siberia waited with amazement, and sometimes with reverence, to see this "miracle woman."

'Unfortunately, the convoy stopped at Manzurka only a short time, as it had to make another stage that day. There was hardly time to speak to her, so many wished to see her and pay respects to her. She was joking almost all the time. Kissed us all.

'We hardly had time to exchange greetings, remember common friends, yourselves amongst others, as the guards approached her and said, "Please Babushka, to get up on your cart." . . . On the same cart with her was traveling another comrade who had just served his term of hard labor. Pointing to him, she said, "This is my friend. He took care of me all the way." There was also a third passenger on the same cart, a feeble woman, so exhausted and tired that she could hardly sit up. "A sectarian," said Babushka in an undertone. "And this is our dear kind Starosta," pointing to a tall bright student, the deputy of the party.

'She was dressed in a sort of dressing-gown of superior shape and cloth and some peculiar hood.'

Babushka's first letter from Kirensk was received November 15, 1910.

'DEAREST AND BEST FRIEND ALICE
STONE BLACKWELL,

'MY GOOD AND LOVELY FRIEND
HELENE DUDLEY!

'Five years and a half ago I answered, when you asked me to remain with you in America, that in five years, when all shall be restored and ordered in Russia, I will come back to you and remain with you as long as it pleases you. In my mind, "restored and ordered" signifies: Russia renewed and quietly working at her further progress. Certainly, in saying so I did not pretend to believe my desires would be punctually fulfilled; certainly I know the great historical cataclysms do not pass without "flux and reflux" of success and mischief, without many and many new efforts and battles, before the end shall be obtained and the plan fulfilled.

'But, dearest friends, I did not foresee that the recommencement of my relations with you would follow from the place I am in. And yet your old acquaintance is once more in Siberia, farther from your charming homes than ever. But what is the distance if our mind, our imagination, our fancies, can transport us everywhere we wish, and represent to us all the scenes, the images, we remember and love? So I feel myself, and instead of fixing my attention on all sorts of disagreeable conditions environing my everyday life, I prefer to visit all the places and all the people who made me content and happy. In doing so I feel myself always among the best company there are in the world. It must not be understood I am quite deprived of good company in

reality. There are a few people who have access to my person and who take care of my little needs and help me in my few wants. Two families (of exile too) prevent my material wants; a young banished man takes me to walk around the little island whereon is situated the so-called "town," Kirensk, surrounded by two rivers, the immense and cold Lena and the less majestic Kyrenga. The boy helps me to heat my oven and to make my few purchases. The two years and eight months of Petropavlovsk fortress having spoiled sensibly my health, the young man is of great use to me, for my gait is not yet sure enough, and it will take some time before my forces and my celerity rejoin me to the point as to let me exercise my feet without the aid of anything. The winter is rude in this country. The cold falls over 56 degrees below zero, and perhaps during two or three months the out-of-doors will be inaccessible to me. Nevertheless, I hope to restore my health and live to the day I see you again, dearest and faithful friends. Why not?

'All my doings and every pace are surveilled day and night, and my position into exile is little different from that of the imprisonment; the guardians are permitted to wake me even into the night, to see if I am safe. There is always one of spies surveying me at some distance.'

The next letter is to M. Nicholas Tchaykovsky, who with Babushka was charged with revolutionary conspiracy in 1908 and imprisoned in the fortress of Peter and Paul, but was acquitted on evidence brought from America.

'KIRENSK, November 10, 1910.

'I wanted to write you a cheerful and jolly letter as both these states of mind are not foreign to me, — on the contrary, it is a long time since I have

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laughed as much as since my return to the world from solitary confinement; and here I often laugh at every trifle and look lovingly at the few youngsters who would like to take care of me and whom I like to see about me. But just on account of these youngsters, I am suffering a good deal of discomfort at present, not to say sorrow. From the very beginning, it was known that every one calling on me was entered on the "book of life." In the course of time it came to the notice of the police surveyor that some called on me seldom; others more frequently; that some did not stay long, others remained to chop wood, sweep out the rooms, go for provisions, or else to work at some foreign language or sit and wait until the time came to close the chimney with its heavy flue-plates; or else to take the old lady out for an airing or to the bathhouse and back, a trip of almost half a mile.

'All these services were undertaken mostly by those who had more time at their disposal, who had no necessary work the whole day. Particularly there was a young man living within a mile and a half of the town, behind the Lena, supporting himself by odd jobs with little help from his relatives. He came every day after dinner for two or three hours; he was very kind to me and very attentive to all my household needs. He got into trouble once because he had given me a ride in his boat (it was only in the beginning of September), and now he is being constantly reminded that he has no right to remain in the city after eight o'clock in the evening. Well, about a month ago, another young man came, an assistant surgeon, who does not want to practice in such places, where there are neither medicines nor any other hygienic necessities. He got employment as a carpenter at the city wharf, quickly made a success of his trade, and was already in hopes

that by the end of winter he would overcome all the difficulties and secrets of carpentry and house-painting, and in the spring would open somewhere a shop of his own. Being inclined to do favors for friends, he called on me daily after his work and gave me massage treatment; in the afternoon he would call to take his scanty portion for dinner so as not to have to go one and one-half miles to attend me in whatever it might be necessary.

'It appears that this sort of laborious life was considered a crime. The Ispravnik (district captain of the police) has taken away from him his passport (a yearly one for traveling over the Kirensk district, which he had just obtained), then arrested him, imprisoned him, and on Saturday he is sending him away escorted by gendarmes to that *volost* [district] from which the assistant surgeon had come to Kirensk. Then again yesterday and to-day they are summoning other persons to the police for examination — a short list of seven or eight names, alleged to be people particularly intimate with me. On another list all those who visit my hut are recorded. What will be done with them, I cannot imagine, unless they station an armed guard to drive away all those who step upon my grass-plots.

'Aside from the fact that I like people generally, that a feeling of gratitude is deeply lodged in me, and that distressed young lives are particularly affecting to me, so that I am simply ashamed to be the cause of anybody's misfortune or trouble, I see that complete loneliness threatens me within a short time, either in the form of a hut or prison here, in Kirensk, or somewhere in Bulum, on the Arctic Ocean, where they send exiles for complete isolation. What they are afraid of, and what they imagine, I cannot understand at all; I know only that I would rather stay in Bulum with white bears

than to see how, on account of me, they are persecuting other people and depriving them of bread and of the most necessary freedom. They are even going to send away the sick so that they may not pass me on their way to the hospital.

'Now the boasting begins: to-day, at last, came the package with my prison belongings (coat, dresses, etc.). Taking into account things sent by you and donations received on the road and here, it appears that I have a half a dozen "costumes," one finer than the other. In other words, such a wealth as I have never before accumulated since I was born. I have hung them about the walls and I look at them and think: what shall I do with all these things even if I should order a wardrobe! And as to handkerchiefs and gloves, so many have accumulated that I can't imagine where to put them all. To my relief your gingham will go for shirts for the boys (I intend to cut as many as four out of 15 *arshin*).

'The new handkerchiefs I have given away to neighbors who have been kind to me, and everything that is old I have left for myself except the beautiful blanket, which I hide under my pillow in the daytime and at night spread over my ordinary everyday one, which has seen many things in its day. It seems that even my old cloak is about to go into retirement. I have acquired two wadded coats and a few warm skirts — in a word, enough to get married on (such a bride!), and the people are still dissatisfied and are always grumbling, "A fur coat, grandma, a fur coat, by all means a fur coat!" I will show them a fur coat! Soon I shall have a bearskin for my feet; but so far nothing but a calf skin from Yakutsk lies under my table as a beautiful rug and warms my feet, which are clothed in felt shoes and rubbers. The hut would be good in every respect, but there is a draft from

the floor, and the cold comes in. But we shall overcome that with the bear's help.

'Heigh-ho! my life nothing but a genuine carnival! Abundant of earthly gifts and sincere love of the kind friends more than the wickedness of the enemies, so that the cup of joy outweighs that of bitterness.'

The following extracts are taken from a letter received by Miss Blackwell from an old friend of Madame Breshkovsky, a Russian gentleman, who was in constant communication with her.

'Everybody who came to see Babushka, these guardians stopped and asked who they are and what they come for? It makes such a trouble, not only for Babushka, but for her landlord or house-owner, that nobody liked to let a room to her. For this very reason she lived so long in a miserable semi-rotten hut, which she liked because it was solitary, so that the guardians did not bother the hut-owner, the hut staying apart, with the windows looking in the snowy desert. For her health's sake I insisted to change the lodging and to find a more comfortable one. After long consideration she decided at last to let a little house with two little rooms and one kitchen. She gave me two most important objections to such a change. The first was that the more comfortable lodging can spoil her character and definitely corrupt her spirit. She will live in a comfortable house of three neatly furnished rooms, — '*salons*,' as she called them, — meanwhile some other of her comrades exiles, after hard and long day work (if they luckily have one), hardly could find a hole in the warm stall of some lucky native landlord to spend the night.

'In her last letter she writes me that she changed her lodging at last and is

now settled in her three neatly furnished salons. And she finds her provision is at hand: by and by she feels herself corrupted. . . . The criminal thought is knocking in her head: how nice it would be, if out of one of her pretty salons to make a bath-room and to furnish it with a comfortable bathtub, where she could warm her sick legs! One of her comrades, who is an expert, is ready to realize this ideal, and is going to install a self-made tin-bath. I hope she is now so corrupted, that in the next letter she will tell me of the realization of this great enterprise. She is cherishing the idea that the other of her comrades will find many chances to wash their poor bodies from time to time and to enjoy themselves in the most American style. You see, with money in hands it is possible even in the Russian hells to get some comfort and enjoyment.

'There is no person in the world who can prevent her from doing that, what she considers as her duty. Above all things, she bothers herself in visiting sick native people, in giving them good counsels how to feed the children and so on. Very often she brings them her milk, part of her own daily food. In answer to my teasing reproaches for her unreasonable philanthropy, she sneered at me, saying that I am greatly mistaken in my appreciation of her conduct. She is a very sly old woman; she says, in giving a trifle to these poor and little surrounding wretches she gets more in return from them for herself. They are so stupid, she says, as to bring her all the sweets they can get in that arid region: the butter, different kinds of berries, eggs, little cakes, and so on. They are stupid, because she is alone and is the only one, and cannot give them much, but they are hundreds and multitude, and little by little, bit by bit, they bring her much. And they help her with such an impression and

love (in answer for her pretended attention) that she cannot help receiving the donations. "So, at the end, I am in gain," concluded the sly Babushka. "Light gains make heavy purses," she says. In a word, she is a really incorrigible old woman. However, by force of her indomitable energy and good-natured character, she is spreading everywhere an atmosphere of consolation among the suffering people.'

The young men of Russia are not the only ones to whom Babushka has been a guide and an inspiration in her exile. Ernest Poole, who wrote a sympathetic account of her life, George Kennan, who saw her during her first exile in Siberia, Lewis Herreshoff of Rhode Island, and Arthur Bullard are among her American correspondents.

(To Arthur Bullard)

'KIRENSK, January, 1911.

'Bullard, my boy! Already in Panama you grind yourself into pieces and will be old at forty. I would have you always young and active, but without excitement, better to say, without too much strain. It is so delightful to know our friends in good health and strong body and soul; and it makes us so sad when hearing that one of them is sinking in his forces. Pray do not exhaust your nerves, preserve your capability of travail for the future too. It cheers me up to know here and there are boys and girls that keep in their hearts an unexhausted desire to aid the world to do better. Such minds and characters are those flowers that embellish our earth. Think only how gloomy and cold it would be without the best.

'Yes, my friend, you must work, you must love and feel heartily, you must make efforts to improve yourself and others, and yet you must learn to be more abstract, to consider the world

with its phenomena with more coolness, — all the phenomena, not excluding those that concern us personally. You know, dearest boy, for long ago, I am sure, that the person which cares much for the welfare of her own, and is much affected with all what happens in the sphere of her own life is much more enervated and tired with the world, than the person whose mind is resting on the questions that concern mankind in his wholeness. I don't mean that one can live like a machine, never hurt by the acidity of the atmosphere created by our silliness and ignorance, by the mischiefs that come over and over in a very wonderful miscellaneous form and quantity, but one can take the habit to struggle through all his existence and never be disappointed, never exhausted. More philosophy, more contemplation, more perception into the future, — you know well yourself how to do, and it is only my longing for your welfare that makes me speak about questions so thoroughly studied by every one interested in the existence of his psychology. I will know you safe and conserved.'

(To Ellen Starr)

'KIRENSK, January 25, 1911.

'Certainly I was wrong when saying you would lose the vivacity of your feeling toward me, my beloved friend, my dear Ellen Starr! The American women are not so expansive in words and manners as we Russian women, but the stronger they are in their faithfulness, the deeper is the bottom of their attachment once conceived. That I knew always, nevertheless it was difficult to be persuaded that people so much and constantly occupied with everyday matters, so much working for a great deal of all kinds of people, so devoted to the welfare of their entourage as you, as our kind Helena

Dudley, could have time to think about a far-off friend, buried into Russian prisons and Siberian forests. . . .

'As to my young man, who continues to be my devoted nurse, he is so much pleased with the flattering words you and Alice gratify him, that it seems to him almost impossible to be so much appreciated — he is very modest. Each of the letters from America I perused with him once more for his sincere satisfaction. He is a social-democrat, but the difference of the programmes here in exile, as well as in the prisons, is very often annihilated by the necessity of sympathy and friendship. The use of personal capacities, and often the want of what one would desire, make the people less fanatical, less dogmatic.

'O dearest Ellen! forgive me my English! But I heard so many times in Chicago and everywhere else such words: "Your bad English is better to us as your good French," that I consent to be laughed at, and to have my writings mended by your amiable hand that you permit me to kiss as tenderly as I can.

'YOUR CATHERINE.

'P.S. Thirty years ago all the correspondence of the exiles was read and examined. Now I found the matter changed. No letters can be read without a special permission of gendarmes. They know well that I never permit myself to write something doubtful or compromising; nevertheless their curiosity is without end, and the habit of persecution and espionage is so old and big that never are they tired to do it. Now, during the festivals of Christmas, when here many young people took pleasure to disguise themselves and to go through the town with their masks, my keepers were afraid I would escape in that manner, and they ran about like mad men searching and looking after every one, intruding themselves in

every house suspected to be the place of my visit. And I was sitting in my cabin reading or talking with one of my friends.'

(To Alice Stone Blackwell)

'KIRENSK, September 6, 1911.

'Your two large letters are with me, dearest and best friend Alice, my excellent daughter. Why I write to you in English and not French? Because I feel myself nearer to you, to Isabel and Helena when speaking the same language with you. I like *very* much this rich and original organ of expression of our thoughts, but it is yet dearer to me for being your usual mode of communication. It seems to me I am your relation not only in mind but corporal too. With the difference that you possess the language to perfection, and I am learning it. So permit me to express my wishes and all my feelings in English and try to understand me, knowing my character and my habits. Farther: you were jalouse about my mentioning the boys only. The matter is that in all the district of Kirensk there are a thousand boys and only 8—10 girls dispersed over. Here into the town I have had only one. The exiled and condemned women, which are not in the prisons of "*travaux forcés*," are settled part into the West of Siberia and part into the South districts of Irkutsk, and only those that were not judged and sent administratively are settled into the regions of Yakutsk, fifteen hundred miles to the north.'

'September 7, 1911.

'Yesterday this letter was interrupted by the visits of a squadron of gendarmes and policemen. They came to make a search in my lodging and turned over all my correspondence and all the papers and magazines in my room. They remained an hour and a half, and

as there was nothing to be sequestered, the gendarme could not go away without taking something, and he took the photographs where I am with some of my comrades and which I sent you lately at your request, my dearest daughter. Again the police of Kirensk are troubled about my safety, again the chief himself is tripping around my cabin every night now, in fear that I may be transported in some secret place and vanish away. . . . It is very disagreeable, for the neighbor's hounds are barking for hours after these nightly visits and I cannot sleep. So it was all the last winter and now begins the same repetition. I laugh very much about these fusses, and yet I am fidgeting on the fate of those who are visiting me, the boys who cannot avoid contact with me because they have no one else to nurse them.'

'November 13, 1911.

'Helena Dudley! Alice Stone Blackwell! Isabella Barrows! Ellen Starr! Euphemia Mackintosh! Lucy Smith! Lillian Wald! Arthur Bullard! and all my beloved friends!

'Like a queen into a palace, like a princess into an armchair, like a scholar before a large table, surrounded by magazines, papers, letters and a lot of beautiful post-cards, is sitting your old Catherine proud and happy, strong and well. It would take a great deal of inspiration to depict all the benefits of my new apartment, and I will do it another time. This letter will announce only: (1) Having space enough to walk from one corner of my house to another (passing through three chambers and a line of 30 feet), I remain at home all the time, day and night, having no desire to take cold and to get the influenza. The same cause forced me to command a bath that will stand in one of my chambers and which will be heated by a little engine, attached to one end, so that the traveling of one half a

mile to take a bath, as it was the last winter, is excluded from my pastime.

'In my life, outside the change of dwelling for a better one, there is a change concerning my custody: now there are four men spies going around my house and looking into my windows. They are two to accompany me when I am going out. This escort is so disgusting that I have no wish to walk out of doors. What of are they afraid to keep me imprisoned, I don't know! I see only they think me able to vanish like a cloud before their eyes. But I am patient and will endure.'

Sometimes she cheered her anxious friends by writing gay bits of *vers libre* on postcards.

Helena dearest, don't be sorry,
Soon, very soon, thank to your goodness,
I have my bath in my own room.
And soon again instead of linen
I shall be wrapped in Jaeger's wool;
The samovar will wait on table,
The Chinese tea will smell the best;
And your old friend renewed, reyounged,
Absorbs the sugar, milk and bread.
She could have many, many others
Of delicacies of the world,
But the old stomach is so trained
That can't endure no sorts of dainties.
But for the space, and light, and air —
I have them for the rest of life.

Dearest friend!
I will be merciful and never more
Write in verses. Forgive me.

'KIRENSK, 27 March, 1912.

'DEAREST ALICE, my best friend!

'If it were not for a cruel climate which extorts so much forces and expenses for food and clothing, we would make many improvements in our life, for there are many skillful, crafty and clever people among us; but without money, tools and provision — it takes many years of persevering efforts to attain some amelioration in this mode of life. All you earn during the short summer, you eat it during the long winter, when the country presents an im-

mense bare wilderness. No plants except the big trees, no birds, no movement from place to place, except the mail post speeding on six or seven sleds with two horse to each. The convoys runs very fast, or fast enough, considering the state of our roads, always very bad. The little *clockots* [bells] are ringing far and aloud, and all the inhabitants, especially our boys, are running toward the post-house, where they receive the same answer: not ready, tomorrow. But nobody here is so rich on post days as your old friend, quite spoiled with the riches and attention coming from every part of the world. And perhaps it is my small demands which make me content with my lot. But, when compared with the lot of others, certainly I am the happiest of all. Now that my excellent Platon is too often "unwell," I took a young girl into the house; she dwells with me and serves me. She is a Siberian native from a Slavonish race. But all the Russian peasants that inhabit Siberia for some centuries are very different from those of Russia. Here they become rough, deprived of benevolence and gratitude, very selfish, cupid [covetous], and always suspicious. It is the result of a rude struggle with the wild surroundings, from one part; and also because all the time Siberia is under the rule of the Russian government she receives for administration all what cannot be suffered even in Russia, and it takes time before the latter can make themselves believed and trusted. Moreover, the natives are not apt to discern a true *politik* from a falsified one. And hundreds of such are here too, for the government throws, in one heap with people struggling for the right, many unworthy people having no connection with any honest doing or suggestion. So the fiends are spoiling the reputation of all the mass of *politiks*, as we are called here. We have much trou-

bles on this account, much afflictions, and much judgments which ended sometimes with the exclusion of the guilty person from the society of the rest. One cannot be severe enough in such a position as ours is. If one will conserve his human dignity and keep up one's fight for the right, he must be an example for the rest of the population in all his concerns; in his exterior as in his interior life. And here, where no other means exist to prevent degeneration but the self-control and the general opinions of the comrades, here we must be stronger in our principles than when elsewhere.'

Next comes the translation of a letter written in French by Madame Breshkovsky to Mrs. Isabel C. Barrows. Mrs. Barrows had sent Madame Breshkovsky Mr. Brockway's book, *Fifty Years of Prison Service*. After reading a part of it, Madame Breshkovsky wrote to Miss Blackwell that she did not think highly of Mr. Brockway, and that several of the officials whom he praised most highly had met their death at the hands of prisoners, whom they had presumably ill treated. Mrs. Barrows saw the letter containing this criticism and wrote Madame Breshkovsky a protest against it. The reply from Madame Breshkovsky follows. .

'KIRENSK, February 18, 1913.

'MY EXCELLENT SISTER! MY BELOVED ISABEL!

'I must tell you that it is just the difference in character between our two peoples, the Americans and the Russians, which keeps us from mutually understanding each other. At first, for instance, ignorant and grotesque as are our people, and consequently our criminals, they are *particularly susceptible to the smallest kindness, to the least indulgence, even on the part of their persecutors*. The expression, "He is our father," is always used in good faith in regard to

the officials who pay the least attention to the needs of their subordinates, and never in my life have I heard of prisoners permitting themselves to ill-treat guards who were at all good, or who were even just to them. I must tell you that our people acknowledge the law, and are always ready to obey it, and it is only a clear injustice, an intolerable persecution which makes them impatient and rebellious. But everything that is just, everything that is benevolent toward them, they appreciate and respect. But, as the whole world knows, these poor people are ill-treated to the limit, in their everyday life: they are still more so in the Russian prisons, where every monster of a jailer has a right to tyrannize over the prisoners as much as he chooses. The most hideous of these scoundrels sometimes get the fate that they deserve; they fall by the hand of a rebel, who, in most cases, is avenging the outrages endured by all his comrades, and not his own personal wrong. As for cases of officials who were straightforward and courteous being murdered, I have never heard of such a case anywhere.

'Mr. Brockway's experience tells us just the opposite, and he gives many instances where the best-behaved officials were killed quite young by the convicts, who had not even been ill-treated by them. It is quite possible that the independent character of the Americans cannot endure either restraint or control, and that, not being able to put up with either, they permit themselves to take a personal revenge; while the Russian criminals stand forth in general, as avengers of the evils felt by their whole community, evils borne for a long time before being punished.

'In addition to this difference between our characters and ways of behaving, we have yet another, not less clear and significant. Whereas Americans (like all Anglo-Saxons) are punc-

tual in their business, and in all their conduct regarding their duties and their mutual relationship, we Slavs, and, above all, we Russians, suffer greatly from the fault of nonchalance. On the one hand, this fault makes us fall short in many good things: makes us lose our time, our energy, even our knowledge, without deriving the necessary profit from them.

'On the other hand, in view of the severe laws, the coarse customs, the rude manners, the despotism in all the corners of our daily life, a rigid punctuality would make life, especially in the prisons, utterly unendurable. And it is in these cases that the Russian nonchalance permits the prisoners to breathe a little bit even in these frightful dungeons. In consequence, the Russian people abhor officials who are martinets. Knowing that the rigidity of the régime carried out in all its severity would make life impossible, I venture to believe that the frequent murders mentioned by Mr. Brockway in his book are in part the result of the incessant torment which must be experienced by the individual subjected to a régime which deprives him of all liberty, even in relation to his smallest wishes and needs. It is possible also that the Russian people, knowing that they have by their side a constant and implacable enemy, which is complex and so to speak indefinable, may turn its eyes rather toward this complexity, hoping to be rid of it once for all. Hence individual cases of atrocities, horrible though they may be, are borne with patience, or rather with stoicism.

'We are accustomed to daily cruelties and face them as inevitable facts. For instance, one day lately, an exile who was ill was obliged to leave the hospital before his strength was re-established. The doctor told him to stay in the city, so as to be able to make visits to the dispensary for some time

longer. But the police had him arrested and taken to the place where he was to be sent, two hundred versts from here. The cold was intense, the invalid's clothes were too thin, and behold, after two days of a miserable journey, the poor man was brought back again with his hands and head severely frozen. The doctor had to amputate his fingers and both ears, leaving him maimed for all the rest of his life. To-day we have had the grief of burying another comrade, a very intelligent Jew, who, not being able to get a passport, — Jews are not allowed to have passports, — not being able to go anywhere to find work, almost died of starvation. You will understand, my beloved sister, that, having before me in the past and in the present an endless series of such pictures, it is not prison reform that I am thinking about, it is not to that object that I should like to direct the strength and attention of the public, although I venerate the beings who occupy themselves with it, but that I should like to see the whole *modus vivendi* changed so much that the population of the globe should not be subjected to sufferings from which they could be relieved with advantage to the whole world.'

After wearisome changes from Kirensk to Yakutsk, from Yakutsk to Irkutsk, and back again, Madame Breshkovsky was sent, in 1916, to Minusinsk. Her last letter to Miss Dudley, dated November 5, 1916, was sent from this town, which is only about one hundred miles from China.

MY BELOVED FRIEND HELENA!

I have to answer your many cards and letters, but I will not find words and sayings to express my feelings of love and gratitude. I wonder often where from comes such devotion and prizing of my timid person by a set of

women and men always in action, always sacrificing themselves to the welfare of their country, always ready to make all their possible to improve the welfare of other nations and countries! Instead of doing so, I am like a salt herring in a big barrel, conserved to nobody knows what end, and waiting, waiting without end. My straining and my activity are become now so short that I see myself as an oyster in its shell, only thinking and endeavoring to understand the meaning of what mankind as a whole is doing. I turn and re-turn the facts, the sayings and writings of different minds of different people in different countries.

'Now I am amazed to see how masterly is England, how firmly she holds the bridle in her hands, wisely overlooking the affairs of the world. I wish only she may be as sincere and noble as she is wise and strong. But it would be a great mistake from her part to settle the affairs selfishly and with partiality, for in this case no good would be accomplished. Yet a long, or better, a continual peace is necessary; the desolation is too profound to be cured in a short time. The countries have lost all their best forces and we must wait till the young generation grows to be of use. We have thousands and thousands of orphans around us, and if we do not use all our efforts and means to elevate and instruct them, we have no future. The "children question" is the more serious and insistent of the age. I have a lot around me, the poorest; we are good friends and the little I do is already a relief in their dull and needful life. Many of them visit the school and need books and clothes. It is awful to see how the world is foolish! They are writing in every paper about food and fuel, and they are forgetting that if the race is gone, there will be nobody to eat and to provide. For shame!'

AT THE ENEMY'S MERCY. II¹

BY LIEUTENANT F. S., OF THE FRENCH ARMY

My review of the hospital staff would not be complete if I did not mention two more personages, one of whom we revered as much as we detested the other — the old brother-gardener and the very old censor.

The brother-gardener was a Luxemburger who had a thorough command of French and was very fond of speaking it with the French officers. He used to come to our room of an afternoon, chat with us about the war (he was rather pro-German in his views), pull half a dozen apples out of his deep pocket and give them to us with a frank smile. Sometimes, instead of apples, he brought us cigars. He was one of the few who seemed to realize that captivity weighed upon us even though we had no cause to complain from the material point of view. He was not of the sort who asked us bluntly, 'What do you complain about? You ought to feel very happy, for you have more comfort than you deserve to have.' He used to inquire whether we had any news from home, and end with the consolation that if *we* were captives of the Germans, *he* was a slave to his salads, one thing being about as bad as the other. He would then go out, smiling as he came, after shaking hands with the four of us; and a few minutes later those of us who could walk to the window would see him in the garden, bent double over his salads in an attitude of humility.

As to Walther, the old censor, I hate

¹ The first part of Lieutenant F. S.'s narrative appeared in the April *Atlantic*. — THE EDITORS.

him to this day. I hate him for his four-score years of villainy, for his outrageous Prussian accent, for his mean-looking face, for his spy-like manners, for the disgraceful rudeness with which he mentioned, and made fun of, things entirely personal, written to us in the letters which had passed through his hands. I hate him for willfully keeping our out-going mail for weeks in his office drawer and driving our wives or parents into the worst imaginable frights through lack of news from us. Such cruelty is all the more unpardonable because we were allowed to write only one card a week and one letter a fortnight. I hate him for showing our mail to the German doctors of the hospital and commenting boisterously on it, as was reported to me by a German Red Cross orderly. I hate him for the impertinent, challenging way he had of smoking his cigar. I hate him. That's all.

The old brute was one of those impetuous Prussians who had swooped down on Alsace-Lorraine in 1871, and never quite recovered from the champagne they drank there. He had stayed over forty years in Metz as a police-inspector, and I shudder when I think of all the evil he surely contrived to do during that long term of years, of all the Lorrainers he imprisoned or fined for remaining loyal to France in their feelings. How much of a spy's soul he had, a small incident may illustrate.

In the latter days of my stay in Coblenz, when I could already walk a bit with the help of my two sticks, I

was sitting on a bench in the garden, when old Walther suddenly appeared before me, and started to ask a lot of indiscreet questions in a manner most mysterious to me. I was very careful in my answers, but heard only later how right I had been. My parents had apparently been frightened by the protracted lack of any news from me; so it occurred to my father to write through Switzerland to an old friend of his who was a professor at a South-German university, and beg him to inquire about my health and whereabouts, in case I had been moved somewhere else. Now that friend had had the imprudence to mention that my father was an Alsatian, educated in Alsace after the annexation.

Old Walther immediately smelt a rat, thought I might be a German deserter, or a German deserter's son, or, in default of all that, that he might get a hold of some kind over me. That is why he kept asking me questions for a quarter of an hour about my father's age, the exact year when he had left Alsace, where I was born, whether I had myself stayed in Alsace before the Great War, and so forth, and so forth.

Most of these questions I could evade; I answered others with one 'I don't know' after another. Walther finally declared in high dudgeon that I was 'precious little interested in my father's affairs.' He did not even take the trouble to inquire about my health, as he had been asked to do, but announced his intention of answering my father's friend to the effect that I was in remarkable condition, could not ask for a more up-to-date hospital, was on the whole better looked after than I would have been in France, and that it was mean of my people to dare be anxious about a prisoner tended by a 'grossmütige Nation' like Germany.

Nor was I the only one who had to complain of him. Many of the French

privates wished they could meet him 'at the corner of a wood' after the war, so that they might have a chance of thrashing him 'like green rye.'

Those were the Germans with whom I came into closest contact during my sojourn at the Brüderhaus. We did not see any people from the town, for we were not allowed to receive visitors. I remember how indignant I was when I heard once that a lady, the daughter of a German general and an old friend of my family, had tried to call on me a few days before, and had not even received permission to come up and see me in my ward, were it only for a few minutes. The only visit I ever received was that of a Protestant clergyman, the Reverend C——n, who asked to see me on hearing that I was a Protestant. He said that he was a French Swiss, but I heard later on that he was a naturalized German and a fanatic Pan-Germanist; one of that breed of Zürich clergymen to whom Germany is more God than God himself.

On the whole it can be said that we four or five officers made up all our mutual society. We differed greatly in our mental training, habits of thought, and views on life. Captain Pouget had spent most of his career in Tonkin and Madagascar. First Lieutenant Bélin, who also belonged to the regular army, came from a battalion stationed in Eastern Morocco. He had been caught in the whirl of war while he was enjoying a well-deserved month's leave in Angers, after two years' guerilla warfare on the Algerian border. He was quite enthusiastic about the sort of life he used to lead in the desert. He did plenty of 'strafing' there, but strictly limited the favor of his visits, he said, to rebel parties or 'harkas' which had stolen the sheep of tribes reconciled to the French rule.

The Lieutenant of Chasseurs Du-nois came from the rank and file and

had been a sergeant-major a long time before he was given a second lieutenant's commission on merit. Dunois was a tiny man with dark hair, a dark complexion, dark brown eyes, a dark bushy moustache, and the dark pointed beard worn by all chasseurs who have a sense for tradition. He was extraordinarily lively in his manners. Brother Albertinus was particularly fond of him, although they could not understand each other, for he thought Dunois 'such a typical Frenchman.' Dunois used to tell us a lot about his family: his wife and two children were waiting for him in a little village near Beauvais, after being driven out of Amiens, not through fear of the Zeppelin and Taube bombs, but by the threats and injunctions of the head of the family; for Dunois had read in the papers that Amiens had been repeatedly bombarded and he dreaded the proximity of his home to the city gas-works, such a tempting aim for Zeppelin bombardiers! That valiant officer had had his knee-cap shattered to bits by a German bullet on November 11, 1914, but was amputated only on December 19, after the Chefarzt had decided that another day's delay would destroy whatever life remained in him. Dunois suffered physically more than any, but I never heard him complaining.

Second Lieutenant Gérard was a reserve officer like myself. He was engaged, when the war broke out, in the very peaceful occupation of collecting flower-, vegetable-, and corn-seeds in all parts of France, with a view to reselling them to the peasant population around Le Mans.

In spite of all these differences in our ages, tempers, and professions, we got on remarkably well together. I had myself dropped all my hyper-intellectual propensities—why not say pedantries?—and we could chat together for hours, keeping up one another's

spirits. Our chief topics were—war, of course, war and peace, the 'after-war' (which does not mean 'the war after this,' since we inclined to think, all of us, that men were not going to relapse into madness so very soon after the present appalling experience), or else, descriptions of the French sites which we preferred, traveling impressions, arguments about the qualities and faults of the English (I had sometimes to defend them), comparisons between the French and the German soldier and so forth.

The one ever-recurring topic of conversation among us prisoners was, of course, war. Our views on the subject were certainly not brilliant (for they usually turned wrong, when we tried to prognosticate the future), or paradoxical either. The most pessimistic of us were pretty confident that 1916 would bring crushing victories to the Allies; but our optimism was nevertheless not of the blatant sort. We did know that the Germans were formidably strong, because we saw every day the confirmation of our inmost fears. The *Brüderhaus* was very near the Union Station, so that we could watch from our windows all the train-traffic of the Moselle Valley, and of the main line Aix-la-Chapelle-Strasburg which runs north and south on the left bank of the Rhine. This traffic was simply appalling. Military train after military train used to file off slowly under our very windows with desperate regularity. Now it was a trainful of brand-new ammunition caissons painted a light green, which had probably left the Krupp works the day before; now a battery of field-artillery, with its guns, its *Gulaschkanonen*, or field-kitchens, its horses and soldiers—these latter cheering, waving handkerchiefs, and shouting for all they were worth from the carriage-windows. Then again a train of some thirty trucks, each with its ambu-

lance motor-car flashing its big red cross at us.

The railway traffic was specially intense and demoralizing for us throughout the month of April, 1915. We knew only later that all that war-material streaming day and night under our windows was part and parcel of the big spring offensive of Field-Marshal Mackensen in Galicia. But at the moment we were aware only that a big action was being planned somewhere by the Germans, without being able to say whether on the Eastern or on the Western front, for the orientation of the railway tracks (north and south) did not point to the one destination more than to the other.

It was, if possible, even more painful for Frenchmen to see every day trainload after trainload of French iron ore working its way toward the industrial district of Westphalia. That ore came direct from the Briey and Longwy mines, which had been conquered by the Germans as early as 1914, and which they were now working at full pressure, with the help of Russian prisoners, to provide all their arsenals with the necessary quantities of iron and steel. We knew that Germany would have been short of iron ore if she were not in possession of the French lodes; and we stood there powerless, motionless, sometimes with tears in our eyes, while the riches of France were migrating eastward, to be turned into guns and shells which would kill the sons of France.

This sight was almost worse than a bad *communiqué*; it was defeat made visible to the eye, defeat made audible to the ear, defeat hammering at our very hearts. Our grief was so keen that we did not even resent the jubilant grins which were noticeable on the faces of the wounded German soldiers who rushed to the corridor-windows in order to see the ore-trains pass. Our

emotion was only a little less deep when we saw the same trains rolling back from the Rhine and Ruhr districts with their freight of coke, evidently destined to feed the blast-furnaces of French Lorraine.

All this made up a sum of daily moral sufferings which were infinitely worse than whatever physical twinges of pain we might feel in our beds or on the operating table. We were one in our smarting sorrow, in our hopes and wishes. Never have I more clearly realized that French I was and French I would remain, although I had spent more years abroad than at home.

Our morale, in spite of all these ordeals, could not be said to have ever been actually or consistently low. We did have moments of self-forgetfulness, moments when we were far from the present and lived only in our books and past days of happiness. A new wave of optimism and hope swept us into almost immoderately high spirits when we received another companion in the person of an English captain of the Indian army, Captain Ayres, of the Third Gurkha Rifles. He had had his ankle shattered by a bullet. We did not think he would ever recover the use of his foot. Incredible though it seems, he can now take hour-long trips on foot in the neighborhood of the Swiss place in which he is at present interned. He was a tall man, under forty, who had been trained at Sandhurst and spent most of his career out in India, playing polo, shooting ducks, and accumulating inexhaustible reserves of fun and humor. He used to tell us all sorts of interesting things about the great Coronation Durbar, about the way 'our little King,' as he liked to refer to King George, had behaved at Delhi; about the grand time which Tommies have in India, and the little work they have to do; about manœuvres in the Ganges plain; about

the fabulous sums of gold which lay concealed in the Hindoo slums, and about German spies working hard to get information out of young subalterns at Indian headquarters, years before the world-war started.

But his humor was tickled most when he meditated on the infinite labor which it had cost him to reach Europe with the Indian Expeditionary Force; on the many thousand miles he had had to travel; on the many weeks he had spent on the way — and all that for the sake of fetching a German bullet near Neuve-Chapelle within the first minute and a half of his presence on the fighting line. Was it really worth while, he would ask, to give himself so much trouble, only that he might answer after the war, — should anybody ask him whether *pars fuit*, — 'Yes. But war did not last very long for me, just a minute and a half, by my watch.'

His confidence in the victory of the Allies was an article of faith with him, and he received the news of the crushing defeats of the Russians in May and June, 1915, with perfect equanimity. He used to make fun of the Germans with so much naturalness that they hardly ever noticed it and rather liked him for his pleasant manners and his smiling gentlemanliness.

My French fellow officers, — with the exception of the captain in the colonial army — had never met an English colleague before and were on the whole very favorably impressed, although they inclined to think there was a good deal of 'snobbishness' in his love of open windows and in his horrible partiality for a draught on waking in the morning. I was charged with low apéry for siding with the *capitaine anglais* in that manœuvre of his. But with this one trifling reservation, my French friends were on the very best of terms with Captain Ayres, while he

himself paid homage to their military spirit, enlightened patriotism, and good-natured simplicity.

What with reading and chatting, days did not seem to us so dreadfully monotonous as an active and healthy man might imagine. As long as there was no getting out of bed during the daytime and no sleeping at night, I confess that I often inclined to think with the poor sleepless *poilu* on his hospital bed that 'Le temps, c'est un Boche' (translate: Time is my worst enemy). But when we all started more or less to hobble along with the help of crutches or sticks, the days seemed much shorter. We got up none too early in the morning, after a breakfast which was good till the famous decree of February 15, 1915 spelled death to the excellent *Brödchen* which we were given the first weeks, and milk as well as butter gradually disappeared from the tray.

Our wounds were, most of the time, dressed in the morning about ten, and in the morning, too, we were allowed to go to the 'Medicum' (a room for mechanotherapy), where we tried to improve our ankylosed articulations. We received our mail later in the morning. It was brought up to us by a very polite *Feldwebel*, every envelope bearing the stamp or signature of that horrid Walther, as a proof that it had been conscientiously read by him and found to contain no offence to the Fatherland, or any statement which might lead us to think that the Allies were not irretrievably lost, according to the German official doctrine. Of course the censor could be baffled in many ways. I do not think he was a dupe when a private's wife wrote to her husband that 'grand'maman Françoise' (read: France) had a cancer (read: German invasion), but hoped to be soon and successfully operated on (read: great offensive); that said husband had no

business to worry overmuch about her, for she had quite an extraordinary constitution, etc., etc. But he no doubt was taken in when the letters were written by more inventive persons on the code or sympathetic-ink system.

It is hardly worth while saying how delighted we were when we got letters from our wives or children; how every morning led up to the minute when we got our mail; and how crestfallen we were when there was nothing for us.

We had lunch at twelve, in our room. The food was good and abundant, although it was bound to follow the descending curve of the German reserves in food-supply.

The afternoon was mostly spent in reading, writing, or playing — chess and cards being the pet avocations of my companions. From two to three we were allowed to go to the garden, which consisted of a few grass-plots and a few shaded alleys. It was a funny sight to look at — our group of invalids dressed in our hospital suits of linen cloth, chatting and smoking merrily, basking in the sun when there was any, or limping around the grass-plots, under the watchful eye of our sentries. Those who had been brought to the garden in their bath-chairs were, if anything, more cheerful than the others.

I shall always remember a certain afternoon when Captain Ayres, after trying to work his three-wheeled 'pram' alone, by pushing with his hands on the spokes of the two side-wheels, was inspired to stand one of his crutches between his feet and his extended right hand, fasten his light blanket to the top of the crutch, sail-fashion (it was a very cold, windy day), spread out the lateen-sail thus obtained with his left arm, and sail off, bath-chair and all, noisily cheered by the whole crowd of us, and, if I remember well, by a few street-urchins who had climbed up the wall for the occasion.

More often than not he ran himself into the trees or the grass-plots, for his front-wheel was waggling desperately to right or to left; but he found willing hands to shove him back into the right path, and, after a while, a new gust of wind drove him a few yards ahead, till the same accident once more prematurely shortened his tack. Everybody roared so much that the German doctors and Brother Albertinus came out on the balcony and joined in the general laughter and cheering.

We had bread and butter and coffee and milk again after the promenade, and nothing more happened before supper and the evening *communiqué*. We found the latter printed in the *Coblentzer Zeitung*, a small four-page evening paper. It was great excitement to hear the latest news, which I translated into French or English to a breathless audience when my eyes allowed me to read. We often admitted a soldier or two, who reported the 'official news' to the other *poilus*. I thought it an advisable thing to do, because the Germans were constantly sowing the seeds of demoralization among the privates, who could not read the German papers and were perforce influenced by the fantastic stories circulated in broken French by the *Feldgrauen*. The *Coblentzer Zeitung* also published, following the German *communiqué*, the afternoon and evening Paris *communiqués*, which were of course in greater demand among us, although they always joined on one full day later than the Berlin reports.

The evenings did not seem too long to us, for we had at the end so far recovered the use of our limbs that we could move about in the passages. Somehow we had never exhausted our conversation-topics. I thought at first that this sociability and talkativeness were a characteristic of the French, but I found out later that the Russians

and English were just as bad in that regard as we were.

We had to put out lights at 10 P.M. Discipline was not over-strict on the whole, although in the corridors there was quite a superfluous display of sentries with loaded rifles and fixed bayonets. They were relieved every two hours, and the clicking noise of the five rounds of ammunition extracted from one man's Mauser and introduced into the other man's, was supremely unpleasant at 1 or 3 A.M. to the ears of a sleepless patient. Even the measured tread of the sentries with their heavy nailed boots did not jar so much on my nerves as this clicking of their Mausers. I think the Germans wanted to remind their wounded prisoners that they were prisoners before all, and not simply unlucky wounded fellow creatures. What could be the object of these many sentries? It was hopeless for us to try to escape. Most of us could not walk properly, the house-doors on the garden were locked at night, and so were the street-doors; besides, we had only our hospital suits, all our other articles of clothing being stacked in the garret, the key of which lay safe in the *Feldwebel's* pocket. I must add that very few of us knew German, whereas a thorough knowledge of German is the primary condition for any serious plan of flight. Germany is, I think, the only power which sports loaded rifles in hospital wards, hundreds of miles behind the front. In that regard, as in all others, the Austrians are much more humane in their treatment of their prisoners.

Most of the sentries were, a little to our surprise, decent and discreet. Some were brutes. It was of course forbidden to smoke in the wards. Now one or two of our jailers found no better way of exasperating us than opening our door every five or ten minutes, and peeping in — head, peaked helmet, bayonet

and all — to see if any one was smoking. One even sniffed noisily, that his nose might confirm to him that there was no smell of burned tobacco in the room. He would then slam the door to, and the same noisy process started again from the beginning a few minutes later. Exasperating is far too weak a word, I am afraid, for such provocations. We would have liked to kill the creature, but what could we do? We were only prisoners, human beings meant to be periodically humiliated and bullied. We complained to the Brother Superior and to the doctors, but nothing was changed, and it always lay in the power of any particularly 'vache' sentry ('vache' is a slang superlative for 'objectionable') to make us literally wish that either he or we were under three feet of earth, so enraged we sometimes were.

Those days spent in a German hospital go back almost two years, but they stand as vivid in my memory as if I were even now in the *Brüderhaus* at Coblenz. My diary was taken from me by the Germans, but I have forgotten nothing of the daily happenings and routine of my hospital life. These jottings are only a faithful record of what was. My story is not a thrilling one. I have not reported a single case of German atrocity, because I have not seen any myself. I have been told most horrible things by English and French prisoners taken in the first two months of the war, as to the treatment which they received at the hands of the Germans. I am persuaded that what they told me was absolute truth, but I think that no one but an actual witness should take upon himself to denounce the Germans. The charges against Germany are so great, so awful, that no one should come forward with a second-hand tale of horror.

I will say only by way of conclusion

what every officer now imprisoned in Germany would say with me: the Germans' treatment of wounded enemies has grown more and more humane in proportion as the war lasted longer. Officers taken in 1914 had, I know, much to suffer at the hands of the Germans, and many have actually seen things which pass imagination. After three months' war, such cases were quite exceptional. French prisoners picked up on the battlefield in the course of the Champagne offensive of September, 1915, or during the German

advance toward Verdun in 1916, are unanimous in their praise of the Germans' correctness and even courtesy. Fancy Frenchmen praising the Boches for their courtesy! The latter must indeed have been unspeakably correct and courteous to have wrung such a compliment from their French prisoners. It always delighted me to hear these frank statements of my fellow-countrymen, for they proved to me that the French are not so blinded by their hate that they cannot be fair to their chief, their only enemy.

THE MACHINE-GUN DESTROYERS

BY LOUIS-OCTAVE PHILIPPE

For some time it has been noticed that the Germans, to make up for the enormous losses which they have sustained, have been replacing their soldiers by *matériel*. Men are not lacking, — not yet, — but their principal force of resistance is now represented by a great quantity of artillery and an abundance of machine-guns. The German artillery production was long ago counter-balanced by our own. It was the machine-guns that caused us the most trouble in our attempts to advance, and we were thus forced to try to find a new instrument for their destruction. After some experimenting, it was decided to equip all our regiments with a new portable cannon, 37 millimetres in calibre, and designed purposely to demolish machine-guns during an attack.

It is not permissible for me to describe the '37,' but I can say that there exists nothing in the world more accu-

rate. Anything which can be seen can be hit, and it is perfectly possible to strike, with the second shell, a rolled-up handkerchief fifteen hundred metres away. The speed of fire is extreme. A well-trained crew can shoot thirty or thirty-five shells a minute. Since the cannon can be very conveniently and quickly taken to pieces, its transportation is comparatively easy. Its weight allows it to be carried by its crew over the roughest ground.

When in my regiment volunteers were called for to form a group of '37' gunners, I was instinctively attracted toward this pretty little jewel of a miniature cannon, and immediately offered my services. I have a profound distaste for talking about myself. However, I shall have to overcome it, because in recounting my experience with the 37-millimetre gun it will be absolutely necessary to speak personally.

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From the time of my arrival at the school of instruction, I set to work with ardor. I felt in my element. I quickly fell in love with my new specialty. I was taught to be marksman of the piece, a most delicate rôle, and was discovered to be an excellent shot. When the course of instruction was over, my gun-crew carried off first prize in a competitive examination for the army corps, against 123 rivals. At the same time, though it was not obligatory, I followed the course of instruction for gun-captains, and I learned as well as any non-commissioned officer how to calculate distances, angles of projection, and so forth.

I was then far from realizing that this supplementary work would be responsible at a later day, during the battle of the Somme, for my nomination as a sergeant, and my promotion to the captaincy of the gun, 'for heroic conduct under fire,' after having been a corporal only twenty-four hours (a unique experience in our regiment); for a citation in the *ordre du jour* before the whole army, the personal felicitations of the general, and — a nice wound which now permits me to recover quietly in Paris from my long fatigues and privations.

But let us not anticipate. I should like, however, to say just one more word before beginning my story: you must not think, in reading what follows, that I am a prodigy of valor and recklessness. It is simply that I have become used to danger during my long experience in battles. Whatever happens, I am always calm and master of myself. And then, — I may as well confess it, — since the war I have become a fatalist. I believe that when the hour of death is destined to come, nothing can postpone it. And, on the other hand, until that hour is ready to strike, one is invulnerable. This idea is so firmly implanted in my soul that I re-

coil before nothing, knowing well that nothing will happen to me except that which *must* happen.

I

In the first-line trenches, on September 10, our complete crew consisted of a sergeant, a corporal, a man to load the gun, four shell-carriers, and myself, the marksman. On the 12th, as we left to take part in the attack on the Forest of Anderlu, our corporal was wounded by a piece of shrapnel, which grazed his neck and then broke his collar-bone. We went forward on the first wave of assault, carrying on our shoulders the cannon, which had been taken to pieces, and six sacks containing all together 108 shells, weighing about 230 kilogrammes.

For the first three or four hundred metres all went well; but when we arrived at the southern edge of the wood, one carrier fell, wounded by a piece of shrapnel in the hip. Then, five minutes later, another fell, with a wound in the head; then the gun-loader, with a piece of shrapnel in his chest. Pretty bad luck for our first sally! Our burden became heavy with so few to carry it, so we decided to abandon three sacks of shells. A third carrier was wounded by a machine-gun bullet just as we were about to put the gun in position. There remained only the sergeant, one carrier, and myself. Since our '75s' had by this time destroyed the enemy machine-guns, we arrived at our first objective without having fired a single shot.

On the 13th, at noon, *alerte!* We put ourselves in firing position and wait. While on his way to ask the commandant's orders, the captain of the gun is hit in the thigh by a piece of shrapnel. I am alone with my one carrier. What am I to do? I decide to stay in the same place, and as we are expecting a

counter-attack at any moment, we wait for it to break loose. I shall have to aim, load the gun, and fire, while my single carrier hands me the shells.

The Boche attack does not take place. While we are waiting at our post an enormous *marmite* falls a short distance away, covering us with dirt. I pick myself up, noticing that my last remaining companion is also brushing himself off.

'You are not wounded, Lemaire?' I ask.

Since he does not answer I repeat, —

'You are not wounded?'

Again no reply. Understanding at last, I take his face between my two hands, and looking into his eyes, I cry for the third time, —

'What is the matter with you, Lemaire?'

The poor man, seeing me speak, but hearing nothing, bows his head. I see two great tears roll from his eyes, then he speaks quietly: —

'My friend, I do not hear you. I am deaf. But I do not want to leave you alone; I will stay with you. I will do what I can.'

My heart is touched. I cannot, however, keep this devoted fellow with me. He would not hear the oncoming bullets, the projectiles, the shell-splinters. To keep him with me would be to expose him to certain death, sooner or later. And so, taking my note-book, I write, —

'Lemaire, I am captain of the gun. Although we are both only common soldiers, you must obey me. I order you to go away. Go and see a doctor. If he tells you to come back, do so.'

He goes away, and does not come back. I am left alone. What am I to do? My perplexity is great. Under no circumstances do I want to abandon my gun. I love it as one loves a dear friend. I decide to go and see Commandant B—— and ask his advice.

'Hello, what's the matter?' he asks, after shaking my hand.

'*Mon commandant*, I am the last of the gun-crew; all the rest have been wounded. What ought I to do?'

'Why, that's easy enough — go and join another crew; and hurry up, because we are going to attack at half-past four.'

'*Mon commandant*,' I answer, 'I don't like to do that. I don't want to leave my cannon. I feel sure that I am capable of working it alone. I can set it up, take aim, load, and fire. Only give me some men to help carry it, and you will see that I shall do good work.'

'All right, *mon petit*. How many men do you need?'

'Seven, *mon commandant*.'

'Go to Company 2, ask the lieutenant in command, in my name, to give you the men you need; then go and put yourself at the disposal of Commandant M——, who is stationed with his battalion at the northern border of the Forest of Anderlu. Hurry up!'

'Thank you, *mon commandant*.'

We shake hands, and I go to Company 2. I ask for volunteers. Twenty offer themselves. I select seven and take them back to my cannon. I take it to pieces, show each one of my new helpers what he is to carry, and then we start.

I take the lead of my little column, and after numerous stops, — for the cannon is hard to carry for those who are not used to it, especially when the shells are falling thick, — we arrive at a sunken road which runs along the northern edge of the forest, forming our first line of trenches. At once I look for a good place to set up the cannon, and I choose, at the northwestern corner of the wood, a high mound of earth, under which there is a half-demolished German bomb-proof. From this position I command the ridge behind which runs the 'Hospital Trench.'

I can see perfectly every point of this trench, and even way beyond it. Of course if I can see, I am seen; but no matter.

At half-past four the attack breaks loose. Our first waves of assault are soon stopped at the crest, by the enemy machine-guns. I have made all my men get into the Boche bomb-proof, because the shells are falling rather thickly, and their splinters are flying round everywhere. As for myself, I climb up on the bank, and, with the aid of field-glasses, I do my utmost to find out where the machine-gun shots are coming from.

All of a sudden, while looking in the direction from which I hear the furious *tic-tacs*, I believe I can see some very thin puffs of white smoke. My eyes are tired from continual straining. I make desperate efforts to differentiate the various objects. Yes, there is no doubt about it; there is at least one enemy machine-gun over there. But where shall I aim?

Fortunately I make out, through my telescope-sight, a picket twenty millimetres to the left. What luck! I am going to have a chance to shoot!

'Come out, quick!' I call to my men.

Then I lie down on the gun, carefully place my range-finder 20 millimetres to the right, and slowly take aim. I rise, put the field-glasses to my eyes, and look at my objective. With my foot I press the trigger, and the shot is fired. My first shell falls short. I lengthen the range and see my second fall exactly on the spot from which the little white puffs of smoke have risen. I shoot as fast as I possibly can, — 30 shells, — and when the last shot has been fired, I discover, with joy, that the rapid *tic-tacs* have stopped.

A few minutes later the 'Hospital Trench' became ours, and I did not have another chance to shoot that day.

When I went to receive further in-

structions, Commandant M—— said, 'I present you my most sincere compliments. You have done very well indeed; you have aimed marvelously, and have destroyed a bomb-proof in which there were two machine-guns which held up the advance of the battalion. I congratulate you. You will be the subject of a citation in the *ordre du jour*.'

I thanked him with deep feeling, assuring him that I had only done my duty, and that I should be happy to do more on the first occasion.

II

The next day we were to attack the Priez farm, and I was under the orders of my friend Commandant B——. He had confidence in me, and since he was a friend of my family, was very fond of me. He sent for me, and said, —

'You know, I've learned what you did yesterday. It was splendid. To-day I hope that you will do even better. I give you perfect liberty to make whatever arrangements you like. We shall attack at one o'clock.'

I was very happy — filled with a great desire to do good work. I made up my mind to try to do all I possibly could to prove my gratitude to this man who had been so good to me, and who had always treated me as if I were his own child. I did do all that was humanly possible that day. But alas, I did not do enough, since I did not succeed in shooting the Boche who killed my friend a few hours later!

I spend the whole morning in studying carefully, with my field-glasses, the Priez farm, its surroundings, and the ravine of Combles. In front of the farm I see five or six Germans running across a little open space, disappearing immediately in a hole. At once I put my gun in action, and the dirt and the Boches fly into the air. Then, down in

the ravine, I see some little loop-holes which I sprinkle copiously with shells, and a demolished brickyard in which some Boches are moving about.

I am in the act of leveling my cannon when I see Commandant B— beside me, with two other officers.

‘You don’t intend to knock over the brickyard with your little gun, do you?’ he asks.

‘No, *mon commandant*,’ I answer; ‘but I intend to make my shells pass through the little loop-holes which you see. They will explode inside the brickyard, wounding or killing the Boches who are there, and destroying the machine-guns which may be in there, too.’

‘It is n’t possible that you can succeed in making your shells go through those little holes!’

‘Wait two minutes, and you can judge, *mon commandant*.’

I put my cannon in position carefully, take aim, and shoot. The first shot is too long, and slightly to the right. The second, again, is too long. The third explodes inside the brickyard, and several seconds later we see smoke coming out of the little holes. Without losing any time I shoot at full speed. All my shells hit their target.

The commandant and the two officers were lost in astonishment. Like every one else in the regiment they had been skeptical of the real value of our new little cannon, although the work which I had done the day before had shown that it could be useful. But the sight of such accuracy of fire literally stupefied them.

Towards half-past eleven, counter-order. The attack is postponed four hours. I take advantage of the time thus accorded to prepare a battery-position from which I can sweep the entire front over which the battalion is to advance — the Priez farm, and the orchard, situated to the left. Toward

half-past four I begin systematically to bombard all the loop-holes which seem to me suspicious.

At exactly five o’clock our waves of assault start for the attack. I hoist my cannon to the position which I have prepared, on the highest spot I could find. It is none too easy to do this, as we are in full view from all sides. All of a sudden, the fire of the enemy machine-guns is let loose. In front of us, in the orchard, one, then two, then three, begin to shoot at full speed, as well as several others down in the ravine. I begin to fire on those situated directly in front. Immediately countless bullets whizz around us. I make my men go down, and continue to shoot alone, with one man to pass me the shells. I destroy one machine-gun, then two. The third stops firing, I don’t know why.

Now the bullets are coming from everywhere at once, striking the gunshield with a dull thud, though fortunately not penetrating it. My hour has not yet come. I let them clatter and whistle. And now I level my cannon in the direction of the ravine. I am the target of two or three machine-guns which are visibly and obstinately trying to put me out of action. A terrible duel is taking place. The man who is passing me the shells has his hand pierced by a bullet. I summon another and keep on firing. I silence two more enemy machine-guns.

Finally, seeing that our first waves of attack have reached the outskirts of the farm, I bring the cannon down, take it to pieces, and we set out in the direction of the orchard, by way of the Hospital Trench. On the way I set up the cannon three times, and three more machine-guns are silenced.

At nightfall I go to see Commandant M— (who has taken the place of the dead Commandant B—) to ask him if I may be relieved with my crew. I

can no longer stand up. I am literally worn out. My men and I have done an enormous amount of work during the day. We have reached the end. But the commandant will not hear of our being relieved. He proposes that I spend the night in his own bomb-proof shelter, and he makes my men sleep with his dispatch-bearers.

Early in the morning of the next day he sent for me.

'Look here! Read that!' he said, handing me a sheet of paper.

And I read the following:—

'Louis-Octave Philippe. Active, brave, and daring. The only survivor of the crew of a 37-millimetre gun, he took command, organizing on the spot a crew of inexperienced men. Put his gun into action under an intense bombardment, and succeeded in destroying several machine-gun positions.'

'I propose,' he added, 'that your citation shall be carried in the order of the day of the whole army corps.'

I thanked him with emotion. I was happy. I had just received the highest reward that can possibly be accorded a French soldier.

III

I spent that whole day in examining with great care the ravine of Combles and the ridge of Hill 140, behind which lies Frégicourt. I discovered during the course of these observations at least twenty loop-holes for machine-guns. I told the commandant about them, and our '75s' sprinkled them with shells, as was fit and proper. I did no shooting that day.

The morning of September 16 was again spent in making observations, and in the afternoon, when our attack broke out, at five o'clock, my cannon was set up astride a trench ready to sweep the ravine of Combles. I had a great deal to do that day, for the Boche

machine-guns were numerous. It is extremely difficult to discover the exact spot from which the shots are fired. The flashes are rendered absolutely invisible by the fire-screens with which all the German machine-guns are provided. Only with the greatest difficulty can one succeed in distinguishing, even with a good pair of field-glasses, a very thin and tiny puff of white smoke which escapes from behind the screen at each shot, only to evaporate immediately.

I was fortunate enough to destroy two more machine-guns, though it was unusually hard to fire from this position as the ground in front was broken up into little valleys. Then, as our waves of assault progressed, I silenced a third, situated at the crest of Hill 140. I had a particularly hard time destroying this last one. I could not find any position from which to fire conveniently. Each time that I tried to put the gun into action, I encountered some new obstacle to obstruct my range. As a last resort, I decided to get right in front of the machine-gun, about a hundred metres away from it. We mounted it in the bottom of the trench itself. Then we raised it carefully above our heads, and set it right across the trench. Six seconds later the first shell fell exactly on my objective. Two minutes later the machine-gun and its crew no longer existed. For the first time my gun-shield was pierced by a bullet, fired point-blank, I don't know from where.

The next day an intense German bombardment made us fear a counter-attack, so I set up my cannon in a position from which I should be able to protect our left flank, in case the Boches should try to surprise us from that side. Toward four o'clock in the afternoon, when I was in the commandant's shelter, the German bombardment still raging, the colonel entered,

fresh from inspecting the positions of the battalion.

'I have just seen your "37" gun,' he said to the commandant after a few moments. 'It is intact. It is a miracle that it has not been broken to pieces by a shell.'

'The captain of the gun is right here, *mon colonel*,' replied the commandant. 'I have drawn your attention to his conduct. I am going to introduce him to you.'

The colonel already knew me. He held out his hand and said, —

'I have the pleasure of informing you that you have been promoted to the grade of non-commissioned officer. I could not appoint you directly, without having you pass through the grade of corporal. So I nominated you corporal yesterday, and sergeant this morning. It is the first time that such a rapid promotion has taken place in the regiment. I am well pleased with you. Keep up your good work.'

He again shook my hand and then began to talk to the commandant.

I was proud and happy. To be sure, I knew that I deserved to be rewarded. I had thrown myself into the work without reserve, recoiling before nothing, but I had not hoped to be rewarded like this.

The 18th of September, since the Boche bombardment was raging even more violently than the day before, I left my cannon set up in the same position, made all my little company stay in the bomb-proof, and awaited the orders of the commandant. At three o'clock in the afternoon the German cannonade suddenly stops. Immediately a terrible rifle-fire breaks loose. I leap out, call my men, and run to my cannon. In front of me the German ranks are advancing to the attack on our lines. With all the speed of which I am capable I fire the shells — and still more shells. The situation is critical.

It seems as if we are going to be submerged by these masses of the enemy. I shoot without intermission. No need now of field-glasses to locate the objective. The telescope-sight is no longer necessary to take aim. I fire by guess, and all my shells fall full in the enemy ranks. Soon hundreds of bullets are whizzing around me. Not one touches me. I seem invulnerable. The muzzle of my cannon appears to pour forth one long flame. I shoot, I shoot at top speed. One shell has no sooner reached its mark than another starts. It is appalling.

And now our '75s' and '155s' join the fray. The Boche masses topple over. Whole ranks are mown down. Those who are left seem to waver and hesitate an instant, then, at last, they disappear, leaving before us heaps of dead and wounded.

IV

We are to be relieved at midnight. I begin to make my preparations, for I foresee that it is not going to be easy to transport our cannon in the pitch-dark. The rain, indeed, has transformed the trenches into quagmires, into which we sink up to our knees. On that account I ask the commandant if we cannot wait until daybreak, before starting out, and he readily grants the permission. Toward five o'clock in the morning comes the order to depart. The march is extremely difficult. We sink in the mud, and it is necessary to use our hands to climb out. We slip. Men and cannon often fall and roll together in the shell-holes. After a few moments we are nothing but moving masses of mud. It takes us eight hours to cover the five and a half kilometres which separate our first-line trenches from Maurepas. There we find again the gun-carriage, and — the rolling kitchens.

Since the tenth of September, or for nine days, I have eaten nothing worth mention. The sum total of the nourishment which I have taken during this period has certainly not exceeded two kilogrammes. When I felt my strength leaving me I drank strong coffee, very, very sweet, to which I added a good measure of *eau de vie*. Do not think that the commissary department did not do its work well. No, it was not that. Every single night, no matter where we were, the soup-carriers would bring us something hot, in big receptacles, and bread, wine, coffee, and rum were abundantly distributed to everybody.

But I was not hungry. It was only on account of the pleadings of my men, and to make them happy, that I would once in a while consent to swallow a few mouthfuls of nourishment with them. My stomach seemed to be sealed, and it was a great effort for me to give them this satisfaction. In the neighborhood of the kitchens, however, the smell of the good soup doubtless awoke the good appetite which was asleep within me, and this time we all ate together, copiously.

After being well rested and refreshed we mounted the cannon on its wheels, hooked it to a gun-carriage, and quietly took the road to Maricourt where the regiment was to reassemble. We hoped that we were going to be relieved definitely, and every day we awaited the arrival of the automobiles which should transport us to the rear. But the days rolled by, and nothing appeared. The morning of the 24th we were told that the general would pass us in review in the afternoon. This announcement seemed to me to bode no good, and the events which followed showed that I was not mistaken.

From the moment of his arrival the general begins to congratulate us upon the brilliant manner in which the regi-

ment has conducted itself. He tells us, moreover, that we shall probably have, in the near future, an opportunity to gather new laurels. There is no longer any room for doubt — we are going back into that furnace. Nevertheless, we would rather know the worst than remain, as we have been, in uncertainty.

During the course of the review the colonel called me to the attention of the general, on account of my conduct under fire. The general complimented me heartily, and told me that my citation in the order of the day would be brought to the attention of all the regiments of the army corps. He shook my hand cordially, telling me to continue to do my duty.

On the 25th, in the afternoon, came the order to depart. That evening we again arrived at Maurepas. On the 26th Combles was taken by the One Hundred and Tenth. During the night of the 27th we relieved that regiment. Our first-line trenches were situated several hundred metres in front of the railroad station of Combles. The enemy trenches were between Morval and Frégicourt — 1200 metres away. I installed myself with my men a little to the left of the railroad track, in a large, comfortable bomb-proof of reinforced concrete which had formerly been occupied by some Boche officers. The cannon we set up on top of the bomb-proof itself, taking care to cover it with some green painted canvas.

During the night of the 28th we advanced our line 300 metres, without opposition. The following night we again advanced 300 or 400 metres under the same conditions, and on the morning of the first day of October we found ourselves nose to nose with the Boches, a hundred metres from their trenches.

During the night of the 30th of September I received the following note:—

ORDER. 10.15 P.M.

1. The '37' cannon (Sergeant M——) is at the disposition of Company 9.

2. It will join this company before dawn, at the same time as the machine-gun squad 6.

3. It will be set up in such a position as to cover with its fire points 672 and 732 of the Prilep trench.

I immediately make my preparations for starting. I foresee that the march will be long and hard, because we shall again be obliged to carry the various parts of the cannon on our shoulders. The night is very dark, the shell-holes are numerous, and the Boches are sweeping the ground with their great *marmites*.

After carefully studying on the map the road which we have to cover, we leave at one o'clock in the morning. As I have predicted, there are a thousand difficulties to overcome. It is pitch-dark, but fortunately, from time to time, the flashes of signal-rockets, with their fugitive light, show us the road; and although, after each flash, the night seems blacker than ever, they help us to keep the general direction of our march. At last, after having escaped the shells, after having fallen more than a hundred times in the shell-holes, we arrive intact at our new position. At once I put myself at the disposal of Company 9, and the captain in command informs me that we are going to attack at two o'clock in the afternoon.

In accordance with the orders which I have received, I spend the whole morning in searching for a good position from which it will be possible for me to fire on points 672 and 732 of the Prilep trench, and I set up the cannon on the eastern edge of the forest of Haie. From this position it will be possible for me, not only to fire on these two points, but also to sweep the whole ravine of Sailly-Saillisel.

At two o'clock the attack begins

with hand-grenade struggles in the communication trenches and shell-holes. Not a single machine-gun stops our progress. Nevertheless, I set to work to fire furiously on the two points which I have been told to attack. There is no sign of life over there. I also fire upon everything which looks suspicious down in the ravine.

Twenty minutes after their departure our grenadiers reach and occupy their objective, the Prilep trench, having encountered almost no resistance. By nightfall all is practically calm. The enemy attempts no counter-attack.

The next morning, while I was, as usual, making observations on the enemy lines, I noticed a large number of Boches moving around in a newly constructed trench which barred a ravine to our left. From the position which I occupied I dominated and had absolute command of this trench, as I was able to enfilade it. I went to find the commandant of Company 9 and told him what I had just seen. He advised me to fire, so I leveled my gun to a position from which I could sweep the trench, and waited. Each time that I saw an enemy advance I would let him walk in peace toward the spot which I had chosen, and, just as soon as I could see him clearly in the line of range on my telescope-sight, I would send him a shell. Then, when the Boches stopped passing by the point on which I was firing, I chose another spot and began again. They, too, tried hard to hit me, but they did not get me that day. This 'man-hunt' lasted all day long, and I rarely missed my game.

At ten o'clock in the evening I learned that the next day, October 3, we were going to attack and occupy the trenches of Portes-de-fer, an extremely important defensive organization of the enemy.

I woke all my men, and, armed with shovels and pickaxes, we went to prepare a battery-position in a spot on the summit of a ridge which I noticed during the day. From there we would have a marvelous command of all the Boche lines which were to be attacked.

By three o'clock in the morning all was ready. There was nothing left to do except to hide the cannon with bags of dirt. It was the first time that I had tried to conceal it, and it did not bring me success.

At dawn we were preparing our battery. As fast as the men filled the bags with dirt, I piled them up in such a way as to form a sort of wall in front of the cannon, with a loop-hole in the middle through which to shoot. I was taking no precaution, but was going about my work as usual, standing up straight, without worrying whether the Boches could see me or not. My whole body was exposed.

All of a sudden, Clack! — *Poumm!*

I felt as if some one had given me a hard blow on the upper left arm. Then, immediately, something warm was slipping down my sleeve, and, at last, I saw the blood trickling along my hand. Quickly I stretched out my arm, I drew it in again, I moved my fingers. Everything worked all right, nothing was broken. Then I turned to my comrades and said, —

'I am wounded. They've got me this time, but I think I've cost them dear, just the same.'

On hearing that, and on seeing my blood run, they all rushed toward me. They love me well, and have in me a blind, unlimited confidence. I have never sent them anywhere without going with them, leading the way. I saw on their anxious faces all the regret which they felt at losing me. They dressed my wound, and I bade them *au revoir*, embracing each one of them before leaving. I could not help crying

when I thought that I was going to be separated from these brave comrades with whom I had passed through so many dangers. I felt terribly broken up. I saw the tears flow down their wrinkled cheeks, so thin and dirty. Poor friends!

One of them went with me as far as Combles, to the surgical relief station. There I embraced him and said goodbye, and, sad at heart, with my eyes full of tears, yet with a feeling of profound joy that I had done my duty, I passed slowly through the village of Combles in the direction of Maurepas, where the evacuation automobiles were waiting.

That night I slept in a good hospital bed. Forty-eight hours later I was in Paris, and several days after that, it was with intense emotion that I read the following notice, which appeared in all the newspapers of France: —

'The Eighth Regiment of Infantry. Under the energetic command of its chief, Lieutenant Colonel R——, during a series of bloody struggles carried on without interruption from the 12th to the 20th of September, 1916, it took possession by main force of a strongly organized wood, and of two lines of trenches. Then, carrying out a change of direction on a field swept with shells from all sides and bristling with enemy defenses, it organized a new line two hundred metres in advance of its original trenches. Brought back into the first-line trenches, it again carried, between the 1st and 5th of October, a whole enemy defensive organization, giving proof to the very end, in spite of losses, in spite of the harrowing fatigues of two periods of combat, of an irresistible courage, and an indomitable tenacity. Has made more than 400 prisoners and taken 20 machine-guns.'

It was a new citation of my regiment in the *ordre du jour* of the whole French army.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE GENTLE THEME-READER

THERE are times in every man's life when, in an extravagance of sympathy for his fellow sufferers, he casts an eye about him for one most deserving of his fraternal love. It lights on the laborer in red shirt bent over his cobblestones, on the shop-girl scurrying under the orders of an officious manager, on the young reporter describing fires as a preliminary — so he hopes — to dramatic criticism, on the theatrical usher at a long-run house, on newsboys, apple-women, street-car conductors, stokers, miners, weavers, all worthy of sympathetic attention and some organized to demand it. Yet all these folk have their compensations, if not immediate and material, at least prospective and ideal. The laborer may become a ward politician, the shop-girl a buyer, the reporter — oh, it's barely possible — a city editor, the usher a ticket-seller. Let such then be contented and vote the Republican ticket. I record a man whose posture attracts no roving eye, who is bent over a task totally devoid of compensation, immediate or remote, who has no time to indulge in hopes, had he any to entertain.

He is the theme-reader. His work consists in criticizing the daily literary productions of about one hundred college freshmen. Could you talk to a college freshman for — let us be generous — six minutes, you would realize the horror of the task. And yet a freshman's talk is somewhat removed from banality by the eagerness which invests it. His writing is not so choicely arrayed. No boyish enthusiasm lifts its thoughts to the skies. No youthful

abandon carries them along on skipping feet. The bacchic dance which we usually attribute to the emotions of our juniors is quite absent. Contrariwise, his thoughts are solemn and staid; they tramp heavy-shod over roads macadamized with platitudes; dully they sound their note of inherited wisdom; ponderously they traffic in levity.

A freshman leaves no subject, however quotidian, without the imprint of his personality, a trait which he shares with the Greeks. But his personality has itself been impressed. It has been impressed with a die used uniformly upon all his fellows. Speculate upon the number of freshmen in the United States from Harvard to Pomona, and you will see what this means.

The expression — for it is not a plurality — of these souls, then, is what the theme-reader has to read. Not only must he read, he must judge. He must mark in the margins cautions about repetitions, reprimands for mis-spellings, suggestions for improvement, commendation for those rare and, one must think, accidental notes of sincerity so voiced as to sound sincere. To be sure, he does not carry out his programme too faithfully as he grows in service. In the beginning of his career his finished work is as red as it is black. Its texts are pools amid reeds of comment, its covers brilliant in ink and sentiment. As he goes on, however, he treads a passage from English to abbreviation; a question mark does what a sentence did before; a vertical wavy line substitutes for a paragraph. The critical aphorisms he used to display give way to exclamation points; his notes of approval have shrunk to a 'Good!'

In this manner also his soul, even as its utterance, shrinks and shrivels, until at last it invigorates the thin-haired, thick-spectacled nonentity known as the 'Assistant in English.' He is so tired of professional criticism that he no longer judges at all. He is so busied with reading *nth-rate* literature that he has no time for anything else. He is so used to thinking in grammatical terms that life has become the index to his *Rhetoric* and all its pleasures the categories of mood and tense. When he is asked to converse he is at a loss, until set upon the track of his work. Then, if he be not too old, he will recite for a whole sitting anecdotes of the conference and class-room. He will give you story after story of freshmen's bulls. This is his stock of humor, seldom exhausted, for each day brings a new supply. If he is trapped into real conversation, he will discuss the ignorance of the American college student who does not know that Wordsworth was born after Milton or that the Gothic novel was not written in Gothic. Such matters irritate him immensely. He does not see how irrelevant they are to a freshman's needs and interests. They make up a theme-reader's life.

Left to himself, the theme-reader is well-behaved. When angered he becomes petulant. There is nothing so pathetic and yet so amusing as a petulant theme-reader. He walks rapidly back and forth, he talks in a falsetto, he wags his fingers, he damns. What is more pathetic than a falsetto damn? He wastes this temper over a poor freshman who cares more for his health than for his speech.

The theme-reader when calm is less amusing and more human than the theme-reader *furioso*. It is then that he deserves sympathy. For there is in him at such moments the spirit of non-resistance in the face of unconquerable powers. He knows that he is in the fell

clutch of circumstance and has not the strength to escape. There is no use in talking about a head bloody but unbowed: he ducks and is done. Thus he manages to survive, not in glory, not in fame, but in mere acquiescence, content to read the poorest literature there is and happy in the ability to recognize a quotation.

The usher may become a ticket-seller if he lives long enough. I have heard of one theme-reader who at the end of his days was an assistant professor. It was like sending a wreath to a funeral, for in a year or two the fellow died out of gratitude. After his promotion he continued to haunt his old post where so many miserable hours were spent, like a faithful dog who sniffs at his dead master's carpet-slippers. There was always interrogation in his look; he could never apprehend the situation. But he, as I say, was unique. No other theme-reader need fear his fate. He had an indomitable strength of physique.

The theme-reader, for all that, should be satisfied. As I was told by one college president whose attention I vainly tried to draw to their plight, 'Why don't they study and rise to scholarly eminence? They cannot expect to attain academic promotion simply because they are faithful. That would be rank sentimentalism. What have they done for learning? That is the decisive question.' Ah, yes, what have they done for learning? They have thrown away their years on the rubbish heaps of mediocrity.

If they abandon scholarship and go in for literature, they are in as bad a fix. At first sight it would appear undeniable that a critic knows how to write. Since he knows the rules, why should n't he apply them? But even were this gross error a truth, the matter would be no clearer than before. A man may have all the ability in the world and yet have no opportunity to test it. Not only may

he not have the opportunity, he may not have the will. When you are surveying the worst possible specimens of an art — as all teachers, theme-readers, or not, must — you soon come to that point where you would prefer a martyr's death to the guilt of having added to the store. You are content to let artists do the work. One crime at any rate you will be free of.

But should you be willing, what is the result? A man who lives on rules becomes so self-conscious that he can never perform any act described by the rules he lives on. Realizing their economic importance, he attributes to them an æsthetic importance, and what was originally a mere description becomes in the end a law. Consequently the theme-reader cannot express his gentle emotions without seeing — before his pen touches paper — a transgression more awful than that of Nebuchadnezzar. Straightway he sets out to correct the error. And the result is that his pen never does touch paper.

Should he by any chance achieve a completed piece of work, it is sure to be so embalmed in accuracy that it is worthless. If its author has by the grace of God retained his powers of discrimination, he will curse and tear the monster to pieces. If he has not, if he is desperate for publicity and thence promotion, he will have it typed and submit it to some editor. The rest of his days he will employ his petulance against 'the American magazine.' He knows that his article is as good rhetorically as Dryden or Burke. That is indisputable; did not a theme-reader write it? If so, he who refused it had not the good taste to prefer literature to rubbish. Therefore the American magazine is on the decline. It never occurs to one who knows the rules that rules are not imagination, not ideas.

The theme-reader thus cannot publish. He cannot study. He can do

nothing but sit and read themes until he dies. If he is wise he stops being a theme-reader. And our graduate schools are well punctuated with theme-readers in rebellion. All souls have not this fire, however, and many are doomed to a life in the shadows. They silently go on and on and on as if they were treadmills. One would not mind that too much, if they did n't so rapidly get contented with their lot. It is bad enough to be an underling, but to be one wittingly is immoral. 'Not that they die, but that they die like sheep.'

Here then is the gentle theme-reader, an object much more worthy of your sympathy than laborer or stoker or shop-girl. The visitor to a university is taken to see chapels and clubs and libraries — stained glass and soft leather, oak pews and memorial tablets; now let him see the men who are beneath all this, at whose pain these things are bought. They are too crushed to speak for themselves, too proud to welcome a spokesman. Theirs is the sorriest plight of all because it is unknown.

THE PASSING OF THE SPARE-ROOM

Of course, there still are guest-rooms. People in the country have them, and rich people have them in the city. There are guest-rooms ordinary and guest-rooms extraordinary — modest little corners in which to tuck away a transient friend or relative, and imposing suites fit for the entertainment of a royal family. There are guest-rooms with secluded marble temples of Hygeia attached, and guest-rooms with moveable wash-bowls. But I contend that the spare-room, as an institution, is passing from our national life. As a nation of a hundred millions, we don't spare rooms.

As a family, *we* have none. A spare-room in a city flat means a tiny family.

Mother and father settled the question for us in the good old Brierly days by having eleven children. Even now that John and Tryphena are married and the twins are away at college, we are entitled to be called an old-fashioned family, and an extra empty room would be a riotous extravagance now that we pay for space by the cubic inch. When people spend the night with us, Caroline moves in with Frances. Thanks to the fact that mother has never outgrown the habit of inviting acquaintances to 'make this house their home while they are in the city,' we have come to refer to 'Caroline's guest-room.'

So I meditate on the changes of life as they have affected us among the millions.

We did n't pay for space by the cubic inch in the Brierly days, but we paid in countless sacrifices, little and big, to keep that one room clean and empty. And it was mother who paid the most. From the beginning of her married life she was determined to have a spare-room. Before her honeymoon was over she had instilled something of this desire into father, and together they knocked down the partition between the two little rooms that opened off the parlör. They sawed through the beams, stripped off the lathing, and made one splendid 'parlor bedroom.' Through all our life at Brierly this remained mother's spare-room. Our respect for its sanctity was so great that Bartlett pears could be stored in the spare-room closet to ripen and reach mellow perfection undiminished in quantity.

The spare-room! By shutting my eyes I can see it again in all its wistful and aspiring hospitality. I can see the red cherry furniture, with brown marble tops on the bureau and the washstand; the Nottingham lace at the windows, the fawn-colored Brussels, neatly tacked down over layer on layer

of folded newspapers; the cross-stitched canvas wall-pockets, and cornucopia hair-receivers. Sometimes we put things in the spare-room because they were too nice for the children to play with, and sometimes because we did not know exactly what else to do with them. But mother censored all our contributions, and so great was her zeal for its perfection that I remember hearing John say to her, 'Mother, I miss the new hair-brush from my dresser. I suppose you put it in the spare-room?' I can see the intricately embroidered pillow-sham, and the sheet-sham, so elaborately starched and fluted that on the day a guest arrived it was lifted gingerly by two of us and carried into the parlör, where we draped it over the square piano. There was an elaborate splasher behind the cherry washstand. A motto — 'After Clouds, Sunshine' — hung behind the bed, just over the cluster of fat pears that was carved in the headboard. This was worked on canvas in worsted yarn, the clouds being done in gray, and the sunshine in yellow, shading to orange.

And just as the word 'October' brings its hint of wood-smoke; just as certain religious phrases used by father in family prayers bring to me, whenever I hear them, the faint smell of the pillow in which I buried my nose when we all knelt down together, so 'spare-room' brings the odor of starched window-curtains, of castile soap, of sulphur, — that was after John's diphtheria, — of matting, and of mother's rose-jar. And there steals over me an old familiar emotion — the awe that always took possession of me when I stepped across the threshold of that room.

One reason for my awe is that mother's babies all arrived there. The nurse could keep the children out by locking the parlör doors, and could bathe the baby by the coal stove in the parlör.

Almost my earliest memory is of being led in to look at Edward as he lay in the red cherry bed at mother's side. I can clearly recall my passionate concern for his complexion, which was dark red with suggestions of purple, and my indignation at the way the nurse laughed when I whispered, 'But, mother — it's a little colored baby!'

The solemnity was heightened by the fact that if any one of us was seriously ill, mother put him in the spare-room. This was an honor so great that only a real catastrophe — like typhoid, or broken bones — commanded it. It was something to look back on with elation; it lent an anticipatory interest to the merest sore throat. Any tonsillitis might turn out to be spare-room diphtheria, the way John's did.

But it never took long to transform hospital into hospitality. With her skirts pinned up and her head wrapped in a towel, but wearing the look of a priestess who makes ready her temple for ceremonial, mother swept and dusted and renovated the spare-room. When she came out and closed its door behind her, she left it clean and sweet and ready for the next guest.

Most of our visitors were annuals. Many people made the rounds once a year, spending a night, or a few days, or a week or two, with every relative and intimate they possessed. They often came without warning, by train or stage, on foot or on horseback, in two-horse wagons or jingling sleighs, across the Illinois prairie. Frequently they brought with them the children with which they had been blessed, and sometimes other things — parrots, for example. Occasionally they seemed to take root. Cousin Sarah came out of the far New England east with her three children and stayed four months, until father guessed the trouble she was too proud to tell, and gave her the money to go home.

We looked forward to some of our guests with glee. Cousin Ben was a great favorite. He had a wooden leg — a relic of the Civil War — and we never tired of hearing him tell how he lost the original member. It was some years before I realized that he gave us a different account of that tragedy at every visit. He was as bald as any egg, and in winter he wore a wig. But as the dog-days drew near he used to take it off, and age terribly before our very eyes. 'Gosh!' he would say, 'it's like an overcoat on my head!'

The most undeviating of all our annual guests was Uncle Samuel, who was not really an uncle at all, but a step-aunt's second husband. Punctually on the first of June he started on his grand tour, and he spent a day and a night with every relative and every 'connection by marriage.' As the children married and moved into homes of their own, he widened his circle to include them, and they accepted Uncle Samuel as a part of their family heritage, with their share of Grandmother Carrol's silver spoons and Great-aunt Louise's rule for ginger-snaps. He was undaunted by our move to the city. Changing customs and smaller quarters found him still punctual — a little older every year, but proud of his record, the sole survivor of a dying custom. And then one June morning, Edward, in opening his mail, found a newspaper from the little Minnesota town where Uncle Samuel had always lived. He saw a blue-penciled column, headed with 'Samuel Alcott. 1816-1906.' He noticed that many leading citizens had sent flowers, and he telephoned mother at once.

'Dear old Uncle Samuel has passed away at last,' he told her; and that night he brought the paper home with him.

At supper we were more or less subdued — kindly reminiscent. Caroline

expressed regret that we had n't always been as glad to see him as we might have been.

'He was a faithful soul,' said mother. 'I must write a letter of sympathy to his son. Give me the paper, Edward, please.'

A minute later she laid it down with an exclamation of horror, and exclaimed, 'My dear boy, you really must be more careful. I might have made a dreadful mistake. Uncle Samuel is n't dead at all. This is an announcement of his ninetieth birthday.'

Uncle Samuel now rests with his fathers, and the spare-room, as a part of our daily lives, has passed with him. With it we have lost something intangible and precious; something that mother — then as now the guardian of our ideals — worked for, sacrificed for, and attained. But while she lives, and Caroline is generous with her bedroom, the spirit of hospitality will still laugh by our fireside.

A BELGIAN INTERLUDE

I WAS reminded again to-day how constant work must be the only thing that makes living possible to many women. We were at lunch, when suddenly the roar of the German guns cut across our laughter. We rushed into the street, where a gesticulating crowd had already located the five Allied aeroplanes high above us. Little white clouds dotted the sky all about them — puffs of white smoke that marked the bursting shrapnel. Though the guns seemed to be firing just behind our house, we believed we were quite out of danger. However, Marie ran to us quite white and with her hands over her ears. 'O madame!' she cried, 'the shrapnel is bursting all about the kitchen.' She had experienced it. She had told me once that her sister had died of fright three days after the war

began, and I realized now that she probably had.

Our picturesque Léon slipped over to assure me that this was not a real attack, but just a visit to give us hope on the second anniversary of the beginning of the war, to tell us the Allies were thinking of us and that we should soon be delivered. Without doubt they would drop a message of some sort.

I thought of our American Minister and his proximity to the Luxembourg railroad station. He had several times expressed concern over that proximity. I remembered, too, the words of a certain man who lives opposite the railroad station at Mons. Bombs had just been dropped on this station, — one had fallen in front of his house, — and when I asked if he and his wife would not consider moving, he replied, 'Madame, our two sons are in the trenches; should we not be ashamed to think of this as danger?'

All the while the aeroplanes were circling and the guns were booming. Then suddenly one of the aviators made a sensational drop to within a hundred metres of the Molenbeek station, threw his bombs, and, before the guns could right themselves, regained his altitude, and all five were off, marvelously escaping the puffs of white before and below and behind them.

This was thrilling, till suddenly there flashed over me the sickening realization of what it really meant. The man behind the gun was doing his utmost to kill the man in the machine. It was horrible — horrible to us. But to Belgian wives and mothers, what must it have been? As they looked up they cried, 'Is that my boy — my husband, who has come back to his home this way? After two years, is he there? My God, can they reach him?'

The only answer was the roar of the guns, the bursting shrapnel — and they covered their eyes.